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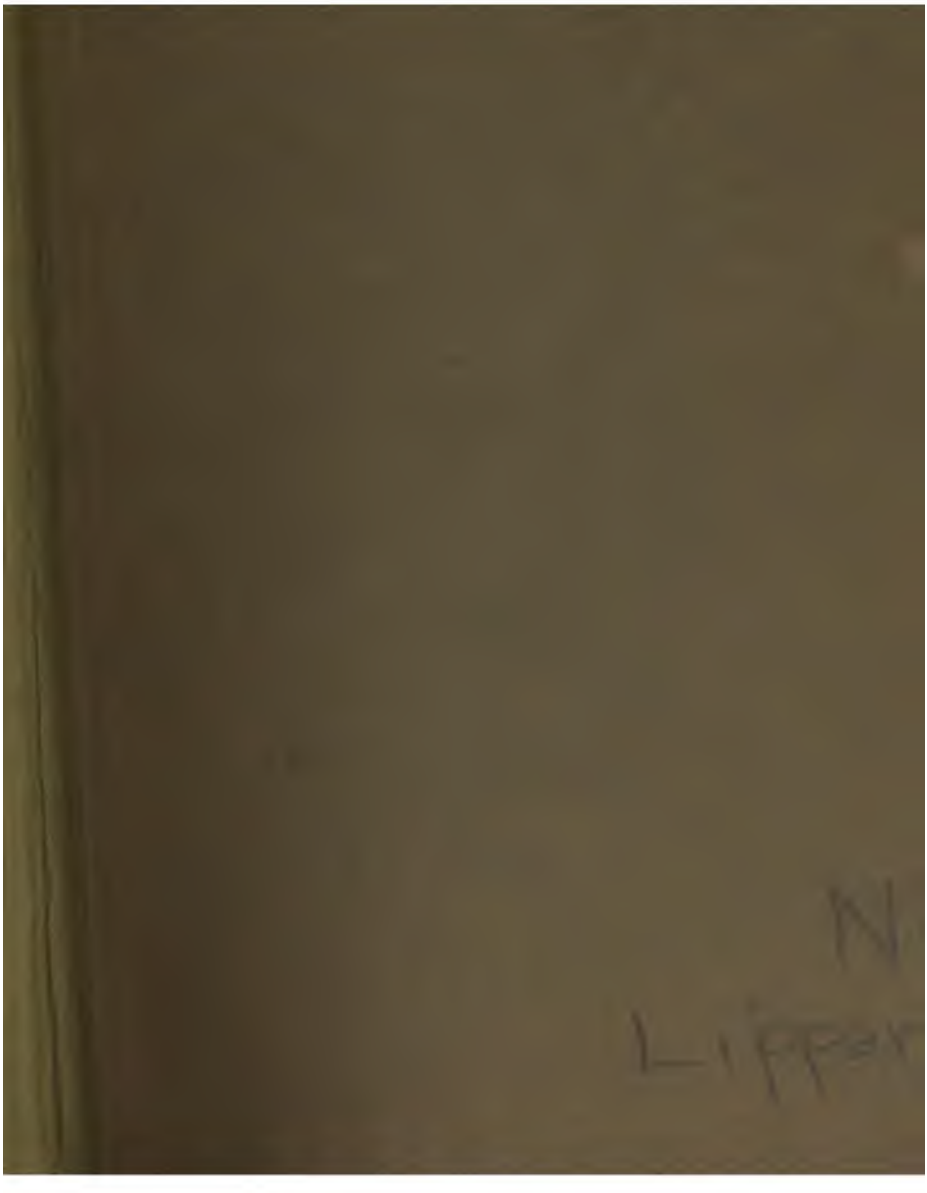

WASHINGTON

AND HIS

GENERALS:

OR,

LEGENDS OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD,

AUTHOR OF LADYE ANNABEL, THE QUAKER CITY, BLANCHE OF BRANDYWINE, HERBERT TRACY, THE NAZARENE, OR, THE LAST OF THE WASHINGTONS, ETC.

WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR,

BY REV. C. CHAUNCEY BURR.

PHILADELPHIA:

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GEORGE LIPPARD,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

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DEDICATION.

TO

ANDREW M'MAKIN, ESQ.

ALLOW me, sir, to inscribe with your name, this book of Washington and his Generals, as illustrated in the Legends of the Revolution.

To you, as Editor and Proprietor of the first literary journal in the country — a journal which numbering its readers by hundreds of thousands, has hitherto stood alone in its proud devotion to the American Past—do I with sincere feelings of respect for your heart and intellect, dedicate these Legends of the camp, the council, and the field.

I am induced to make this Dedication, by a feeling of simple justice to myself and you. Your paper has always been, not only the family paper of the Union, but the Journal of Revolutionary Romance and History. As the Editor, you have ever been untiring in your efforts, to preserve in its columns, the legends of our battle-fields, the chronicles of our early struggles for freedom, the memories of our illustrious dead.

Your name therefore, by a sincere impulse of justice, I inscribe at the head of these traditions, trusting that you will excuse the liberty I have taken, on account of the feeling by which it is dictated.

There are other reasons which enter into the Spirit of this Dedication. Last summer, when my good name as a citizen, my honor as an author, was attacked in the most licentious manner, by a band of obscene libellers—some of whom have since made their humble and fawning apologies to me—you did not count the cost, nor falter for a moment, but came out for me like a Man, and in the columns of your paper, whipped the whole pack into their native obscurity.

This is strong language. The occasion demands it. The men who have made me the object of their slander, ever since I published a line, are no less merciless in their dealings with the unfortunate, than they are servile and truckling to the rich and powerful. They would stab you in the back to-day, and lick the dust from your shoes to-morrow.

Now, that I have surmounted their accumulated falsehoods—as much by your honestly rendered aid, as by the voice of the Press throughout the land—I scorn the humbly offered friendship of these men, as much as I ever scorned their petty animosity. My earnest prayer will ever be—let creatures like these, born of the atmosphere of malignity, and nurtured by the breath of falsehood, always remain my enemies. When they become my friends, I will confess myself utterly unworthy the respect of one honest man.

This work entitled, "Washington and his Generals, as illustrated in the Legends of the Revoluion," may be described in one word, as an earnest attempt to embody the scenes of the Past, in a series of Historical pictures. It is now four

years, since I first attempted this style of writing; with a sincere feeling of gratitude to the Public and the Press, who have marked my labours with an approbation too emphatic to be mistaken, I can honestly record the fact, that my attempts have been eminently successful.

Some portion of these legends, were delivered in the form of Historical lectures, before the William Wirt Institute, confessedly one of the first literary institutions in the land. To the gentlemen of that institution, I shall ever remain grateful, not only for the success of these legends, but for the uniform kindness and courtesy, which marked their intercourse with me. It would be, perhaps, invidious to select any one of their body for public notice, but I cannot let this occasion pass, without expressing my sincere regard for S. Snyder Leidy, Esq., whose intellect was always deeply interested in the annals of our Revolution. I shall always cherish among the best memories of my life, my connection with the William Wirt Institute.

Other portions of this work were delivered before the Institute of the Revolution: Messrs. Jeffries and Dickson, of that association, will ever be remembered for their kind endeavors in my behalf.

Nor can I in this dedication, be so forgetful of truth and gratitude, as to omit the name of A. Henry Diller, Esq., who for five years, has been my unswerving friend, and to whom I stand indebted for the flattering success of my illustrations of the Revolution.

In conclusion, I may state without the imputation of vanity, that these Historical pictures, their purpose and their style, beauties and defects, are the results of my endeavors for five years past, to delineate in all its fullness, "the times that tried men's souls."

Not only Washington and his Generals, have I attempted to delineate in these Legends, but it has been my purpose, to picture the scenes that went before the Revolution, together with the heroic deeds of the Authors, Soldiers, and Statesmen of '76; the patriotism of the humblest freeman, has been as dear to me, for the purposes of illustration, as the moral grandeur of Washington, or the chivalric daring of La Fayette. Some of the brightest gleams of poetry and romance, that illumine our history, or the history of any other land and age, I have endeavored to embody, in those pages of the present work, which relate to the deeds of the Hero-Women of the Revolution.

With these introductory remarks, I submit to the public, and at the same time, dedicate to you—WASHINGTON AND HIS GENERALS, as illustrated in the LEGENDS OF THE REVOLUTION.

Your friend,

GEORGE LIPPARD.

Philada.—District of Penn, March 15, 1847.

INTRODUCTORY ESSAY.

BY REV. C. CHAUNCEY BURR.

"What have we here, Horatio?
Why a mad genius, my Lord.
Heaven forefend! then all our sins will be in the mouth of the town-crier before a twelve-month." OLD PLAY.

A PRETTY story enough is related of the wild boy of Newstead Abbey, who, by the death of the grandson of an old man at Corsica, was left with the title of lord. On hearing of this, George ran up to his mother and asked if she perceived any difference in him since he was made lord, as he could perceive none in himself. The next morning, when his name was called out in school, it came with the title of Dominus prefixed to it. Unable to give the usual answer, "adsum," he stood abashed before the comic gaze of his schoolfellows, and at last burst into tears. But what could the title of Dominus do for that talismanic genius, slumbering there in the soul of young Byron? It is like planting May-weeds round Trajan's column. I take the title of Genius to be altogether higher than this "Dominus." That title came down fresh out of Heaven. In that high heraldry, it means somewhat greater than these poor things we call lords, cabinets, kings, or what else belongs to that accident of birth or fortune.

The very name Genius signifieth original, unacquired gifts, born gifts: from the Latin of "*gignor*" *to be born;* or older still, from the Greek of "*gennao,*" *to generate, to produce.* Hence there is a pleonasm in the fashionable editorial phrase "original genius." Genius is originality. Talent is the fruit of industry; Genius of birth. The one judges, combines, arranges, compares; the other produces, invents. A man of talents may be a good historian, a commentator, a grammarian; only a man of genius can be a poet, a painter, or statuary.

Genius is greater than talent. Which do we count most worthy of admiration, the Jenisca which receives seventy tributary rivers to make up its own current, or the mightier Nile, flowing from an unknown source receiving to its waters but eleven nameless streams, and at length pouring itself out through seven awful mouths into the astonished ocean? Not unlike this is Genius; a strange wild current, bursting up from invisible fountains in the man; rushing on swift, unrest-

ing, copious, a broad right royal river, into the 'sea of life and love unknown, without a bottom and without a shore.' All other men's hopes and fears, tears and smiles float away like bubbles on that tide. After all, the history of the world is but a record of the few great men that have been here. In one view at least I see it thus. In *history* the mass are nothing, whatever great sacred thing they may be in the ever toiling fact of existence. They have no name on earth beyond their breathing hour. The poetry, chivalry, science of the world, what have we had to do with these, except to sing the songs, fight the battles, and read the discoveries of the great masters?

And then, in this our time, we hear enough of pity, sighs, and very pious condolence for the fate of genius. We are told there is so much of it which could never make itself known, pent up in some cobbler's brain, or cordwainer's shop, held down by poverty, circumstances; and its great speech hushed in the coarse din of toil. Poor Genius to wear itself out hewing wood, drawing water, it may be in measuring tape and bobbin; and then to sink down so ingloriously into the cold grave at last, and be covered up very much like a dog! Ah, it is very melancholy to see this glorious God-gift of genius creeping through life, and creeping out of it again, at such a poor funeral tune. All this will do very well to tickle the ears of bobbin measurers and counter jumpers: but it is false, nevertheless. No genius ever went through life thus.

Look at that boy at Stratford-on-Avon! what of him? A very dirty, obscure, uninteresting looking lad; the rascally little deer-stealer of his native village—who cares for him? He will teach you to care for him. He will teach this whole world to be still, that he may speak to it.

Shakspeare is in him! The immortal fires of Genius are there, deep down in the soul of that despised and ragged deer-stealer, and his name shall be Shakspeare ringing in all the earth.

Poverty has no power upon a soul like that. What can circumstances do for it? It is greater than circumstances.

Look at Mohammed; born in the desert, coming up to manhood without a book, and without a teacher. But will he submit to circumstances, to die and be forgotten in that sandy solitude? Never; there is genius in him; and that can as well be heard from the rocks of Mount Hara as from the vales of Piedmont.

They tell me this man is an impostor. It may be so: but then his imposture (if you will commit so great a wrong upon an honest fanatic) has done more for a greater number of the human race than the truth of any other man born within these twelve centuries. His awful "No BY ALLA" has shook a thousand idols into dust. His holy "ALLA ACBAR! ALLA ACBAR!" has built, in the wild waste of Arab hearts, a shrine where God is worshipped.

This world has not yet forgotten Robert Burns; nor will it while the stars shine—that noble peasant, who came out from behind his plough, on the mountain's

side, and stood with brow unabashed in the presence of royal splendor, for he felt that

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp;
The man's the goud for a' that."

And defying the *circumstances* of writing in the provincial dialect of a rude northern land, still made himself the immortal representative of a nation's intellect. It will be a long time before circumstances will make a Robert Burns. Circumstances have made small men enough: but great men make circumstances.

What circumstances called out "Rare old Ben Jonson"—rough, hardy, terrible old Ben Jonson, from whose wild elegant muse even Milton caught inspiration? Why the circumstances that were polite enough to call this man out were those of a regularly bred brick-layer, with poverty enough to make life a desperate tug withal for him. Make what you will of the circumstances: enough for me that he came out, and wrote "Alchemist," "Volpone," and others by which the world will never forget the rugged old bard and wit of Shakspeare's time.

Who called out Franklin, that son of the soap-boiler? Doubtless those envious friends who ridiculed the first efforts of his genius. Peradventure those three rolls of baker's bread he eat in the streets of Philadelphia to save himself from starvation. No, there is genius in that homeless, straggling boy; and when that is spoken we have said that he will go out himself: when that is told it is revealed that philosophy is to appear in the sky of Columbia. Soap-boiling, starvation, or what you please, that boy will some day come out and snatch the lightnings from the heaven, to weave himself a fame less perishable than the ancient thunderer of Olympus.

How came John Keats out, that melancholy youth of whom Shelly was proud to sing

"Till the future dares
Forget the past, his fate and fame shall be
An echo and a light unto eternity."

Whose name is embalmed by his own "Endymion," where he sings in tones of deathless rapture

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

The circumstance attending him was a birth at a livery-stable in Moorfields. No matter: there was genius in this poor child of the livery-stable too, and he has written "Hyperion," and the "Eve of St. Agnes." The soul that has Hyperion and the Eve of St. Agnes in its core is as well born in a stable as a palace. That soul, once born, defies all circumstances; will work its way through all poverty and all scorn, into immortality.

There is a kind of men in this world that occasions make: these are plenty enough too, such as they are. We call them *talented*—men of capacity; be-

cause they can judge accurately, combine and compare with facility, write good histories, good dictionaries— be learned compilers of other men's thoughts. Altogether unlike this is genius. That will seldom stop to write histories. Its task, rather, is to *create* the events out of which all histories are written. Its thoughts spring out of itself, as Minerva from the head of Jupiter: thoughts still, and vast, and solemn, like the midnight of the stars—thoughts that rise and set like suns—that blaze, and burn, and avalanche along the world until their mighty roar blends with the music of eternity.

Go back, if you will, after those men, Tasso, Alfieri, Dante, Petrarch, Raphael, Camoens, Cervantes, Lope de Vega, Calderon, Marlowe, Congreve, Klopstock, Correggio, and find also the *circumstance* that made them. As well may you attempt to dig the soul out of a poem with spades and pickaxes, or measure the heavens with yard-sticks, as to seek after these souls among the things called circumstances.

Somehow those men continually remind us of the author of these Legends. He seems to have been born with that same restless, heaving, fiery heart; the wild, earnest, truthful sincerity withal, that has marked Genius in all ages. In the earliest boyhood, thrown upon his own resources—cheated by pious villains—buffetted by poverty—his soul at length kindles up under the cold winds that blow upon it, into flames that flash evermore in the face of the world. He was a sickly intense kind of a boy, like poor Dante, perpetually haunted by an idea of his own mortality. No one could see in him the Author of the most entertaining and truthful book, on the most interesting portion of American History. No one could discover how he, with his slender girlish frame, should one day stand so upright and sullen before heaven and earth, flinging such charges and wrongs in the face of this lying social state of the world—this vast machine, called civilization, out of which Mammon grinds blood, and coins it drop by drop into gold. It is plain enough that his eye caught first on this black side of the picture. The thought poured gall into him; it whipt his soul up into a premature manhood. The dwarfed, shrivelled, wretched masses every where lay stretched out before his imagination as so many millions of hunger-throats, gurgling in death-agonies shrieking upwards through the crannies of their lazar-house of woe, for pity, for knowledge, for guidance, until despair quivers in his face, and burns every fibre of his soul into action. All these millions of wrongs, seen in corporations, in vast idle wealth, in bankrupt speculation, in genteel prostitution, in barbarous theologies and divinity shambles, mount his heart, and shriek through his brain, in many a headlong torrent of scorn, and bitterness, and woe. The editors (I may not say critics) called it writing immoral books. He thought it was tearing off the mantle from this most seeming arch-angel, to lay bare the cloven foot that sneaked beneath it. He thought it was laying the axe at the root

of the tree. He thought with Alexander Pope, that vice to be hated need but to be seen. There was truth in this too; though it was not all truth.

There are such writers as deify lust, exalt harlotry into queenly poesy, and, as we may say, sing the devil's tunes with such bursts of God's music between whiles, that our nicest ears shall hardly tell which is from above, or which from beneath.

But I think no good fair critic will place Mr. Lippard in the list of these writers. He never speaks praisingly of any lust; but far otherwise. There is indeed an unrelenting bitterness, nay, an almost savage ferociousness in his manner of stripping vice to its bare bones. Of all his writings, however, I believe the "Quaker City is the only book of his that has fallen under this ban of being immoral. For one I could never see into the strict justice of the charge. Undoubtedly it is a book to be censured by men of cold and chastised fancy, who dwell only in the little harmless abstractions of artificial life. They will blame the character of "Devil Bug;" and so do we: but the real question with the just and wise critic is, whether society has Devil Bugs in it; and has our author drawn such a character truly to the life? I must hold him a sad kind of a critic who expects a devil bug, in a place like Monk Hall, to talk like the amiable St. John in his Isle of Patmos. Was it not Lord Byron who said he could not, for the life of him, make the devil talk like a clergyman? I think, perhaps, the noble lord may have paid the profession an undeserved compliment; but the critic, notwithstanding, may get a morsel from his civility. The novelist's task, with this Quaker City, was not to show what it *ought to be*, but rather what *it is*. He came not to lie —to praise a skulking servility, an insane worship of wealth, to christianize our wine-buts, and call universal libertinism by the genteeler name of gallantry; but rather with a thunderous no against all quackeries, pretensions, and sins in high places. Why should the novelist be held down with an obligation to truckle to tithe mongers? What is all pious mummery to him, who sees that the white-washed worshippers are sordid and selfish, and mean—hard and strong upon the weak, exacting the uttermest farthing of hopeless penury—clutching with avaricious insanity at the little metal dollar while the immortal man is left, with bloody muscles, and a broken heart, to die like a dog upon his straw! What is all the tragi-comic face acting to him, upon whose soul already flash the hot fever-flames, from the depraved and groaning heart of humanity? What has he to do with all these conventional lies, but to hurry them off to death and doom, under the tread and crash of his most truthful exposure? It were as just to hold the health officer, who advertises a neighborhood as infected with contagion, responsible for the ravages of death there, as to blame the novelist for his faithful exposure of the secret heart of society. Nor has society or true religion any thing to fear from the truthful portraiture of a bad character in a romance. No preacher, in this Philadelphia, can by any anathemas from his pulpit, make Devil Bugs appear half so odious, as they already appear in the pages of the "Quaker City." Let

the miser, the libertine, the knave read that dream of Devil Bug, and listen to the mad horrid music of that "Orchestra of hell," and then say what part of it does not cut through his soul like a knife? On which page of the "Quaker City" is lust and falsehood eulogized? No, the fault of this book is not laxity of morals. It rather visits the seducer and all transgression with too severe and merciless a punishment. Every page shrieks with unrelenting vengeance against the doer of wrong, whether he be merchant, banker, good pious parson, or clerk, who debauches on his master's money.

It is not a thing strange to me that the Rev. Dr. Pynes, and Fitz-Cowles should cry out against such a book. It is very much such a thing to them as the rope to the felon's neck. Ever since I have seen how this book has agitated the tender conscience of society—ever since I have heard the groans of the press about it, I have felt convinced that its *sin* is its *truth*. Had it been false it would have died from the press. Without great truth, and great literary merit, it could not have lived to go through these twenty editions in the little space of three years.

The author, who succeeds like that, can well enough afford to forgive the critics. He must content himself to be sufficiently abused to give a generous variety to what of life there is for him. Ignorance will grin, and bigotry make faces, as puppy dogs in the streets bark at the man who walks faster than the rest. But never mind, if so that he keep faithfully on, he shall make the ears of bigotry, and what else opposes him, tingle again. Not any genius will ever be silenced by the clamor of the fool, who would put it in strait-jackets, make it say mass, subscribe to thirty-nine articles, read diciplines and confessions of faith, and work all day long in the dull tread-mill of the schools: never. It will leave all creed mongers and lilliputs, like so many chattering skeletons, to dig away in the scum and spawn of a thousand years, that lie rotting upon the dead bosom of the past: a mystic hand writing gleams there upon the solid dome of heaven; genius will go on to translate the fire-ciphers; dig who will after the grave clothes of the dead yesterdays. His task is not to write immoral books neither: but to hold up in the face of the world, a picture of what life is. If gross and sensual men can see in this picture only the gross characters there, whose fault is that? Would you have a painter who is sent to sketch pandemonium, steal a picture of paradise, and call that the metropolis of hell? The devils might enjoy the compliment of seeing their faces in paradise; but what would the angels say! Nay what would the critics say of the skill and truth of such a painter. Why then by a vanity and falsehood not less ridiculous do you wish the novelist, who paints a great, proud, corrupt, mammon-worshipping city to give you a picture only of saints and apostles? His own soul would smite him in the face evermore when he had prostituted his pen to such lying. Such writers are plenty enough who truckle to the vanity of fops and wealth-mongers. Their books are plenty enough too, on their publishers shelves, where they lie in mould and cob-webs, looked into only by the moths that

bat them. "No false man ever got a deliverance eloquent enough to captivate a single heart. His thoughts are muffled like a dead bell, and instead of the clear distinct vibrations which make the heavens ring, there is but the dumb underbreath which every body knows to be artificial and unnatural."

Words with souls in them is what we want: words that go out like cannon balls against all falsity in church or state. Rigid, unsparing, outspeaking truthfulness—rough and rugged as a northern land-scape—that is what we want. Your novelists who would feed us on sugar-plums; or amuse us by a harmless cock-robin and puss-in-boots literature, may for aught we know have a mission to the nurseries, with the cats and cradles; but not any mission to manhood. Neither in literature, nor in politics, nor in morals, nor in philosophy, nor in religion did such writers ever effect a revolution for good or evil. For revolutions we want Luthers, who will throw their ink-stands at the devil's head, and go to Leipzig though it rain Duke Georges for nine days continually. And these true earnest kind of men are the only records that Time leaves behind him. But your great mass, of what are called "moral writers," your pious pretenders, and fashion-worshippers, your effeminate eulogizers of genteel fools, and scheming bigots—these will perish and rot away, like the flies of the summer shambles. Not thus will it be with the men, who, with words of fire, have depicted your sins: cry out as you will against them, brand them with whatever anathema—their writings are the coin and currency of truth, stamped with its image and superscription, so that they will last forever. What has the sneer of the critics done against the "Quaker City!" twenty editions answer. It is better to ask what has the "Quaker City" done to the critics? Let a paragraph or two from the book itself answer.

"Devil Bug was silent. The shouts of the revelers in the adjoining cellar grew more loud and uproarious, yet he heeded them not. Deep in the heart of this monster, like a flower blooming from the very corruption of the grave, the memory of that fair young girl, who eighteen years ago, had sought the shelter of Monk-Hall, lay hidden, fast entwined around the life-cords of his deformed soul.

"Oh, tell us, ye who in the hours of infancy have laid upon a mother's bosom, who have basked in a father's smile, who have had wealth to bring you comfort, luxury, and a home—who have sunned in the light of religion, as you grew towards manhood, and been warmed into intellectual life by the blessing of education; Oh, tell us, ye who with all these gifts and mercies flung around you by the hand of God, have after all refused his laws, and rotted in your very lives, with the foul pollution of libertinism and lust; tell us, who shall find most mercy at the bar of avenging justice—you, with your prostituted talents, gathering round your guilty souls, so many witnesses of your utter degradation—or Devil-Bug, door-keeper of Monk-Hall, in all his monstrous deformity of body and intellect, yet with *one* redeeming memory, gleaming like a star from the chaos of his mind!" * * *

"And this is the great Quaker City, which every Sunday lifts its demure face to

Heaven, and, with church-burning, Girard-College, and Bank-robbery, hanging around its skirts, tells Almighty God, that it has sent missionaries to the isles of the sea, to the Hindoo, the Turk, and the Hottentot; that it feels for the spiritual wants of the far-off nations to an extent that cannot be measured by words, while it has not one single throb of pity for the poor, who starve, rot, and die, within its very eye-sight!"

That is plain talk enough. There is a kind of heroism, we may say soldierly bravery in such writing, that makes cowards tremble again. Hypocrites will not like it, neither. What should cowards, hypocrites and bigots do but hate a book that continually thunders in their ears such words as these—"Bribery sits on the judicial bench, and a licentious mob administers justice with the knife and the torch. In the pulpit crouches grim Superstition, preaching a God, whose mercy is one incarnate threat, whose beneficence is written on the grave-stone of a wrecked world!"

Or, if you will, let us hear Luke Harvey rail a little—"Justice in the Quaker City! Suppose the Almighty God should hold a court one day, and try the justice of the Quaker City, by his impartial law! What a band of witnesses would come thronging to that solemn bar; come into court, old Stephen Girard, come into court with your will in hand—that will which bequeathed your enormous wealth to the white male orphans of the past, the present of generations yet unborn; come into court and testify! What say you of Quaker City justice? Is your College built? Has a single orphan been clothed, or educated at your expense, or with your money? Come into court, widows and orphans, beggared by the hands of bank directors—come into court in your rags and misery; come and testify: What think you of justice, as she holds the scales in Philadelphia! Come into court Religion, and point to your churches in ruins! Come into court, Humanity, and point to the blackened ashes of the Asylum, the School-house and the Hall!"

There are some crumbs that will be found hard eating enough for the seducer also.

"In some old book of mysticism and superstition, I have read this wild legend, which mingling as it does the terrible with the grotesque, has still its meaning and its moral.

"In the sky, far, far above the earth—so the legend runs—there hangs an Awful Bell, invisible to mortal eye, which angel hands alone may toll, which is never tolled save when the Unpardonable sin is committed on earth, and then its judgment peal rings out like the blast of the archangel's trumpet, breaking on the ear of the Criminal, and on his ear alone, with a sound that freezes his blood with horror. The peal of the bell, hung in the azure depths of space, announces to the Guilty one, that he is an outcast from God's mercy forever that his Crime can never be pardoned; while the throne of the Eternal endures; that in the hour of Death, his soul will be darkened by the hopeless prospect of an eternity of wo;

wo without limit, despair without hope; the torture of the never-dying worm, and the unquenchable flame, forever, and forever.

"Reader! Did the sound of the judgment bell, pealing with one awful toll, from the invisible air, break over the soul of the Libertine, as in darkness and in silence, he stood shuddering over the victim of his Crime?

"If in the books of the Last Day there should be found written down but *One unpardonable* crime, that crime will be known as the foul wrong, accomplished in the gaudy Rose Chamber of Monk-hall, by the wretch who now stood trembling in the darkness of the place, while his victim lay senseless at his feet."

No doubt a large book, crowded full of this kind of sentiment, will be found very *immoral* to the moral feelings of the common knaves, and libertines of a great city. No doubt that the more refined sensualists, the Dr. Pynes and patent gospelers, in their libidinous taste, will pass by all these scorching rebukes, and fasten on the voluptuous picture of Dora Livingston's bosom.

No doubt the hypocrite, the swindler, the monied knave, the Catholic-hater, the heathen-saver, and the despiser of the poor at home, will find enough to condemn in these pages. No doubt that fat and festered profligacy in the senate, the bench, the pulpit and the bar will cry out under the terrible lash of indignant and insulted genius pleading with the injured masses to arise and resent their wrongs. The work of genius would indeed go for naught if profligacy did not cry out. But why need good honest men take up the bigot's watch-word of alarm! Mr. Lippard has never once aimed his envenomed shaft at any good brave man, in any profession or post of life. There is indeed somewhat of idolatry in the extravagant worship which he pays, both in his writings and private life, to all true great men. His scorn has been directed at none but the cunning knaves, who have smuggled themselves into professions and posts of honor, very much as lizards may crawl into the lion's den, and set up to be lions too.

These have found poor mercy at his hands. Let us make room in this place for one more extract.

"The State House clock had just struck eight, when amid the gay crowds that thronged Chesnut Street, might be discerned one poor wan-faced man, who strode sadly up and down the pavement in front of a jeweller's window. The night was bitter cold, but a tattered round-about and patched trowsers, constituted his scanty apparel. He had not been shaven for several days, and a thick beard gave a wild appearance to his lank jaws and compressed lips. His face was pale as a mort-cloth, but his eye shone with that clear wild light that once seen can never be forgotten. There was Famine in the unnatural gleam of that eye. His much-worn hat was thrown back from his pale forehead, and there, in the lines of that frowning brow you might read the full volume of wrong and want, which the oppressors of this world write on the faces of the poor.

"Up and down the cold pavement he strode. He looked from side to side for a

glance of pity. There was no humanity in the eyes that met his gaze. Fashionable Dames going to the Opera, Merchants in broad-cloth returning from the counting-house, Bank Directors hurrying to their homes, godly preachers wending to their Churches, their faces full of sobriety and their hearts burning with enmity to the Pope of Rome: These all were there, on that crowded pavement. But pity for the Poor man, who with Famine written on his forehead and blazing from his eyes, strode up and down, in front of the Jeweller's gaudy window? Not one solitary throb!

"No bread, no fire," muttered the Mechanic as he looked to the sky with a dark scowl on his brow. "No bread, no fire for two whole days. I can bear it, but——God! My child, my child!"

With the tattered cuff of his coat sleeve, he wiped away a salt tear from his cheek.

"God!" he fiercely muttered between his set teeth. "Is there a God? Is he just? Then why have these people fine clothes and warm homes, when I, *I*, with honest hands, have no bread to eat, no fire to warm me?"

Your pardon, pious people, your pardon for the blasphemy of this starving wretch! Starvation you know is a grim sceptic, a very Infidel, a doubter and a scoffer!

"Two days without bread or fire!" he muttered and strode wearily along the street. Suddenly a half-muttered cry of delight escaped from his lips. A splendid carriage, drawn by two blood horses, with a coat of arms gleaming on its panels, met his gaze. It was the work of an instant for the Mechanic to spring up behind this carriage, while a smiling-faced elderly gentleman sat alone by himself within. And away the horses dashed, until they reached a large mansion in one of the most aristocratic squares of the city. The smiling-faced elderly gentleman came out of the carriage, and after telling James, the coachman, to be very careful of the horses, he took his night-key from his pocket, and entered the mansion.

"*He* failed three days ago," said the Mechanic, glancing at the mansion with a grim smile, as he leapt down from the coach. "The Bank of which he is President broke a fortnight since! Ha, ha!"

And with a hollow laugh he pointed to the retreating coach and then to the mansion, from whose curtained windows the blaze of lights flashed out upon the street.

"*He* is the President of the Bank that broke, and yet has his coach and horses, his house, his servants and his wines. I had six hundred dollars in that Bank, and yet have not a crust of bread to eat. I 'spose this must be what they call *justice!*"

And with that same mocking laugh he strode up the marble steps of the Bank President's Palace.

"I will make another effort," he whispered. "And if that fails——Ha! God

will take care of my child. As for myself—ha! ha! I 'spose the over-seers of the Poor will bury me!"

The door of the Bank President's Palace was ajar. The Mechanic pushed it open and entered. A ruddy glow of light streamed through the parlor door-way into the hall. Walking boldly forward, the Mechanic paused at the door and looked in. Oh, such fine furniture, a splendid glass above the mantel, ottomans, a sofa, a gorgeous carpet, and silk curtains drooping along from the windows—magnificent furniture!

"And *he* is the President of the Broken Bank."

Mr. Job Joneson, the President of the Bank which had just failed for only one million dollars, sate writing at a table in the centre of that gorgeous parlor. He was a pleasant man, with a round face and small eyes, a short neck and a white cravat, corpulent paunch and a showy broad-cloth coat. Altogether Job Joneson, Esq. was one of your good citizens, who subscribe large sums to tract societies, and sport velvet-cushioned pews in church. He did not perceive the entrance of the Mechanic, but having taken his seat in a hurry, was making some memoranda in his note book by the light of the astral lamp.

"Twenty dollars to the Society for promoting Bible Christianity at Rome," thus he soliloquized. "Good idea, that. Be in all the Patent-Gospel papers. Two hundred dollars for jewelry; Mrs. Joneson is very extravagant. Fifty dollars for furniture broken by my son Robert who is now at College. Bad boy that! One thousand dollars for a piano, *grand* piano for my daughter Corinne ——Ha! Hum! Who's there? What do you want?"

The Mechanic advanced, and taking off his hat, approached the table. It was a fine contrast; the unshaven Mechanic, and the Bank President; on this side of the table rags and want, on that side, broadcloth and plenty; here a face with Famine written on its every line; there a visage redolent of venison steaks and turtle soup.

"Your business, Sir?"

"Do you not know me, Mr. Joneson? I am John Davis."

"Indeed! You shingled a house for me last summer. Why you are sadly changed!"

The lip of the Mechanic trembled.

"I was a little better-looking last summer, I believe," he said, "But Mr. Joneson, I have called upon you in order to ascertain, whether there is any hope of my ever getting any portion of my money from the * * * * * Bank?"

"Not one cent!" said the Bank President, taking out his watch and playing with the seals.

"I worked very hard for that money, Mr. Joneson. I've frozen in the winter's chill, and broiled in the summer's heat for that money, Mr. Joneson."

"My dear fellow, you talk to me as if I could help it," said Mr. Joneson, gazing intently upon the motto engraven on his seal, '*Up with the Bible.*'

"And now Mr. Joneson, I am without work; my money is gone," continued John Davis, speaking in a low tone that God's angels could not listen to without tears, "My child lays at the point of death,—"

"How can I help *that*, my good fellow? I am sorry that your child is sick —but can I help it?" said the Bank President in the tone of withering politeness.

"I have neither bread nor medicine to give her," said Davis as his grey eye blazed with a strange light. "There has been no fire in her room for two days—"

"Get work," said the Bank President, in a short decided tone.

"*Where?*" And Davis extended his lean hands, while a quiet look of despair stamped every line of his countenance.

"Anywhere! Everywhere! You don't mean to say that an able-bodied man like you can't get work in this enlightened city of Philadelphia? Pshaw!"

"I have tried to get work for two long weeks, and am now without a crust of bread!" And John gazed steadily in Joneson's face.

"Well then, where's your credit? You don't mean to say that an industrious mechanic like you are, or ought to be, can't obtain credit in this enterprizing city of Philadelphia?"

"There is no imprisonment for debt," said John with a sickly smile. "No poor man gets 'trust' now-a-days."

"Well, my poor fellow, I am sorry for you, sorry that our Bank failed to meet its liabilities, sorry that you invested your little money in it, very sorry! But d'ye see? I have an engagement, and must go."

The corpulent Bank President rose from his seat, inserted his watch in its fob, put on his great coat, and moved toward the door.

Davis stood as if rooted to that gorgeous carpet. He made an effort to speak but his tongue produced but a hollow sound. Then his lip trembled, and his quivering fingers were pressed nervously against his breast.

"Come, my fellow, I pity your case, but I can't help it. There is a meeting of the Patent-Gospel Association to-night, and I must go. You see my fellow, the Pope of Rome must be put down, and I must go an' help do it."

Davis advanced toward the corpulent Bank President.

"Look here, Mr. Joneson," he said in that husky whisper, which speaks from the thin lips of want. "My hands are hardened to bone by work. Look at these fingers. D'ye see how cramped and crooked they are? Well, Mr. Joneson, for six long years have I slaved for that six hundred dollars. And why? Because I wanted to give my wife a home in our old age, because I wished to give some schoolin' to my child. This money, Mr. Joneson, I placed in your hands last summer. You said you'd invest it in stock, and now, *now*, Sir, my wife has been

dead a month, my child lies on her dyin' bed without bread to eat, or a drop of medicine to still a single death-pain. An' I come to you, and ask you for my money, an' you tell me that *the Bank is broke!* Now, Mr. Joneson, what I want to ask you is this—"

His voice trembled, and he raised his hands to his eyes for a single instant.

"Will you lend me some money to buy some wood and some bread?"

"Why Davis, really you are too hard for me," said the round-faced Joneson, moving a step nearer to the threshhold. There was a supercilious curl about his fat lip, and a sleepy contempt about his leaden eyes.

"Will you," cried Davis, his voice rising into a whispered shriek, "Will you lend me *one* dollar?"

"Davis, Davis, you're too hard for me," said the Bank President, jingling the silver in his pocket with his gouty hands. "The fact is, were I to listen to all such appeals to my feelings, I would be a beggar to-morrow—"

He strode quickly over the threshhold as he spoke.

"John," he cried to the servant who was passing through the hall, "If anybody calls for me, you can say that I have gone to the special meeting of the American Patent-Gospel Association. And look ye, John, tell James to have the coach ready by twelve to-night: one of the Directors gives a party, and I must be there; and when *this person* goes out, you can put down the dead-latch."

Having thus spoken, the Bank President walked quietly to the front door of the mansion, and in a moment was passing along the crowded street. John Davis stood in the centre of that gorgeous parlor, silent and motionless as a figure carved out of solid rock.

"Come, *Mister*, as the gentleman's gone, I'spose you may as well tortle!" said a harsh voice. John Davis looked up, and beheld a fat-faced servant in livery, motioning him toward the front door.

Without picking his hat from the carpet, John walked slowly from the house.

Meanwhile Job Joneson, Esq. passing with a dignified waddle through the crowded street, reached the corner of Sixth and Chesnut streets, where the outline of the State House arose into the clear, cold, star-lit sky.

A hand was laid gently on his shoulder. Joneson turning quickly round, beheld a man of some thirty years, whose slovenly dress and red nose betrayed his profession. He was a tip-staff of one of the Courts of *Justice*.

"Beg pardon, Sir, your name Joneson, Sir? There is a case to be tried in Court to-morrow, and you are summoned to appear as a witness. Here's the Subpœna—"

Joneson reached forth his hand to grasp the paper, when the figure of John Davis strode quietly between him and the tip-staff.

"And *I*," shrieked a voice, wild and broken, yet horrible in its slightest tones,

"And *I* have a summons for you, also!" The Bank President made an involuntary start as the glare of those maniac eyes flashed upon him. "I subpœna you, *you* Job Jonesoo, to appear at the Bar of Almighty God before day-break to-morrow!"

And he raised one thin hand to Heaven while the other rested upon the Bank President's shoulder. Jonesoo shrunk from that touch—it was like hot lead on the bare skin!

"I will be *there!*" whispered Davis. "*There!*" And he waved his thin hands towards the stars. "At the Bar of God Almighty before day-break to morrow!"

The Bank President raised his hands to his eyes with an involuntary gesture. When he again looked around, the maniac was gone."

At his leisure, the reader must finish this terrible lesson. He will see how the awful summons of the mad mechanic was re-echoed also by the voice of God—"*before day break to-morrow!*" He will see how every oppressor is surrounded, evermore by ministers of vengeance, who grip him by the throat, and with terrible voices demand the forfeiture of the broken bond: *a pound of flesh cut out nearest the heart!* There is no escape from the penalty. No possible jugglery, no theological bankruptcy, no patent-gospel repentance even, can cheat Heaven of its dread demand. "*He that doeth wrong shall receive for the wrong which he hath done,*" is a thunder-word, that shrieks, not alone from the Bible of Prophets and Apostles, but from the Bible of Nature and of Providence also. Bury his evil deeds under mountains of catechisms and prayers if he will, they roll out of their graves, and like hot invisible devils shall lash him naked through the world.

That is the moral of the Quaker City also, if the critics had but the insight to see it. We can well enough afford to forgive the faults of this wild head-long kind of book, since it preaches this great truth so well. We may overlook its zigzag, fragmentary, *quasi*—chaotic manner of saying some things, since it utters so many other things with such surpassing strength and beauty. The reviewer who condemns indiscriminately so great a book as the QUAKER CITY, will find it a special favor to be forgotten by the more truthful critics that will be sure to come after him. They will rank him evermore with the poor dwarfs who can look upon some statue of Olympic Jove, majestic and awful in its beauty, yet turn away in disgust from the splendid image, because of some speck which their pigmy eyes have detected on the finger nail. Let us not forget this, that great books are not written for any dwarfs. Little souls, in strait-jackets, are welcome enough to their primers, and to their romance even, about the house that Jack built; but who ever asked them to turn critics on the works of genius? I confess that my heart finds a welcome for this head-long honest Quaker City. Notwithstanding its hot fiery temper, it will do good. We must look at it, not as a work of genius only, but also as a work of reform. It comes not alone to amuse,

but dreadful, like the song of Agamemnon, to purify. Its wild mad voice has gone out every where, over this speculating, mammon-worshipping country. From the rock heights of the Aroostook, to the camp-fires of Monterey, its vengeance-shrieks are heard, echoing, through the thousand hollow hearts, where idleness eats the bread that starving industry earns, and pensioned profligacy preaches submission to sweet virtue in the name of God.

You tell me that this book, true enough in the main, is *extravagant*. Very well, thank the extremes into which society everywhere runs for the extravagance of this book also. It is you who have driven genius out, and compelled it to pitch its extravagances against your own; for thus only can it weigh you upwards, to give a lesson from the skies. How shall genius be otherwise than extravagant, while gazing into a wild firmament of gloom—rushing with its mighty fire-wings through this broken fragment of eternity; where the insane ravings of despair lift a horrid din above the music-breath of angels, and the voice of God! Extravagant indeed: Was not Martin, the brave old monk of Isleben in Saxony, who threw his ink-stand at the sooty devil's head, extravagant also? So the devil thought. This *extravagance* is the bug-bear of little minds: heed it not. But out with thy thought, loud and seething, like a hot bolt shot from the thunderous heavens.

So through all the writings of this man—every page impresses you with the feeling that a mind of dark terrible strength has just gone that way before you: a man in whose deep soul is a power and a spell—an imagination, fancy, and a wild utterance, full of awful beauty, fire and love. His "Ladye Annabel" is a splendid prose-poem, where horrors congregate with strangest phantoms of truth, madly rushing together in a great carnival of love.

But, Lippard's genius is not all dark and horrible. There is in him too the sweetest beauty, flashing out betimes like the dancing aurora up the winter sky. Even amid all the war-horrors of "Blanche of Brandywine" we shall see how the author's soul delights in the images of beauty and purity that seem to flit ever before him, in the midst of darkest delineations. Our whole literature does not contain more beautiful sketches of female character than Lippard has given us in Rose, Blanche, and the Lady Isidore. All that a pure man could desire in wife, mother or sister, he will find in this book, made living and beautiful in the lives of these characters. Isidore we shall love forever. Love, not alone for her "faultless limbs," and beautiful bosom, shaded by a veil of dark waving hair: but we shall love her also that she was "magnificently beautiful, brave, and loving." With her, we shall all feel that "Beauty and tenderness and truth have *gone home*." There is religion and poetry in our author's farewell to Isidore.

"Come, let us bid her farewell. Come let us kneel in the softened light and twine our hands in the glossy waves of her dark hair, and close her eyes and lips, with kisses, let us gently dispose those faultless limbs in the quiet attitude of death

—for to-morrow, ah, the coffin, the grave, the falling clod! Let us smooth the black hair in lengthened waves, but do not close that bosom from the light. Let it gleam in the sun, until the very last moment; for it is pure, for thoughts born of God and eternal as heaven, once found a home within those globes of snow. Farewell, Isidore, we leave you now forever. Farewell, Isidore, we leave your face to the grave-worm, your bosom to the clod, your soul to its home. Farewell, brave and beautiful, on your cold brow we drop no tear, for since the world began, it has been the fate of hearts like yours, to love and break and die. And when the flowers bloom over your grave, the angels of God will kiss them, and fling their fragrance like blessings upon the summer air."

But we have even now too little space left for a just notice of these legends of the Revolution.

Altogether we take this to be the best book that has been written on this portion of our history. In the dull popular idea of history, this book is not merely a history. It is something more. It is a series of battle pictures; with all the truth of history in them, where the heroes are made living, present and visible to our senses. Here we do not merely turn over the dead dry facts of General Washington's battles, as if coldly digging them out of their tomb—but we see the living general as he moves round over the field of glory. We almost hear the word of his command. We are quite sure that we see the smoke rolling up from the field of battle, and hear the dreadful roar of the cannon, as it spouts its death-flame in the face of the living and the dead. Through all we see dashing on the wild figure of mad Anthony Wayne, followed with the broken battle-cry of Pulaski; until along the line, and over the field, the images of death and terror are only hidden from our view by the shroud of smoke and flame.

There is not a relic of the Revolution, in the shape of an old man or woman, within a good hundred miles of the scene, which has not been visited by Mr. Lippard, and their old memories sounded to the bottom, until the last and smallest fact should be brought up. Not an inch of ground, on the old battle-fields, that he has not explored. Hardly an old revolutionary newspaper has been allowed to rest in peace; that too must be dug from its garret-grave, and stript of its cob-web shroud, to satisfy this insatiate hunger for revolutionary crumbs.

At last all that survives, either of *fact* or *legend*, of those battles and battle men, is brought to light: painted before us, so that we can look upon every feature of the perilous times. Painted indeed. Of all the American authors, poets or novelists—Lippard comes nearest to the painter. So perfect and powerful are his descriptions. What a magnificent picture might be made of his "Sunset upon the Battlefield."

"It was sunset upon the field of battle—solemn and quiet sunset. The rich, golden light fell over the grassy lawn, over the venerable fabric of Chew's house,

and over the trees scattered along the field, turning their autumnal foliage to quivering gold.

"The scene was full of the spirit of desolation, steeped in death, and crimsoned in blood. The green lawn—with the soil turned up by the cannon wheels, by the tramp of war steeds, by the rush of the foemen—was all heaped with ghastly piles of dead, whose cold upturned faces shone with a terrible lustre in the last beams of the declining sun.

"There were senseless carcasses, with the arms rent from the shattered body, with the eyes scooped from the hollow sockets, with foreheads severed by the sword thrust, with hair dabbled in blood, with sunken jaws fallen on the gory chest; there was all the horror, all the bloodshed, all the butchery of war, without a single gleam of its romance or chivalry.

"Here a plaid-kilted Highlander, a dark-coated Hanoverian, were huddled together in the ghastliness of sudden death; each with that fearful red wound denting the forehead, each with that same repulsive expression of convulsive pain, while their unclosed eyes, cold, dead, and lustreless, glared on the blue heavens with the glassy look of death.

"Yonder, at the foot of a giant elm, an old Continental, sunk down in the grasp of death. His head is sunken on his breast, his white hair all blood-bedabbled, his blue hunting shirt spotted with clotted drops of purple. The sunburnt hand extended, grasps the unfailing rifle—the old warrior is merry even in death, for his lip wears a cold and unmoving smile.

"A little farther on a peasant boy bites the sod, with his sunburnt face half buried in the blood-soddened earth, his rustic attire of linsey tinted by the last beams of the declining sun; one arm convulsively gathered under his head, the long brown hair all stiffened with blood, while the other grasps the well-used fowling piece, with which he rushed to the field, fought bravely, and died like a hero. The fowling piece is with him in death; the fowling piece—companion of many a boyish ramble beside the Wissahikon, many a hunting excursion on the wild and dreamy hills that frown around that rivulet—is now beside him, but the hand that encloses its stock is colder than the iron of its rusted tube."

In this there is no work left for the imagination of the finest artist. Let him use his mechanical skill in light and shadow; the picture is made for him.

So also in the legend of General Agnew.

"The last beams of the sun trembled over the high forehead of General Agnew, as, with his back turned to the grave-yard wall, he gazed upon the prospect, and his eye lit up with a sudden brilliancy, when the quick and piercing report of a rifle broke on the air, and echoed around the scene.

"A small cloud of light blue smoke wound upward from the grave-yard wall, a ghastly smile overspread the face of Agnew, he looked wildly round for a single instant, and then fell heavily to the dust of the road-side, a—lifeless corse.

"His gallant steed of ebon darkness of skin, lowered his proud crest, and thrust his nostrils in his master's face, his large eyes dilating, as he snuffed the scent of blood upon the air; and at the very moment that same wild and ghastly face appeared once more above the stones of the grave-yard wall, and a shriek of triumph, wilder and ghastlier than the face, arose shrieking above the graves.

"That rifle shot, pealing from the grave-yard wall, was the LAST SHOT of the battle-day of Germantown; and that corse flung along the roadside, with those cold eyes glaring on the blue sunset sky, with the death-wound near the heart, was the LAST DEAD MAN of that day of horror.

"As the sun went down, the dark horse lowered his head, and with quivering nostrils, inhaled the last breath of his dying master."

The grave-yard—the cloud of light blue smoke winding up over the grave-yard—the muscular form of General Agnew stretched in the dust by the road-side—the gallant war-horse, with his dilating eyes and swollen nostrils snuffing in the face of his fallen rider—the ghastly murderer's face looking over the old grave-yard wall—and away off in the west the soft sun set: would not this make a magnificent picture, to be called "THE LAST SHOT OF THE BATTLE-DAY OF GERMANTOWN!"—There is hardly a page in this whole book from which some such picture might not be made.

But the poetry of these Legends perhaps is the first thing that will arrest the attention of the competent reviewer. This indeed is the first thing in all Lippard's works. Whatever we may say of his ability for the most accomplished of historians, of his genius as a novelist, I take him to be as much poet as any thing else after all. Though we may find him utterly without capacity in rhythm or rhyme; still he is a poet. Whoever that old man Ossian was, he was such another rhymeless rhythmless poet, for all that I can see.

Mr. Lippard's genius beholds the Hudson River as "*a mirror in its mountain frame.*" Or a "Queen who reposes in a strange majesty, *a crown of snow upon her forehead of granite,* the leaf of Indian corn, the spear of wheat, mingled in the girdle which binds her waist, the murmur of rippling water ascending from the valley beneath her feet."

The Susquehanna is "a warrior, who rushes from his home in the forest, hews his way through primeval mountains, and howls in his wrath as he hurries to the ocean. Ever and anon, like a conqueror overladened with the spoils of battle, *he scatters a green island in his path.*"

The Wissahikon is "a Prophetess, who with her cheek embrowned by the sun, and her dark hair—not gathered in clusters or curling in ringlets—falling straightly to her white shoulders, comes forth from her cavern in the woods, and speaks to us in a low soft tone, that awes and wins our hearts, *and looks at us* with eyes whose steady light and supernatural brightness bewilder our soul."

To our author's fancy also "*The night comes slowly down.*" And he could see the strong man bearing off "*the little girl, whose golden hair floated over his dark dress like sunshine over a pall.*" To his ears the "*wind sweeps through the woods, not with a boisterous roar, but with the strange sad cadence of an organ, whose notes swell away through the arches of a dim cathedral aisle.*"

To his vision also there are sunny days in winter when "*the glad maiden, May, seems to blow her warm breath in the grim face of February, until the rough old warrior laughs again.*"

He sees the smoke of the battle-field as "*The shroud of death* for millions."

To him the Wissahikon is a thing of beauty forever—"*It is a poem of beauty,* where the breeze mourns its anthem through the tall pines; where the silver waters send up their voices of joy; where calmness, and quiet, and intense solitude awe the soul, and fill the heart with bright thoughts and golden dreams, *woven in the luxury of the summer hour.*"

I take these to be good specimens enough of poetry. Nearly every page in the whole book is alive with this quaint or beautiful imagery. Such a book has never appeared in this country before—to give us so poetical and striking a view of the age of the Revolution.

Somehow I think history ought to be written with somewhat of the poet's inspiration. It is only the poet who can call back to us the remote and dead, and invest them with a visible and life-like form. He alone can

> "Call up the man who left half told
> The story of Cambuscan bold."

The effigies of Lippard's heroes have almost as much life as the scene of their utmost actions. Nothing is dead any more that his imagination once grasps. He continually reminds us of that French poet historian, Michelet, who, take him all in all, is perhaps the sweetest and best historian the world allows us just now.

Our author may, if he will, make himself the Michelet of America—the poet-historian of his country.

In this volume he has given us an *earnest* of his sincerity, independence. The light which he has shed on the subject of Arnold's treason shows patience enough in the performance of the most difficult task. His defence of the political fame of unhappy Thomas Paine evinces courage enough too. For this he has been called an infidel; but only by fire-skull's who, justly enough, hate Paine's scepticism, but most unjustly traduce his well earned political fame. Lippard's appreciation of the political writings of Paine is precisely that entertained by Washington, Adams, and all our great countryman of the past. The indispensible service which this man performed for America, in the time of its trial, has never been disputed by any man capable of forming an intelligent opinion on so great a subject.

Mr. Lippard is not an infidel: unless infidel be a man who will not profanely worship his Creator, as tailors cut jackets, by the square rule. He is not an infidel; unless it mean a man who will not follow the smokey flickering torch lights, in the hands of groping creed-mongers, nor bow down his soul to the graven images of soulless sectarianism, which clings only to the dead body of the Saviour, having dismissed his spirit from the temple. If a profound belief in Theism, in prophets and apostles—a warm and sincere reverence for that most beautiful and loving spirit that ever sanctified the form of humanity, Jesus of Nazareth, make a christian, Mr. Lippard is far enough from infidelity. Read the book, in his work called Fourth of July 1776, and then say whether this man is *infidel* to Jesus. There is a better, a juster appreciation of the spirit and purity of Nazareth, in this brief chapter, than in half a ton of sermons ground out of the cast-iron brains of intolerant sectaries.

Mr. Lippard's religious views are precisely those of nearly every man of genius in this country; and we may say every other country. This world over, and the ages over, genius has had its own religion. It was never infidel either. In the highest order of genius at least we shall never find raw and scoffing infidelity. To every soul capable of catching so vast a sight, the life of Jesus is a poem of beauty; a brother-voice, whispering there, when man's heart is weakest. Jesus: name divine! the soul's amulet of love—"prest evermore to the lips of ages." If men of genius have ever been heedless of that word, it could have been only in some mad moment when revenging themselves upon the vulgarity and materialism of its professed followers. They may not be able to behold the spirit of Jesus floating in the rivers of blood which have flowed in his name: they may not be able to hear his voice in the murder-shrieks and blasphemies that swell upward from the wild war of sects. But in those tones of peace, once heard in Judeah, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest," they will recognise evermore the music-breath of God. They may not take to their bosoms the pedant Christ of artificial theology—Christ in effigy alas! but Jesus of Nazareth they will press to their heart of hearts as the divinest friend of man, and the truest son of God. To them religion, as made easy by catechism and rule, and bound in calf, may seem of little value to the soul; but that religion which streams in glory from the stars—reflected upward again in the smile of each flower, and hiding itself at last in the still heart of man—made living and eternal there by the voice of revelation—that religion is always with them. The Prophets and the Apostles are their companions too.

Genius by intuition falls into truth, sooner than the greatest elaboration of mere talent can reason its way into it. It catches truth by inspiration: the one great fact of nature and providence flashes in on it perpetually, like a sunrise of the soul.

"The awful shadow of some unseen Power
Floats, though unseen, among us; visiting
This various world with as inconstant wing
As summer winds that creep from flower to flower;
Like moon-beams that behind some piney mountain shower,
It visits with inconstant glance
Each human heart and countenance;
Like hues and harmonies of evening,
Like clouds in starlight widely spread,
Like memory of music fled
Like aught that for its grave may be
Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery."

Every thing great and true is a revelation of Deity. The songs of Isaiah, the sermons of Jesus, the oaks, the lillies, the seasons—does not the God speak in them all? In them all, if we have but the purity and spirituality to hear it. To the mind of Jesus there was a witness of the Father in the "lillies of the field," the "birds of the air," the "rain," the "sun-beams:" but not any witness to the coarse mind of the Jewish doctor of divinity. He could find deity only in parchments, creeds, tradition, ritualism. The *fact* of creation, providence, and revelation, is plain enough to all men; but the *character* in which we behold that fact depends entirely on the light or darkness within us. A coarse rude man must have coarse rude conceptions of his Deity, and of all works of Deity. The gods of Creetons and Hottontots are fashioned out of the loathsome indolence of their own souls. If we will look into it, we shall find that the difference between the God and Father of Jesus, and the gods of the Philistines, was precisely the difference between the moral and intellectual character of Jesus and the Philistine.

The coarse mass of mankind, at this day, can see in the ocean only a foul mass of brackish water, full of codlings and devil-fish: but to the poet, whom the world has foolishly enough agreed to call infidel, it was

"A glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests."

Thus much have we said in the way of rebuke to the religious vulgarity, that babbles evermore about the infidelity of Genius. Genius is deeply and beautifully religious. But its religion is alone there, with Jesus and all Prophets, in the highest regions of the soul, in the great watch-tower of the Eternal—alone, where the floods of God's eternity flow round and encompass it forever.

How poor and mean a thing a fighting human creed must look to the God-gifted soul! Is this our christian justice, to brand all genius as infidel, because it will not stoop to the region of quarrelsome sects? Is there no better defence of religion, nay, is there no better recognition of religion than this sect-madness—this insane idolatrous worship of consecrated ink and paper? I hope there is. I should indeed be poor in faith if there were not.

Through all of Lippard's writings there is a vein of deep religiousness—a constant recognition of God and justice—the devotion of a heart belonging to no creed; but of a heart devoted to whatsoever things are pure in all men.

Read his "Grave-yard of Germantown," in this book, and say of it, is not so. If we will, we may take it as a specimen of style also—of good old fashioned honest Saxon-English; free enough from the decrepitude of the mongrel English-Latin, we have so miserably imitated from the school of Jonson, Dryden, Addison, and a long list of Latin-English writers.

"In Germantown there is an old-time graveyard. No gravelled walks, no delicate sculpturings of marble, no hot-beds planted over corruption are there. It is an old-time graveyard, defended from the highway and encirclings fields by a thick stone wall. On the north and west it is shadowed by a range of trees, the sombre verdure of the pine, the leafy magnificence of the maple and horse-chesnut, mingling in one rich mass of foliage. Wild flowers are in that graveyard, and tangled vines. It is white with tomb-stones. They spring up, like a host of spirits from the green graves; they seem to struggle with each other for space, for room. The lettering on these tombstones, is in itself, a rude history. Some are marked with rude words in Dutch, some in German, one or more in Latin, one in Indian; others in English. Some bend down, as if hiding their rugged faces from the light, some start to one side; here and there, rank grass chokes them from the light and air.

"You may talk to me of your *fashionable* graveyards, where Death is made to look pretty and silly and fanciful, but for me, this one old graveyard, with its rank grass and crowded tombstones, has more of God and Immortality in it, than all your elegant cemetries together. I love its soil: its stray wild flowers are omens to me, of a pleasant sleep, taken by weary ones, who were faint with living too long.

"It is to me, a holy thought, that here my bones will one day repose. For here, in a lengthening line, extend the tombstones, sacred to the memory of my fathers, far back in to time. They sleep here. The summer day may dawn, the winter storm may howl, and still they sleep on. No careless eye looks over these walls. There is no gaudiness of sculpture to invite the lounger. As for a pic nic party, in an old graveyard like this, it would be blasphemy. None come save those who have friends here. Sisters come to talk quietly with the ghost of sisters; children to invoke the spirit of that Mother *gone home!* I, too sometimes, panting to get free from the city, come here to talk with my sisters—for two of mine are here—with my father—for that clover blooms above his grave.

"It seems to me, too, when bending over that grave, that the Mother's form, awakened from her distant grave, beneath the sod of Delaware, is also here!—Here, to commune with the dead, whom she loved while living; here, with the spirits of my fathers!

"I cannot get rid of the thought that good spirits love that graveyard. For all at once, when you enter its walls, you feel sadder, better; more satisfied with life, yet less reluctant to die. It is such a pleasant spot, to take a long repose. I have seen it in winter, when there was snow upon the graves, and the sleigh-bells tinkled in the street. Then calmly and tenderly upon the white tombstones, played and lingered the cold moon.

"In summer, too, when the leaves were on the trees, and the grass upon the sod, when the chirp of the cricket and katy-did broke shrilly over the graves through the silence of night. In early spring, when there was scarce a blade of grass to struggle against the north wind, and late in fall when November baptizes you with her cloud of gloom, I have been there.

"And in winter and summer, in fall and spring, in calm or storm, in sickness or health, in every change of this great play, called life, does my heart go out to that graveyard, as though part of it was already there.

"Nor do I love it the less, because on every blade of grass, in every flower, that wildly blooms there, you find written:—"This soil is sacred from creeds. Here rests the Indian and the white man; here sleep in one sod, the Catholic, Presbyterian, Quaker, Methodist, Lutheran, Mennonist, Deist, Infidel. Here, creeds forgotten, all are men and woman again, and not one but is a simple child of God.

"This graveyard was established by men of all creeds, more than a century ago. May that day be darkness, when creeds shall enter this rude gate. Better had that man never been born, who shall dare pollute this soil with the earthly clamor of sect. But on the man, who shall repair this wall, or keep this graveyard sacred from the hoofs of improvement, who shall do his best to keep our old graveyard what it is, on that man, be the blessings of God; may his daughters be virtuous and beautiful, his sons gifted and brave. In his last hour, may the voices of angels sing hymns to his passing soul. If there was but one flower in the world, I would plant it on that man's grave."

I know not how we shall keep back our hearts from the utmost love of the man who could write this "Old-time Graveyard." It is what we all feel; but cannot utter it thus. It breathes such a loving, longing spirit—it seems as though some holy tear had found an utterance, and spoken to our hearts, as they speak to themselves in moments of purest sadness.

It is a great fort of Lippard's, this speaking to our hearts. With the deepest insight into the inmost workings of the human soul, he has also a passionate sense of the beautiful; joined with the loftiest enthusiasm, the strongest imagination, and the keenest relish for whatsoever things are true. A necessity is upon him, to be a writer of the finest house-hold sentiments.

Another necessity is upon him too. His thoughts again take fire-wings, and rush off into gloom and space—now dipping their pinions in the blood of battles,

now wheeling through chaos and black night, now shouting a cry of horror to the skies—now melting into tears again on some high rock that overlooks the mighty field of the world.

In all this there is no affectation. He is still true to his nature, which is capable of entering into all these extremes of sentiment and passion. He does not force his thoughts: his thoughts force him.—So there is little *fillagree* work in his writings—small use enough of ginger-bread and sugar-candy words.

His severity is dreadful: it would split "the gnarled oak." If he thunders it is no blast of a tin trumpet; but Jove's most dreadful anger. He does not make earth-quakes and tempests by "breaking flower-pots," and fireing torpedoes: it is not his way. His sneer is a terrible caustic—frightful as the wrinkling of Jupiter's brow: and, again, it flows off in a vein of extravagant heedless levity, after the fashion, the Frenchman Rabelais.

Take it all in all, this book is, perhaps, the best work Lippard has written. Though I doubt if we may say as much when his "Nazarene" is finished. From what has already appeared of the "Nazarene," and from what I know of the author's plan in the completion of it, I shall look to that as his greatest work. Already it is freer of the faults of careless impetuous Genius than his previous books. I said *faults:* it were as well said *merits.* That wild, heedless, reckless *dashing on*, seen so often in the works of the freshest highest order of genius, would indeed be a *merit* to the tame dull perfection of less gifted minds. These *faults*, as we call them, to their "smooth round periods," would be like *souls* to a pile of dead bodies. It is not worth our while, though, to spend much time in talking of *faults* in the style of a man of Lippard's genius. What has he to do with *style*, whose great heart is already a furnace of fire-thoughts, seething and simmering with emotions for which he can find no utterance. Style indeed: that is a thing for pedants, word-mongers, sentence-makers to talk about. In this respect however our author is fast getting above all honest criticism. Five years hence, life and health prospering him, it will not be a very safe thing for any scribbler to meddle with his *faults of style.*

We are glad enough to say that his health seems firm at present: though he is by no means a *stout-man.* In height, he is about the medium size, of a slight swarth complexion, with a frame as symmetrically delicate as a woman's; a large flashing dark grey eye, a massive beautifully formed forehead, slightly enlarging from the base upwards, a personal appearance somewhat independent of the prejudicies of mankind, denoting in every step and look the utmost energy and power. In a crowd of a thousand men you would be likely to pick him out as a man you would be glad to know something about. His conversation is brilliant, and merry, even to playfulness. You would hardly take his soul to be the terrible whip it is, when he scents a foe. He is an enthusiastic friend: and an enthusiastic enemy, alas! Though we are glad to say he is getting the better of this last

enthusiasm. He is a man of warm generous heart, incapable of any envy, and will be sure never to open an attack until he has good reason, real or imagined. But, the attack once opened upon him, and we can no longer vouch for his moderation. He is a terrible Titan then; who from his mount Othyrs would make war upon the gods, if they were his enemies too: *war!* until the earth groans, the heavens sigh, the woods blaze with the lightnings, as we have read before in classic story. Such is his courage. In a moral way, he has never yet stopt to commit to memory the meaning of *fear*. Nor will he stop for it, now that his fame, as a Novelist, is already secure. His works of romance bring a higher price in the market of this day, than the works of any other American novelist. They have met with a rapider and larger sale, than was even known in his history of novel-publishing, in this country, before his day. He has already a hundred *imitators*, among the aspiring geniuses of the land—very "clever," commendable, ambitious *graspers* after *fame* or *money*, who vainly strive after his wild, headlong idiomatic style. Some of them seem to think, if they but break the back of an old fashioned, long Jonsonian sentence, into a dozen pieces, they have it. Others run away with his titles. I cannot tell how many writers of "legends" have sprung up like mushrooms, the growth of a single night, since Lippard began his "Legends of the Revolution." Indeed it is difficult to say when our literature will recover from this attack of *legends*.

We live in jeopardy every hour, expecting "legends of Noah's Ark," "legends of the golden fringed baby-jumper," "legends of Dame Walder's tea-pot," "legends of John Rogers' nine children;" with critical notes on the small "one at the breast."

Did we not hold our Author to be the innocent cause of this terrible affliction, we would vote to have him cribbed in iron bars, or hanged, as a rebellious Cyclops against the peace of our literature.

Why need men prostitute their gifts to mere imitation and theft! Out with your own thoughts, in your own words: to that must you come at last, if you would make either fame or bread by *thoughts* and *words*. Be a native voice in your own mountains; and not some faint echo from afar. Get your own titles too. But, have not you as good a right as any body, to that title of "Legends!" Then so had Mark, Suple or Jack Sprat a good right to the title of "Paradise Lost." As well may you steal a man's *ideas*, as his *title*. When an author has found out a good title, and identified his name with it, what right have a hundred scribblers to seize upon it, and make it the common property of every adventurer after fame? Not possibly can there be a meaner piece of plagiarism. Pilfer whole pages from an author's book, and you will not be doing him the injury you would to steal his successful title. Give the title stealer then, the same doom we do the word-stealer, the idea-stealer. Let the whole band of literary thiefs receive the one brand of shame. Man was not sent into this world to *steal*, but to *work*.

The highest price of work is not *gold*, or *bread* either; but *knowledge*. If it were gold or bread, then might you steal it; for that way the world wags at present; but not any stealing can bring *knowledge*. Think out a few thoughts for yourselves—that will be knowledge. And do you find it so difficult to think? Look upward to that jeweled curtain of the heavens—to those stars, the eyes of eternity, that look at you with such a strange loving light—the moon that swims away in the blue infinite, that smiles evermore in the dark face of night—the clouds, the dim moon-light drapery of the sky—the thousands of years that have hastened away into the dark, like tempests—the nations which have gone whirling down into night, like bubbles—the great flood of Eternity, that hastens you, and all flesh into the same unfathomable sea—is *there* nothing to think about in all this? *Think* then! and leave off thy following in the wake of other men's thinking.

Lippard's perfect rest in himself, his determinate, immovable self-reliance, has been a great cause of his success. It was nothing what the critics, and all men said of him. What could he, and what ought he to say for himself? seemed a question of infinitely more importance. This man is not a pipe for Fortune's finger (or any body else's finger) to play what stop she pleases on. If it come to that matter of *playing*, he will be likely to play his own tunes, and to his own time; beat all the drums and blow all the fifes against him nevertheless. There is something so great in self-reliance.

For all that I can find out, no other kind of *reliance* ever availed a man much in this world. This suffering ourselves to be led about in swaths and strings, to be divided into schools, and parties—cut up into companies, to shoulder arms and march at the command of some noisy Captain, whose superiority we should never guess, but by his cocked-hat and feather—this may do well enough for fighting men in Mexico; but it is not the way any intellectual greatness was ever achieved. From a "ragged Manchester boy" George Thompson becomes the mouth-piece of West India freedom; and then twenty millions of hungry white-livered Saxons "shriek and groan through his brain," until the demon of English corn-laws trembles at the thunder of his truth. This is the history of no *imitator*; but of a self-relying dauntless hero, who abides evermore by his own thoughts, and by his own utterance.

From a cheated, sickly, unhappy boy, whose Father and mother were dead—who wandered weeping, with a single crust of bread in his pocket, up and down the glen of the Wissahikon, and day after day wondered when he should die, George Lippard becomes the author of Books that go off to the tune of twelve editions a year. That is something.

Another cause of our Author's speedy triumph over nearly every obstacle that lay in his way, is his *sincerity*—his great passionate truth to himself. His rebukes of the wrong are all honest—felt in his heart: his praise of good men and

brave men is honest too. If he lays bare the black heart of the coward, or any traitor, it is because his whole natural soul is in arms against these things. If he writes books, it is not for the sake of *writing*—not altogether for *bread*—not wholly for *fame* even—but because he *must write*. His nature forces him. Wild and chaotic as the Quaker City may appear to the shallow mind, still the deeper, purer judgment, sees in it all, the earnest skilful work of the dissecting knife—the faithful laying bare of black hearts, and oppressive institutions. This was his aim. His whole heart was honest and most true in the work. That is why he succeeded. He thought of these wrongs, *his* wrongs, until they goaded him into madness; until whithersoever he went, in the blaze of noon, in the silence of dusk, night, bitter mockery and chattering fiends laughed at him through every chink and crevice in the wall. With scorn, and wrath, and execrations, he flung defiance in their face, and shouted a battle-cry over the dumb anguish of the millions, perishing in conventional lies; until it rolls away, like thunder through a hundred presses, and dies at last into whispers on a thousand tongues. None but the sincere man can do that. *Insincerity* crucifies the heart: then every thing born of it, is a forced birth. Its only sign of life, is the gasp of death. That is the reason why so many books (well-written enough) fall dead from the press. They were written without any high aim, without any great sincerity; and they must die. Sincerity is such a great thing—such an inspirer of genius—such a sanctifier of its actions—beckons it so serenely on the path of fame, I wish all men had it. It enables one to look out so calmly upon the storm: as if eyes of love looked at us through the black cloud—as if some lips of heaven kissed off the tears from our cheeks—and the hand of God lay quiet on our breast, to soothe the chafed and injured heart: there is something so sweet in sincerity! I wish all men had it. I wish all men to succeed; and there can be no success without sincerity. Take that thought home with thee, reader. And when next we meet again, may it be to speak well of thee and thy works: to give thee a good hand of welcome, and sit down and talk about thee, as about a brother. I shall be glad to do it.

THE BATTLE OF GERMANTOWN.

"And when servile Fraud stalks through the land, and Genius starves in his cell, while upstart Imbecility rides abroad in chariots; when man is degenerate, public faith is broken, public honor violated, then will we wander forth into the awful shadows of the Past, and from the skeletons of the battle-field evoke the spirits of that giant time, calling upon their forms of unreal majesty for the mighty secret which made them the man-gods of that era of high deeds and glorious purposes, THE GHOSTLY PAST."

Part the First.

THE BATTLE EVE.

I.—THE RED CROSS IN PHILADELPHIA.

TOLL—toll—toll! The State House bell, that once rung the birth-day of Freedom, now tolled its knell.

It was a sad day for Philadelphia, a sad day for the nation, when the pomp of British banners and the gleam of British arms were in her streets and along her avenues; when, as far as eye could reach, was seen the long array of glaring red coats, with the sunbeams of a clear September day falling on helm and cuirass, shining like burnished gold.

It was a sad and gloomy day for the nation, when the Congress was forced to flee the old provincial town of William Penn, when the tories paraded the streets with loud hurrahs, with the British lion waving overhead, while the whigs hung their heads in shame and in despair.

True, the day was calm and bright overhead; true, the sky was clear, and the nipping air of autumn gave freshness to the mind and bloom to the cheek; true it was, the city was all alive with the glitter of processions, and the passing to and fro of vast crowds of people; but the processions were a dishonor to our soil, the crowds hurried to and fro to gaze upon the living monuments of the defeat of Brandywine—the armed and arrogant British legions thronging the streets of Philadelphia.

They came marching along in front of the old State House, on their way to their barracks in the Northern Liberties. The scene was full of strange and startling interest. The roofs of the State House arose clearly in the autumn air, each peak and cornice, each gable-end and corner, shown in full and distinct outline, with the trees of Independence Square towering greenly in the rear of the fabric, while up into the clear sky arose the State House

steeple, with its solemn bell of independence, that but a year ago sent forth the news of liberty to all the land, swinging a welcome to the British host—a welcome that sounded like the funeral knell of new world freedom. The columns of the army were passing in front of Independence Hall. Along Chesnut street, as far as the eye could see, shone the glittering array of sword and bayonet, with the bright sunshine falling over the stout forms of the British troopers, mounted on gallant war steeds, and blazing with burnished cuirass and polished helm, while banner and pennon waived gaily overhead. There, treading the streets in all the flush of victory, were the regiments of British infantry, with the one bold front of their crimson attire flashing in the light, with their bayonets rising overhead like a forest of steel, and with marks of Brandywine written on many a whiskered face and burly chest.

And at their head, mounted on a gallant steed, with the lordlings of his staff around him, rode a tall and athletic man, with a sinewy frame, and a calm, placid face, wearing an even smile and quiet look, seen from beneath the shadow of his plumed chapeau, while his gaudy attire of crimson, with epaulettes of gold on either shoulder, announced Lord Cornwallis, the second general of the invading army.

And as the General glanced around, fixing his eye proudly upon the British banner, waving from the State House steeple, as his glance was met by the windows of Independence Hall, decorated by the flags of the British King, a proud gleam lit up his calm blue eye; and with the thought of Brandywine, came a vision of the future, speaking eloquently of provinces subjugated, rebels overthrown and liberties crushed.

And then peals of music, uttered by an hundred bands, filled the street, and startled the silence of the State House avenues, swelling up to the heavens with notes of joy, the roll of drum, the shriek of bugle, and the clash of cymbal mingling in grand chorus. The banners waved more proudly overhead, the spears, the bayonets, and helmets shone brighter in the light, and between the peals of music the loud huzzas of the crowd blackening the sidewalks, looking from the windows, and clinging to the trees, broke gladly upon the air.

Toll—toll—toll—the solemn notes of independence bell heralded, with an iron tongue, the entrance of the invaders into the city; the possession of Philadelphia by the British.

It was a grand sight to see—the windows crowded with the forms of beauty, waving scarfs in the air, aged matrons lifting little children on high, who clapped their hands with glee, as they beheld the glimmer of arms and the glitter of steel, the streets below all crimson with British uniform, all music and all joy, the side walks blackened by crowds of servile tories who shouted till their loyal throats were tired "Long life to King George—confusion to Washington, and death to the rebels!"

They trooped through the streets of Philadelphia on the 26th of Septem-

ber, 1777; just fifteen days after the battle-day of Brandywine, they took possession with all the pomp of victory; and as the shades of twilight sank down over the town, they marched proudly into their barracks, in the Northern Liberties.

II.—THE HAUNT OF THE REBEL.

And where was Washington?

Retreating from the forces of Sir William Howe, along the Schuylkill; retreating with brave men under his command, men who had dared death in a thousand shapes, and crimsoned their hands with the carnage of Brandywine; retreating because his powder and ammunition were exhausted; because his soldiers wanted the necessary apparel, while their hands grasped muskets without lock or flint.

The man of the American army retreated, but his soul was firm. The American Congress had deserted Philadelphia, but Washington did not despair. The British occupied the surrounding country, their arms shone on every hill; their banners toyed in every breeze; yet had George Washington resolved to strike another blow for the freedom of this fair land.

The calm sunlight of an autumnal afternoon was falling over the quiet valleys, the green plains, and the rich and rolling woodland of an undulating tract of country, spreading from the broad bosom of the Delaware to the hilly shores of the Schuylkill, about seven miles from Philadelphia.

The roofs of an ancient village, extending in one unbroken line along the great northern road, arose grey and massive in the sunlight, as each corniced gable and substantial chimney looked forth from the shelter of the surrounding trees. There was an air of quaint and rustic beauty about this village. Its plan was plain and simple, burdened with no intricate crossings of streets, no labyrinthine pathways, no complicated arrangement of houses. The fabrics of the village were all situated on the line of the great northern road, reaching from the fifth mile stone to the eighth, while a line of smaller villages extended this "Indian file of houses" to the tenth milestone from the city.

The houses were all stamped with marks of the German origin of their tenants. The high, sloping roof, the walls of dark grey stone, the porch before the door, and the garden in the rear, blooming with all the freshness of careful culture, marked the tenements of the village, while the heavy gable-ends and the massive cornices of every roof, gave every house an appearance of rustic antiquity.

Around the village, on either side, spread fertile farms, each cultivated like a garden, varied by orchards heavy with golden fruit, fields burdened with the massive shocks of corn, or whitened with the ripe buckwheat, or embrowned by the upturning plough.

The village looked calm and peaceful in the sunlight, but its plain and

simple people went not forth to the field to work on that calm autumnal afternoon. The oxen stood idly in the barn-yard, eropping the fragrant hay, the teams stood unused by the farmer, and the flail was silent within the barn. A sudden spell seemed to have come strangely down upon the peaceful denizens of Germantown, and that spell was the shadow of the British banner flung over her fields of white buckwheat, surmounting the dream-like steeps of the Wissakikon, waving from Mount Airy, and floating in the freshning breeze of Chesnut Hill.

Had you ascended Chesnut Hill on that calm autumnal afternoon, and gazed over the tract of country opened to your view, your eye would have beheld a strange and stirring sight.

Above your head the clear and boundless sky, its calm azure giving no tokens of the strife of the morrow; declining in the west, the gorgeous sun pouring his golden light over the land, his beams of welcome having no omen of the battle-smoke and mist that shall cloud their light on the morrow morn.

Gaze on the valley below. Germantown, with its dark grey tenements, sweeps away to the south, in one unbroken line; farther on you behold the glitter of steeples, and the roofs of a large city—they are the steeples and roofs of Philadelphia. Yon belt of blue is the broad Delaware, and yon dim, dark object beyond the city, blackening the bosom of the waters, is Fort Mifflin, recently erected by General Washington.

Gaze over the fields of Germantown near the centre of the village. In every field there is the gleam of arms, on every hill-top there waves a royal banner, and over hill and plain, toward the Schuylkill on the one side, and the Delaware on the other, sweep the white tents of the British army.

Now turn your gaze to the north, and to the northwest. The valley opens before you, and fairer valley never smiled beneath the sun.

Away it sweeps to the northwest, an image of rustic beauty, here a rich copse of green woodland, just tinged by autumn, there a brown field, yonder the Wissahikon, marking its way of light, by a winding line of silver, in one green spot a village peeping out from among the trees; a little farther on, a farmer's dwelling with the massive barn and the dark grey hay-stack; on every side life, and verdure, and cultivation, mingled and crowded together, as though the hand of God, had flung his richest blessings over the valley, and clothed the land in verdure and in beauty.

Yonder the valley sweeps away to the northwest; the sun shines over a dense mass of woodland rolling away to the blue of the horizon. Mark that woodland well, try and discern the outline of every tree, and count the miles as you gaze upon the prospect.

The distance from Chesnut Hill, is sixteen weary miles, and under that mass of woodland, beneath the shadows of those rolling forests, beside the streams hidden from your eye, in distress and in want, in defeat and in danger, rendevouz the bands of a desperate, though gallant army.

It is the Continental army, and they encamp on the banks of the Skippack.

Their encampment is sad and still, no peals of music break upon the woodland air, no loud hurrahs, no shouts of arrogant victory. The morrow has a different tale to tell, for by the first flush of the coming morn, a meteor will burst over the British Hosts at Germantown, and fighting for life, for liberty, will advance the starved soldiers of the Continental host.

III.—THE CAMP OF THE BRITISHER.

As the sun went down on the 3d of October, 1777, his last beams flung a veil of golden light over the verdure of a green lawn, that extended from the road near the head of Germantown, bounded along the village street by a massive wall of stone, spreading north and south, over a quarter of a mile, while toward the east, it swept in all its greenness and beauty, for the distance of some two hundred yards.

A magnificent mansion arose towering on the air, a mansion built of grey stone, with a steep roof, ornamented by heavy cornices, and varied massive chimneys, with urns of brown stone, placed on pedestals of brick at each corner of the building. This fabric was at once substantial, strikingly adapted for defence in time of war, and neat and well-proportioned as regards architectural beauty. The walls thick and massive, were well supplied with windows, the hall door opened in the centre of the house, facing the road, and the steps were decorated by two marble Lions placed on either side, each holding an escutcheon in its grasp.

Here and there a green tree arose from the bosom of the lawn; in the rear of the mansion were seen the brown-stone buildings of the barn, and to the north the grounds were varied by the rustic enclosures of a cattle-pen.

This was the mansion of CHEW'S HOUSE, and that green lawn, spreading bright and golden in the beams of the declining sun, was the BATTLE-FIELD OF GERMANTOWN.

One word with regard to the position of the British on the Eve of Battle.

The left wing of the British army extended from the centre of the village, more than a mile below Chew's house, from a point near the old market house, westward across the Wissahikon, and toward the Schuylkill. The German chasseurs in their heavy uniform, the ponderous caps, defended by bear-skin and steel, the massive sword, and the cumbrous ornaments of silver, were stationed in the front and on the flank of the left wing.

The right wing swept away towards the Delaware, as far as the Old York Road; each soldier well armed and accoutred, each dragoon supplied with his stout war-steed, each cannon with its file of men, ready for action, and every musket, with brilliant tube and glittering bayonet, prepared with its man, for the keen chase of the rebel route, whenever the master of the hounds might start the hunt.

This wing was defended in the front by a battalion of light infantry, and the Queen's American Rangers, whose handsome accoutrements, uniform of dark green, varied by ornaments of gold, and rifles mounted with silver, gleamed gaily from amid the depths of the greenwood, presenting a brilliant contrast to the course blue hunting shirt, the plain rifle, and uncouth woodsman's knife that characterised the American Rifleman.

In a green field, situated near the Germantown road, a mile above Chew's house, the banner of the 40th regiment floated above the tent of Col. Musgrave, its brave commander, while the canvass dwellings of the soldiers were scattered around the flag, intermingled with the tents of another battalion of light infantry.

Such was the British position at Germantown—a picket at Allan's house, Mount Airy, two miles above Chew's house—Col. Musgrave's command a mile below Allen's house—the main body two miles below Chew's, somewhere near the old market house—and this force was backed by four regiments of British Grenadiers, stationed in the barracks in the Northern Liberties, Philadelphia.

And this force, exceeding 18000 able-bodied regulars, the Patriot chieftian had resolved to attack with 8000 Continental troops and 3000 militia, inferior in arms, in clothing, and in everything but the justice of their cause, to the proud soldiers of the British host.

Night came down upon Germantown. The long shadows of the old houses were flung across the village road, and along the fields; the moon was up in the clear heavens, the dark grey roofs were tinted with silver, and glimpses of moonlight were flung around the massive barns of the village, yet its peaceful denizens had not yet retired to rest, after their good old German fashion, at early candle-light.

There was a strange fear upon the minds of the villagers. Each porch contained its little circle; the hoary grandsire, who had suffered the bright-cheeked grandchild to glide from his knee, while he leaned forward, with animated gesture, conversing with his son in a low whisper—the blooming mother, the blue-eyed maiden, and the ruddy-cheeked, flaxen-haired boy, all sharing the interest of the scene, and having but one topic of discourse—the terror of war.

Could we go back to that quiet autumnal night on the 3d of October, in the Year of the "Three Sevens," and stroll along the village street of Germantown, we would find much to interest the ear and attract the eye.

We would leave Chew's house behind us, and stroll along the village street. We would note the old time costumes of the villagers, the men clad in coarse linsey wolsey, voluminous vests with wide lappels, breeches of buckskin, stockings and buckled shoes, while the head was defended by the 'skimming dish hat;' we would admire the picturesque costume of the dames and damsels of Germantown, here and there a young lady of "quality" mincing her way in all the glory of high-heeled shoes, intricate head-dress,

and fine silk gown, all hooped and frilled; there a stately dame in frock of calico, newly bought and high-priced; but most would we admire the blushing damsel of the village, her full round cheeks peeping from beneath the kerchief thrown lightly around her rich brown locks, her blue eyes glancing mischievously hither and thither, her bust, full rounded and swelling with youth and health, enclosed in the tight bodice, while the rustic petticoat of brown linsey wolsey, short enough to disclose a neat ancle and a little foot, would possess more attractions for our eyes, than the frock of calico or gown of silk.

We would stroll along the street of the village, and listen to the conversation of the villagers. Every tongue speaks of war, the old man whispers the word as his grey hairs wave in the moonlight, the mother murmurs the syllable of terror as the babe seeks the shelter of her bosom, the boy gaily shouts the word, as he brandishes the rusted fowling piece in the air, and the village beau, seated beside his sweetheart, mutters that word as the thought of the British ravisher flashes over his mind.

Strolling from Chew's House, we would pass the BRINGHURSTS, seated on their porch, the HELLIGS, the PETERS, the UNRODS just opposite the old GRAVE YARD, and the LIPPARDS, and the JOHNSONS, below the grave yard, at the opposite corners of the lane leading back to the township line; we would stroll by the mansion of the KEYSERS, near the Mennonist grave yard; further down we would pass the KNOORS, the HAINES, the PASTORIUS', the HERGESIMERS, the ENGLES, the COOKES, the CONRADS, the SCHÆFFERS, and the hundred other families of Germantown, descendants of old German stock, as seated on the porch in front of the mansion, each family circle discussed the terrible topic of war, bloodshed, battle, and death.

Nor would we forget the various old time families, bearing the names of Nice—Moyer—Bowman—Weaver—Bockius—Forrest—Billmeyer—Leibert—Matthias. These names may not figure brilliantly in history, but their's was the heraldry of an honest life.

And at every step, we would meet a British soldier, strutting by in his coat of crimson, on every side we would behold the gleam of British arms, and our ears would be saluted by the roll of British drums, beating the tattoo, and the signal cannon, announcing the hour of repose.

And as midnight gathered over the roofs of the town, as the baying of the watchdog broke upon our ears, mingled with the challenge of the sentinel, we would stroll over the lawn of Chew's House, note the grass growing greenly and freshly, heavy with dew, and then gazing upon the heavens, our hearts would ask the question, whether no omen of blood in the skies, heralded the door and the death of the morrow?

Oh, there is something of horror in the anticipation of a certain death, when we know as surely as we know our own existence, that a coming battle will send scores of souls shrieking to their last account, when the green lawn, now silvered by the moonlight, will be soddened with blood,

when the ancient mansion, now rising in the midnight air, like an emblem of rural ease, with its chimneys and its roof sleeping in the moonbeams, will be a scene of terrible contest with sword, and ball, and bayonet; when the roof will smoke with the lodged cannon ball, when the windows will send their volumes of flame across the lawn, when all around will be mist and gloom, grappling foemen, heaps of dying mingled with the dead, charging legions, and recoiling squadrons.

IV.—THE NIGHT-MARCH.

And as the sun went down, on that calm day of autumn, shooting his level beams thro' the wilds of the rivulet of the Skippack, there gathered within the woods, and along the shores of that stream, a gallant and desperate army, with every steed ready for the march, with the columns marshalled for the journey of death, every man with his knapsack on his shoulder, and musket in his grasp, while the broad banner of the Continental Host drooped heavily over head, its folds rent and torn by the fight of Brandywine, waving solemnly in the twilight.*

The tents were struck, the camp fires where had been prepared the hasty supper of the soldier, were still burning; the neighing of steeds, and the suppressed rattle of arms, rang thro' the grove startling the night-bird of the Skippack, when the uncertain light of a decaying flame, glowing around the stump of a giant oak, revealed a scene of strange interest.

The flame-light fell upon the features of a gallant band of heroes, circling round the fire, each with his war cloak, drooping over his shoulder, half concealing the uniform of blue and buff; each with sword by his side, chapeau in hand, ready to spring upon his war-steed neighing in the grove hard by, at a moments warning, while every eye was fixed upon the face of the chieftain who stood in their midst.

By the soul of Mad Anthony it was a sight that would have stirred a man's blood to look upon—that sight of the gallant chieftains of a gallant band, clustering round the camp fire, in the last and most solemn council of war, ere they spurred their steeds forward in the march of death.

The man with the form of majesty, and that calm, impenetrable face, lighted by the hidden fire of soul, bursting forth ever and again in the glance of his eye! Had you listened to the murmurs of the dying on the field of Brandywine you would have heard the name, that has long since become a sound of prayer and blessing on the tongues of nations—the name of Washington. And by his side was Greene, his fine countenance wearing a shade of serious thought; and there listlessly thrusting his glittering sword in the embers of the decaying fire, with his fierce eyes fixed upon the earth, while his mustachioed lip gave a stern expression to his face, was the man

* The Skippack, the reader will remember, was some 16 miles from Germantown.

of Poland and the Patriot of Brandywine, PULASKI, whom it were tautology to call the brave; there was the towering form of SULLIVAN, there was CONWAY, with his fine face and expressive features, there was ARMSTRONG and NASH and MAXWELL and STIRLING and STEPHENS, all brave men and true, side by side with the gallant SMALLWOOD of Maryland, and the stalwart FORMAN of Jersey.

And there with his muscular chest, clad in the close buttoned blue coat, with his fatigue cloak thrown over his left shoulder, with his hand resting on the hilt of his sword, was the hero of Chadd's Ford, the Commander of the Massacred of Paoli, the future avenger of Stony Point, ANTHONY WAYNE, whom the soldiers loved in their delight to name MAD ANTHONY; shouting that name in the hour of the charge and in the moment of death like a watch-word of terror to the British Army.

Clustered around their Chief, were the aids-de-camp of Washington, JOHN MARSHALL, afterwards Chief Justice of the States, ALEXANDER HAMILTON, gifted, gallant, and brave, Washington's counsellor in the hour of peril, his bosom friend and confidant, all standing in the same circle with PICKERING and LEE, the Captain of the Partizan Band, with his slight form and swarthy face, who was on that eventful night detailed for duty near the Commander-in-chief.

And as they stood there clustered round the person of Washington, in a mild yet decided voice, the chieftain spoke to them of the plan of the contemplated surprise and battle.

It was his object to take the British by surprise. He intended for the accomplishment of this object, to attack them at once on the front of the centre; and on the front, flank and rear of each wing. This plan of operation would force the American commander to extend the continental army over a surface of from five to seven miles.

In order to make this plan of attack effective, it would be necessary for the American army to seperate near Skippack, and advance to Germantown in four divisions, marching along as many roads.

General Armstrong with the Pennsylvania militia, 3000 strong, was to march down the *Manatawny road* (now Ridge road,) and traversing the shores of the Schuylkill, until the beautiful Wissahikon poured into its bosom, he was to turn the left flank of the enemy at *Vandurings* (now Robinson's Mill,) and then advance eastward, along the bye roads, until two miles distance between this mill and the Germantown market-house were accomplished.

Meanwhile the Militia of Maryland and New Jersey, were to take up their line of march some seven or eight miles to the eastward of Armstrong's position, and over three miles distance from Germantown. They were to march down the Old York Road, turn the right flank of the enemy, and attack it in the rear, also entering the town at the market-house, which was the central point of operation for all the divisions.

Between Germantown and Old York Road, at the distance of near two miles from the village, extends a road, called Limekiln road. The divisions of Greene and Stephens flanked by McDougal's Brigade were to take a circuit by this road, and attack the front of the enemy's right wing. They also were to enter the town by the market-house.

The main body, with which was Washington, Wayne, and Sullivan, were to advance toward Germantown by the Great Northern Road, entering the town by way of Chesnut Hill, some four miles distant from the Market-house.

A column of this body was led on by Sullivan, another by Wayne, and Convay's Brigade flanked the entire division.

While these four divisions advanced, the division of Lord Stirling, combined with the brigades of Maxwell and Nash were to form a corps de reserve.

The reader, and the student of American History, has now the plan of battle spread out before him. In order to take in the full particulars of this magnificent plan of battle, it may be necessary to remember the exact nature of the ground around Germantown.

In some places plain and level, in others broken by ravines, rendered intricate by woods, tangled by thickets, or traversed by streams, it was in its most accessible points, and most favorable aspects, broken by enclosures, difficult fences, massive stone walls, or other boundary marks of land, rendering the operation of calvary at all times hazardous, and often impassible.

In the vicinage of the town, for near a mile on either side, the land spread greenly away, in level fields, still broken by enclosures, and then came thick woods, steep hills and dark ravines.

The base line of operations was the country around Skippack Creek, from which point, Washington, like a mighty giant, spread forth the four arms of his force, clutching the enemy in front, on his wings and on the rear, all at the same moment.

It was a magnificent plan of battle, and success already seemed to hover round the American banner, followed by a defeat of the British, as terrible as that of Yorktown, when the red-coat heroes of Germantown struck their own Lion from his rock.

As Washington went over the details of battle, each brave officer and scarred chieftain leaned forward, taking in every word, with absorbing interest, and then receiving the orders of his commander, with the utmost attention and consideration.

All was now planned, everything was ready for the march, each General mounted on his war-steed, rode to the head of his division, and with a low solemn peal of music, the night-march of Germantown commenced.

And through the solemn hours of that night, along the whole valley, on every side, was heard the half suppressed sound of marching legions, mingled with the low muttered word of command, the clank of arms and the neighing of war-steeds—all dim and indistinct, yet terrible to hear.—The

farmer sleeping on his humble couch, rushed to the window of his rustic mansion at the sound, and while his wife stood beside him, all tremor and affright, and his little ones clung to his knees, he saw with a mingled look of surprise and fear, the forms of an armed band, some on horse and some on foot, sweeping through his green fields, as the dim moonbeams gleaming through the gathering mist and gloom, shone over glittering arms, and dusky banners, all gliding past, like phantoms of the Spectre Land.

Part the Second.

THE BATTLE MORN.

"Ghastly and white,
Through the gloom of the night,
From plain and from heath,
Like a shroud of death,
The mist all slowly and sullenly sweeps—
A shroud of death for the myriad brave,
Who to-morrow shall find the tombless grave—
In mid heaven now a bright spirit weeps;
While sullenly, slowly rises that pall,
Crimson tears for the brave who shall fall,
Crimson tears for the dead without tomb,
Crimson tears for the death and the doom—
Crimson tears for an angel's sorrow,
For the havoc, the bloodshed, the carnage and gloom,
That shall startle the field on the morrow;—
And up to the heavens now whitens the mist,
Shrouding the moon with a fiery glare;
Solemn voices now startle the air,
To their sounds of omen you are fain to list:
To listen and tremble, and hold your breath;
While the air is thronging with shapes of death.
"On, on over valley and plain the legions tramp,
Scenting the foemen who sleep in their camp;
Now bare the sword from its sheath blood-red,
Now dig the pits for the unwept dead:
Now let the cannon give light to the hour
And carnage stalk forth in his crimson power,
Lo! on the plain lay myriads gasping for breath—
While the mist it is rising—THE SHROUD OF DEATH!"

I.—THE DAYBREAK WATCH.

ALONG the porch of an ancient mansion, surmounting the height of Mount Airy, strode the sentinel of the British picket, his tall form looming like the figure of a giant in the gathering mist, while the musquet on his shoulder was grasped by a hand red with American blood.

He strode slowly along the porch, keeping his lonely watch; now turning to gaze at the dark shadow of the mansion towering above him, now fixing his eye along the Germantown road, as it wound down the hill, on its northward course; and again he gazed upon the landscape around him, wrapt in a gathering mist, which chilled his blood, and rendered all objects around him dim and indistinct.

All around was vague and shadowy. The mist, with its white wreaths

and snowy columns, came sweeping up on every side, from the bosom of the Wissahikon, from the depths of a thousand brooklets, over hill and over valley, circled that dense and gathering exhalation; covering the woods with its ghastly pall, rolling over the plains, and winding upward around the height of Mount Airy, enveloping the cottages opposite the sentinel, in its folds of gloom, and confining the view to a space of twenty paces from the porch, where he kept his solitary watch—to him, a watch of death.

It is now daybreak, and a strange sound meets that soldier's ear. It is now daybreak, and his comrades sleep within the walls of Allen's house, and a strange, low, murmuring noise, heard from a great distance, causes him to incline his ear with attention, and to listen with hushed breath and parted lips.

He listens. The night wore on. The blood-red moon was there in the sky, looking out from the mist, like a funeral torch shining through a shroud.

The Sentinel bent his head down upon the porch, and with that musquet, red with the carnage of Brandywine, in his hand, he listens. It is a distant sound—very distant; like the rush of waters, or the moaning of the young August storm, bursting into life amid the ravines of the far-off mountains. It swells on the ear—it spreads to the east and to the west: it strikes the sentinel's heart with a strange fear, and he shoulders his musquet with a firmer grasp; and now a merry smile wreathes his lips.

That sound—it is the rush of waters: the Wissahikon has flooded its banks, and is pouring its torrents over the meadows, while it rolls onward towards the Schuylkill. The sentinel smiles at his discovery, and resumes his measured stride. He is right—and yet not altogether right. A stream has burst its banks, but not the Wissahikon. A stream of vengeance—dark, wild, and terrible, vexed by passion, aroused by revenge, boiling and seething from its unfathomable deeps—is flowing from the north, and on its bosom are borne men with strong arms and stout hearts, swelling the turbulence of the waters; while the gleam of sword and bayonet flashes over the dark waves.

The day is breaking—sadly and slowly breaking, along the veil of mist, that whitens over the face of nature like a SHROUD OF DEATH FOR MILLIONS. The sentinel leans idly upon the bannisters of the porch, relaxes the grasp of his musquet, inclines his head to one side, and no longer looks upon the face of nature covered by mist. He sleeps. The sound not long ago far off, is now near and mighty in its volume, the tramp of steeds startles the silence of the road, suppressed tones are heard, and there is a noise like the moving of legions.

II.—THE FIRST CORSE OF GERMANTOWN.

And yet he sleeps—he dreams! Shall we guess his dream? That home, hidden away yonder in the shadows of an English dell—he is approaching its threshhold.

Yes, down the old path by the mill—he sees his native cottage—his aged father stands in the door—his sister, whom he left a young girl, now grown into a blooming woman, beckons him on. He reaches her side—presses her lips, and in that kiss hushes her welcome—"Brother, have you come at last!"

But, ah! That horrid sound crashing through his dream!

He wakes,—wakes there on the porch of the old mansion—he sees that rifle-blaze flashing through the mist—he feels the death-shot, and then falls dead to wake in Eternity.

That rifle-blaze, flashing through the mist, is the first shot of the Battle-day of Germantown.

And that dead man, flung along the porch in all the ghastliness of sudden death—cold and stiff there, while his Sister awakes from her sinless sleep to pray for him, three thousand miles away—is the first dead man of that day of horror!

And could we wander yonder, up through the mists of this fearful morning, even to the Throne of Heaven, we might behold the Prayer of the Sister, the Soul of the Brother, meet face to face before Almighty God.

And now listen to that sound, thundering yonder to the North, and now stand here on the porch of Allen's house, and see the Legions come!

They break from the folds of the mist, the Men of Brandywine—foot-soldiers and troopers come thundering up the hill.

The blood-red moon, shining from yonder sky, like a funeral torch through a shroud, now glares upon the advancing legions—over the musquets glittering in long lines, over the war-horses, over the drawn swords, over the flags rent with bullet and bayonet, over the broad Banner of Stars.

Allen's house is surrounded. The soldiers of the picket guard rush wildly from their beds, from the scene of their late carousal by the fire, they rush and seize their arms—but in vain! A blaze streams in every window, soldier after soldier falls heavily to the floor, the picket guard are with the Dead Sentinel. Allen's house is secured, and the hunt is up!

God of Battles, what a scene! The whole road, farther than the eye could see, farther than the ear could hear, crowded by armed men, hurrying over Chesnut Hill, hurrying along the valley between Chesnut Hill and Mount Airy, sweeping up the hill of Allen's house, rushing onward in one dense column, with the tall form of Sullivan at their head, while the war shout of Anthony Wayne is borne along by the morning breeze. There, riding from rank to rank, speeding from battalion to battalion, from column to column, a form of majesty sweeps by, mounted on a steed of iron grey, waving encouragement to the men, while every lip repeats the whisper, and every heart beats at the sound, echoed like a word of magic along the lines—"There he rides—how grandly his form towers in the mist; it's Washington—it's Washington!" and the whole army take up the sound—"It is Washington!"

Allen's house was passed, and now the path of the central body of the army lay along the descent of the road from Mount Airy, for the space of a mile, until the quarters of Colonel Musgrave's regiment were reached.

The descent was like the path of a hurricane. The light of the breaking day, streaming dimly through mist and gloom, fell over the forms of the patriot band as they swept down the hill, every man with his musquet ready for the charge, every trooper with his sword drawn, every eye fixed upon the shroud of mist in front of their path, in the vain effort to gaze upon the position of the advance post of the enemy a mile below, every heart throbbing wildly with the excitement of the coming contest, and all prepared for the keen encounter,—the fight, hand to hand, foot to foot, the charge of death, and the sweeping hail of the iron cannon ball and the leaden bullet.

How it would have made your heart throb, and beat and throb again, to have stood on that hill of Mount Airy, and looked upon the legions as they rushed by.

Sullivan's men have passed, they are down the hill, and you see them below,—rank after rank disappearing in the pall of the enveloping mist.

Here they come—a band brave and true, a band with scarred faces and sunburnt visages, with rusted musquets and tattered apparel, yet with true hearts and stout hands. These are the men of Paoli!

And there, riding in their midst, as though his steed and himself were but one animal—so well he backs that steed, so like is the battle-fever of horse, with the waving mane and glaring eye, to the wild rage that stamps the warrior's face—there in the midst of the Men of Paoli, rides their leader—Mad Anthony Wayne!

And then his voice—how it rings out upon the morning air, rising above the clatter of arms and the tramp of steeds, rising in a mighty shout—"On, boys, on! In a moment we'll have them. On, comrades, on—and REMEMBER PAOLI!"

And then comes the band with the gallant Frenchman at their head; the brave Conway, brave though unfortunate, also rushing wildly on, in the train of the hunt. Your eye sickens as you gaze over file after file of brave men, with mean apparel and meaner arms, some half clad, others well nigh barefoot, yet treading gaily over the flinty ground; some with fragments of a coat on their backs, others without covering for their heads, all marked by wounds, all thinned by hunger and disease, yet every man of them is firm, every hand is true, as it clutches the musquet with an eager grasp.

Ha! That gallant band who come trooping on, spurring their stout steeds, with wide haunches and chests of iron, hastily forward, that band with every face seemed by scars, and darkened by the thick mustachio, every eye gleaming beneath a knit brow, every swarthy hand raising the iron sword on high. They wear the look of foreigners, the manner of men trained to fight in the exterminating wars of Europe.

And their leader is tall and well-proportioned, with a dark-hued face,

marked by a compressed lip, rendered fierce by the overhanging mustachio; his brow is shaded by the trooper's plume, and his hand grasps the trooper's sword. He speaks to his men in a foreign tongue, he reminds them of the well-fought field on the plain of Poland, he whispers a quick, terrible memento of Brandywine and Paoli, and the clear word rings from his lips:

"Forwarts,—brudern,—forwarts!"

It is the band of Pulaski sweeping past, eager for the hunt of death, and as they spur their steeds forward, a terrible confusion arises far ahead.

There is flashing of strange fires through the folds of mist, lifting the snow-white pall for a moment—there is rolling of musquetry, rattling like the thunderbolt ere it strikes—there is the tramp of hurrying legions, the far-off shout of the charging continentals, and the yells and shouts of the surprised foemen.

Sullivan is upon the camp of the enemy, upon them with the terror of ball and bayonet. They rush from their camp, they form hastily across the road, in front of their baggage, each red-coated trooper seeks his steed, each footman grasps his musquet, and the loud voice of Musgrave, echoing wildly along the line of crimson attire and flashing bayonets, is heard above all other sounds,—"Form—lads, form—fall in there—to your arms, lads, to your arms.—Form, comrades, form!"

In vain his shouting, in vain the haste of his men rushing from their beds, into the very path of the advancing continentals! The men of Sullivan are upon them! They sweep on with one bold front—the forms of the troopers, mounted on their war-steeds, looming through the mist, as with sword upraised, and battle-shout pealing to the skies, they lead on the charge of death!

A moment of terror, a moment made an age by suspense! The troopers meet, mid-way in their charge, horse to horse, sword mingled with sword, eye glaring in eye, they meet. The ground quivers with an earthquake shock. Steeds recoil on their haunches, the British strew the road-side, flooding the dust with their blood, and the music of battle, the fierce music of dying groans and cries of death, rises up with the fog, startling the very heavens with its discord!

The hunt is up!

"On—boys—on"—rings the voice of Mad Anthony—"on—comrades—on—and Remember Paoli!"

"*Charge!*" sounds the voice of Washington, shrieking along the line, like the voice of a mighty spirit—"upon them—over them!" Conway re-echoes the sound, Sullivan has already made the air ring with his shout, and now Pulaski takes up the cry—"*Forwarts—brüdern—Forwarts!*"

The hunt is up!

The British face the bayonets of the advancing Americans, but in vain! Each bold backwoodsman sends his volley of death along the British line, and then clubbing his musquet, rushes wildly forward, beating the red-coat

to the sod with a blow that cannot be stayed. The British troopers rush forward in the charge, but ere half the distance between them and the American host is measured, Mad Anthony comes thundering on, with his Legion of Iron, and as his war-shout swells on the air, the red-coats are driven back by the hurricane force of his charge, the ground is strewn with the dying, and the red hoofs of the horse trample madly over the faces of the dead.

Wayne charges, Pulaski charges, Conway brings up his men, and Washington is there, in front of the battle, his sword gleaming like a meteor through the gloom.

The fire of the infantry, spreading a sheeted flame thro' the folds of the mist, lights up the scene. The never-ceasing clang of sword against sword, the low muttered shriek of the fallen, vainly trying to stop the flow of blood, the wild yell of the soldier, gazing madly round as he receives his death wound, the shout of the charge, and the involuntary cry of 'quarter,' all furnish a music most dread and horrible, as tho' an infernal band were urging on the work of slaughter, with their notes of fiendish mockery.

That flash of musquetry! What a light it gives the scene! Above, clouds of white mist and lurid smoke; around, all hurry, and tramp, and motion; faces darkened by all the passions of a demon, glaring madly in the light, blood red hands upraised, foemen grappling in contest, swords rising and falling, circling and glittering, the forms of the wounded, with their faces buried in the earth, the ghastly dead, all heaped up in positions of ludicrous mockery of death, along the roadside!

That flash of musquetry!

The form of Washington is in the centre of the fight, the battle-glare lighting up his face of majesty; the stalwart form of Wayne is seen riding hither and thither, waving a dripping sword in his good right hand; the figure of Pulaski, dark as the form of an earth-riven spirit of some German story, breaks on your eye, as enveloped in mist, he seems rushing every where at the same moment, fighting in all points of the contest, hurrying his men onward, and driving the affrighted British before him with the terror of his charge.

And Col. Musgrave—where is he?

He shouts the charge to his men, he hurries hither and thither, he shouts till he is hoarse, he fights till his person is red with the blood of his own men, slain before his very eyes, but all in vain!

He shouts the word of retreat along his line—"Away, my men, away to Chew's House—away!"

The retreat commences, and then indeed, the hunt of death is up in good earnest.

The British wheel down the Germantown road, they turn their backs to their foes, they flee wildly toward Germantown, leaving their dead and dying in their wake, man and horse, they flee, some scattering their arms by the roadside, others weakened by loss of blood, feebly endeavoring to join

the retreat, and then falling dead in the path of the pursuers, who with one bold front, with one firm step rush after the British in their flight, ride down the fleeing ranks, and scatter death along the hurrying columns.

The fever of bloodshed grows hotter, the chase grows fearful in interest, the hounds who so often have worried down the starved Americans, are now hunted in their turn.

And in the very van of pursuit, his tall form seen by every soldier, rode George Washington, his mind strained to a pitch of agony, as the crisis of the contest approached, and by his side rode Mad Anthony Wayne, now Mad Anthony indeed, for his whole appearance was changed, his eye seemed turned to a thing of living flame, his face was begrimed with powder, his sword was red with blood, and his battle-shout rung fiercer on the air—

"Over them boys—upon them—over them, and REMEMBER PAOLI!"

"Now Wayne, *now*"—shouted Washington—"one charge more and we have them!"

"Forwarts—brüdern—forwarts!" shouted Pulaski, as his iron band came thundering on—"Forwarts—for Washington—Forwarts!"

The British leader wheeled his steed for a moment, and gazed upon his pursuers. All around was bloodshed, gloom, and death; mist and smoke above; flame around, and mangled corses below.—With one hoarse shout, he again bade his men make for Chew's House, and again the dying scattered along the path looked up, and beheld the British sweeping madly down the road.

The vanguard of the pursuers had gained the upper end of Chew's wall, when the remnant of the British force disappeared in the fog; file after file of the crimson-coated British were lost to sight in the mist, and in the very heat and flush of the chase, the American army was brought to a halt in front of Chew's wall, each soldier falling back on his comrade with a sudden movement, while the officers gazed on each other's faces in vain inquiry for the cause of this unexpected delay.

The fog gathered in dense folds over the heads of the soldiers, thicker and more dense it gathered every instant; the enemy was lost to sight in the direction of Chew's lawn, and a fearful pause of silence, from the din and tumult of bloodshed, ensued for a single moment.

Bending from his steed in front of the gate that led into Chew's lawn, Washington gazed round upon the faces of his staff, who circled him on every side, with every horse recoiling on his haunches from the sudden effect of the halt.

Washington was about to speak as he leaned from his steed, with his sword half lowered in the misty air, he was about to speak, and ask the meaning of this sudden disappearance of the British, when a lurid flash lifted up the fog from the lawn, and the thunder of musquetry boomed along

the air, echoing among the nooks and corners of the ancient houses on the opposite side of the street.

Another moment, and a soldier with face all crimsoned with blood and darkened by battle smoke, rushed thro' the group clustering around the horse of Washington, and in a hurried voice announced that the remnant of the British Regiment had thrown themselves into the substantial stone mansion on the left, and seemed determined to make good, a desperate defence.

"What say you, gentlemen"—cried Washington—"shall we press onward into the town, and attack the main body of the enemy at once, or shall we first drive the enemy from their strong hold, at this mansion on our left?"

The answer of Wayne was short and to the point. "Onward!"—he shouted, and his sword rose in the air, all dripping with blood—"Onward into the town—our soldiers are warmed with the chase—onward, and with another blow, we have them!"

And the gallant Hamilton, the brave Pickering, the gifted Marshall, echoed the cry—"Onward—" while the hoarse shout of Pulaski rang out in the air—"Forwarts—brüdern—Forwarts!"

"It is against every rule of military science—" exclaimed General Knox, whose opinion in council was ever valuable with Washington—"It is against every rule of military science, to leave a fortified stronghold in the rear of an advancing army. Let us first reduce the mansion on our left, and then move forward into the centre of the town!"

There was another moment of solemn council; the older officers of the staff united in opinion with Knox, and with one quick anxious glance around the scene of fog and mist, Washington gave the orders to storm the house.

And at the word, while a steady volume of flame was flashing from Chew's House, every window pouring forth its blaze, glaring over the wreath of mist, the continentals, horse and foot, formed across the road, to the north of the house, eager for the signal which would bid them advance into the very jaws of death.

The artillery were ranged some three hundred yards from the mansion—their cannon being placed on a slight elevation, and pointed at the north-west corner of the house. This was one of the grand mistakes of the battle, occasioned by the density of the fog. Had the cannon been placed in a proper position, the house would have been reduced ere the first warm flush of pursuit was cold on the cheeks of the soldiers.

But the fog gathered thicker and more densely around, the soldiers moved like men moving in the dark, and all was vague, dim, undefined and uncertain.

All was ready for the storm. Here were men with firebrands, ready to rush forward under the cover of the first volley of musquetry and fire the house; here were long lines of soldiers grasping their guns with a quick nervous movement, one foot advanced in the act of springing forward;

yonder were the cannoniers, their pieces loaded, the linstock in the hand of one soldier, while another stood ready with the next charge of ammunition; on every side was intense suspense and expectation, and heard above all other sounds, the rattle of the British musquetry rose like thunder over Chew's lawn, and seen the brightest of all other sights, the light of the British guns, streamed red and lurid over the field, giving a strange brilliancy to the wreaths of mist above, and columns of armed men below.

III.—THE FLAG OF TRUCE.

Tradition states that at this moment, when every thing was ready for the storm of death, an expression of the most intense thought passed over the impenetrable countenance of Washington. Every line of his features was marked by thought, his lip was sternly compressed, and his eye gathered a strange fire.

He turned to the east, and bent one long anxious look over the white folds of mist, as though he would pierce the fog with his glance, and gaze upon the advancing columns of Greene and Stephen. He inclined his head to one side of his steed, and listened for the tramp of their war-horses, but in vain. He turned towards Germantown; all was silent in that direction, the main body of the enemy were not yet in motion.

And then in a calm voice, he asked for an officer who would consent to bear a flag of truce to the enemy. A young and gallant officer of Lee's Rangers, sprang from his horse; his name Lieut. Smith; he assumed the snow-white flag, held sacred by all nations, and with a single glance at the Continental array, he advanced to Chew's House.

In a moment he was lost to sight amid the folds of the fog, and his way lay over the green lawn for some two hundred yards. All was still and silent around him. Tradition states that the fire from the house ceased for a moment, while Musgrave's band were silently maturing their plan of desperate defence. The young soldier advanced along his lonely path, speeding through the bosom of the fog, all objects lost to his sight, save the green verdure of the sod, yet uncrimsoned by blood, and here and there the trunk of a giant tree looming blackly through the mist.

The outline of a noble mansion began to dawn on his eye, first the sloping roof, then the massive chimneys, then the front of the edifice, and then its windows, all crowded with soldiers in their crimson attire, whiskered face appearing above face, with grisly musquet and glittering bayonet, thrust out upon the air, while with fierce glances, the hirelings looked forth into the bosom of that fearful mist, which still like a death-shroud for millions, hung over the lawn, and over the chimneys of the house.

The young officer came steadily on, and now he stood some thirty paces from the house, waving his white flag on high, and then with an even step he advanced toward the hall door. He advanced, but he never reached

that hall door. He was within the scope of the British soldiers' vision, they could have almost touched him with an extended flag staff, when the loud word of command rang through the house, a volley of fire blazed from every window, and the whole American army saw the fog lifted from the surface of the lawn, like a vast curtain from the scenes of a magnificent theatre.

Slowly and heavily that curtain uprose, and a hail storm of bullets whistled across the plain, when the soldiers of the Continental host looked for their messenger of peace.

They beheld a gallant form in front of the mansion. He seemed making an effort to advance, and then he tottered to and fro, and his white flag disappeared for a moment; and the next instant he fell down like a heavy weight upon the sod, and a hand trembling with the pulse of death was raised above his head, waving a white flag in the air. That flag was stained with blood: it was the warm blood flowing from the young Virginian's heart.

Along the whole American line there rang one wild yell of horror. Old men raised their musquets on high, while the tears gathered in their eyes; the young soldiers all moved forward with one sudden step; a wild light blazed in the eye of Washington; Wayne waved his dripping sword on high; Pulaski raised his proud form in the stirrups, and gave one meaning glance to his men; and then, through every rank and file, through every column and solid square, rang the terrible words of command, and high above all other sounds was heard the voice of Washington—

"*Charge*, for your country and for vengeance—CHARGE!"

Part the Third.

CHEW'S HOUSE.

Now bare the sword from its sheath blood-red,
'Tis wet with the gore of the massacred dead;
Now raise the sword in the cause most holy—
And while the whispers of ghosts break on your ear,
Oh! strike without mercy, or pity, or fear;
Oh! strike for the massacred dead of Paoli!

REVOLUTIONARY SONG.

I.—THE FORLORN HOPE.

AND while the mist gathered thicker and darker above, while the lurid columns of battle smoke waved like a banner overhead, while all around was dim and indistinct,—all objects rendered larger and swelled to gigantic

proportions by the action of the fog,—along that green lawn arose the sound of charging legions, and the blaze of musquetry flashing from the windows of Chew's house, gave a terrible light to the theatre of death.

Again, like a vast curtain, the mist uprose,—again were seen armed men brandishing swords aloft, or presenting fixed bayonets, or holding the sure rifle in their unfailing grasp, or yet again waving torches on high, all rushing madly forward, still in regular columns, file after file, squadron after squadron—a fierce array of battle and of death.

It was a sight worth a score of peaceful years to see! The dark and heavy pall of battle smoke overhead, mingled with curling wreaths of snow-white mist—the curtain of this theatre of death—the mansion of dark, grey stone, rising massive and ponderous from the lawn, each peak and corner, each buttress and each angle, shown clearly by the light of the musquet flash—the green lawn spreading away from the house—the stage of the dread theatre—crowded by bands of advancing men, with arms glittering in the fearful light, with fierce faces stamped with looks of vengeance, sweeping forward with one steady step, their eyes fixed upon the fatal house; while over their heads, and among their ranks, swept and fell the leaden bullets of their foes, hissing through the air with the sound of serpents, or pattering on the sod like a hailstorm of death.

And while a single brigade, with which was Washington and Sullivan and Wayne, swept onward toward the house, the other troops of the central division, extending east and west along the fields, were forced to remain inactive spectators of this scene of death, while each man vainly endeavored to pierce the gloom of the mist and smoke, and observe the course of the darkening fight.

Some thirty yards of green lawn now lay between the forlorn hope of the advancing Americans and Chew's house; all became suddenly still and hushed, and the continentals could hear their own foot tramp breaking upon the air with a deadened sound, as they swept onward toward the mansion.

A moment of terrible stillness, and then a moment of bloodshed and horror! Like the crash of thunderbolts meeting in the zenith from distant points of the heavens, the sound of musquetry broke over the lawn, and from every window of Chew's house, from the hall door, and from behind the chimneys on the roof, rolled the dense columns of musquet smoke; while on every side, overhead, around, and beneath, the musquet flash of the British glared like earth-riven lightning in the faces of the Americans, and then the mist and smoke came down like a pall, and for a moment all was dark as midnight.

A wild yell broke along the American line, and then the voice of Wayne rung out through the darkness and the gloom—"Sweep forward under the cover of the smoke—sweep forward and storm the house!"

They came rushing on, the gallant band of rangers, bearing torches in their hands—they came rushing on, and their path lay over the mangled

bodies of the forlorn hope, scattered along the sod, in all the ghastliness of wounds and death, and at their backs advanced with measured step the firm columns of the continental army, while the air was heavy with the shriek of wounded men, and burdened with cries of agony.

On they swept, trampling over the face of the dead in the darkness and gloom, and then the terrible words of command rung out upon the air—"Advance and fire—advance and storm the house!"

A volley of sheeted flame arose from the bosom of the fog along the lawn, the thunder of the American musquetry broke upon the air, and the balls were heard pattering against the walls of the house, and tearing splinters from the roof.

Another moment, and the pall of mist and battle smoke is swept aside, revealing a scene that a thousand words might not describe—a scene whose hurry, and motion, and glare, and horror, the pencil of the artist might in vain essay to picture.

There were glittering bayonets thrust from the windows of the house,—there were fierce faces, with stout forms robed in crimson attire, thrust from every casement,—there were bold men waving torches on high, rushing around the house; here a party were piling up combustible brush-wood; there a gallant band were affixing their scaling ladder to a second story window, yonder another band were thundering away at the hall door, with musquet and battle axe; while along the whole sweep of the wide lawn poured the fire of the continental host, with a flash like lightning, yet with uncertain and ineffectual aim.

The hand of the soldier with the hand gathered near the combustible pile under a window—the hand of the soldier was extended with the blazing torch, he was about to fire the heap of faggots, when his shattered arm fell to his side, and a dead comrade came toppling over his chest.

A soldier near the hall door had been foremost among that gallant band, the barricades were torn away, all obstructions well nigh cleared, and he raised his battle axe to hew the door in fragments, when the axe fell with a clanging sound upon the threshold stone, and his comrades caught his falling body in their arms, while his severed jaw hung loosely on his breast.

The party who rushed forward in the endeavor to scale the window! The ladder was fixed—across the trench dug around Chew's house it was fixed—the hands of two sturdy continentals held it firm, and a file of desperate men, headed by a stalwart backwoodsman, in rough blue shirt and fur cap, with buck-tail plume, began the ascent of death.

The foot of the backwoodsman touched the second round of the scaling ladder, when he sprang wildly in the air, over the heads of his comrades, and fell dead in the narrow trench, with a death shriek that rang in the ears of all who heard it for life. A musquet ball had penetrated his skull, and the red torrent was already streaming over his forehead, and along his swarthy features.

The Americans again rushed forward to the house, but it was like rushing into the embrace of death; again they scaled the windows, again were they driven back, while the dead bodies of their comrades littered the trench; again they strode boldly up to the hall door, and again did soldier after soldier crimson the threshold-stone with his blood.

II.—THE HORSEMAN AND HIS MESSAGE.

And while the battle swelled fiercest, and the flame flashing from the windows of Chew's house was answered by the volley of the continental brigade, two sounds came sweeping along the air, one from the south, and the other from the northwest. They were the sounds of marching men—the tread of hurrying legions.

On the summit of a gentle knoll, surrounded by the officers of his staff, Washington had watched the progress of the fight around Chew's mansion, not more than two hundred yards distant.

With his calm and impenetrable face, wearing an unmoved expression, he had seen the continentals disappear in the folds of the fog, he had seen file after file marching on their way of death, he had heard the roar of contest, the shrieks of the wounded and the yells of the dying had startled his ear, but not a muscle of his countenance moved, not a feature trembled.

But when those mingling sounds of marching men came pealing on his ear, he inclined slightly to one side of his steed and then to the other, as if in the effort to catch the slightest sound, his lips were fixedly compressed and his eye flashed and flashed again, until it seemed turning to a thing of living flame.

The sounds grew near, and nearer! A horseman approached from the direction of Germantown, his steed was well nigh exhausted and the rider swayed heavily to and fro in the saddle. The horse came thundering up the knoll, and a man with a ghastly face, spotted with blood, leaned from the saddle and shrieked forth, as he panted for breath—

"General—they are in motion—they are marching through Germantown—Kniphausen, Agnew, and Grey, they will be on you in a moment, and—Cornwallis—Cornwallis is sweeping from Philadelphia."

The word had not passed his lips, when he fell from his steed a ghastly corpse.

Another messenger stood by the side of Washington—his steed was also exhausted, and his face was covered with dust, but not with blood. He panted for breath as he shrieked forth an exclamation of joy:—

"Greene is marching from the northwest—attracted by the fire in this quarter, he has deviated from his path, and will be with you in a moment?"

And as he spoke, the forms of a vast body of men began to move, dim and indistinctly, from the folds of the fog on the northwest, and then the glare of crimson was seen appearing from the bosom of the mist on the

south, as a long column of red coated soldiers, began to break slowly on the vision of Washington and his men.

III.—THE BRITISH GENERAL.

Turn we for a moment to Germantown.

The first glimpse of day, flung a grey and solemn light over the tenements of Germantown, when the sound of distant thunder, aroused the startled inhabitants from their beds, and sent them hurriedly into the street. There they crowded in small groups, each one asking his neighbor for the explanation of this sudden alarm, and every man inclining his ear to the north, listening intently to those faint yet terrible sounds, thundering along the northern horizon.

The crowded moments of that eventful morn, wore slowly on. Ere the day was yet light, the streets of Germantown were all in motion, crowds of anxious men were hurrying hither and thither, mothers stood on the rustic porch, gathering their babes in a closer embrace, and old men, risen in haste from their beds, clasped their withered hands and lifted their eyes to heaven in muttered prayer, as their ears were startled by the sounds of omen pealing from the north.

The British leaders were yet asleep; the soldiers of the camp, it is true, had risen hastily from their couches, and along the entire line of the British encampment, ran a vague, yet terrible rumor of coming battle and of sudden death; yet the generals in command slept soundly in their beds, visited, it may be, with pleasant dreams of massacred rebels, fancy pictures of the night of Paoli, mingled with a graphic sketch of the head of Washington adorning one of the gates of London, while the grim visage of mad Anthony Wayne figured on another.

The footstep of a booted soldier rang along the village street, near the market-house, in the centre of the village, and presently a tall grenadier strode up the stone steps of an ancient mansion, spoke a hurried word to the sentinel at the door, and then hastily entered the house. In a moment he stood beside the couch of General Grey, he roused him with a rude shake of his vigorous hands, and the startled 'Britisher' sprang up as hastily from his bed as though he had been dreaming a dream of the terrible night of Paoli.

"Your Excellency—the Rebels are upon us!" cried the grenadier—"they have driven in our outposts, they surround us on every side—"

"We must fight it out—away to Kniphausen—away to Agnew—"

"They are already in the field, and the men are about advancing to Chew's House."

But a moment elapsed, and the British general with his attire hung hastily over his person, rode to the head of his command, and while Kniphausen, gay with the laurels of Brandywine, rode from rank to rank, speaking

encouragement to his soldiers in his broken dialect, the British army moved forward over the fields and along the solitary street of Germantown towards Chew's House.

The brilliant front of the British extended in a flashing array of crimson, over the fields, along the street; and through the wreaths of mist on every side shone the glitter of bayonets, on every hand was heard the terrible tramp of 16,000 men sweeping onward, toward the field of battle, their swords eager for American blood.

As the column under command of General Agnew swept through the village street, every man noted the strange silence that seemed to have come down upon the village like a spell. The houses were all carefully closed, as though they had not been inhabited for years, the windows were barricaded; the earthquake tramp of the vast body of soldiers was the only sound that disturbed the silence of the town.

Not a single inhabitant was seen. Some had fled wildly to the fields, others had hastened with the strange and fearful curiosity of our nature to the very verge of the battle of Chew's House, and in the cellars of the houses gathered many a wild and affrighted group, mothers holding their little children to their breasts, old men whose eyes were vacant with enfeebled intellect, asking wildly the cause of all this alarm, while many a fair-cheeked maiden turned pale with horror, as the thunder of the cannon seemed to shake the very earth.

IV.—THE LEGEND OF GENERAL AGNEW.

A singular legend is told in relation to General Agnew. Tradition states, that on the eventful morn, as he led the troops onward through the town, a singular change was noted in his appearance. His cheeks were pale as death, his compressed lip trembled with a nervous movement, and his eyes glared hither and thither with a strange wild glance.

He turned to the aid-de-camp at his side, and said with a ghastly smile, that this day's work would be his last on earth, that this battle-field would be the last he should fight, that it became him to look well at the gallant array of war, and share in the thickest of the fight, for in war and in fight should his hand this day strike its last and dying blow.

And tradition states that as his column neared the Mennonist grave-yard,* a man of strange and wild aspect, clad in the skins of wild beasts, with scarred face and unshaven beard, came leaping over the grave-yard wall, and asked a soldier of the British column, with an idiotic smile whether that gallant officer, riding at the head of the men, was the brave General Grey, who had so nobly routed the rebels at Paoli?

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* Adjoining the dwelling of Mr. Samuel Keyser, about three fourths of a mile below Chew's House.

The soldier replied with a peevish oath that yonder officer was General Grey, and he pointed to General Agnew as he spoke.

The strange man said never a word, but smiled with a satisfied look and sprang over the grave-yard wall, and as he sprang, a bullet whistled past the ear of General Agnew, and a thin column of blue smoke wound upward from the grave-yard wall.

The General turned and smiled. His officers would have searched the grave-yard for the author of the shot, but a sound broke on their ears from the road above, and presently the clatter of hoofs and the clamor of swords came thundering through the mist.

V.—THE CONTEST IN THE VILLAGE STREET.

And in a moment the voice of Sullivan was heard—"*Charge*—upon the 'Britishers'—*charge them home!*"

And the steeds of the American cavalry came thundering on, sweeping down the hill with one wild movement, rushing into the very centre of the enemy's column, each trooper unhorsing his man, while a thousand fierce shouts mingled in chorus, and the infantry advanced with fixed bayonets, speeding steadily onward until they had driven back their foes with the force of their solid charge.

And along that solitary street of Germantown swelled the din and terror of battle, there grappled with the fierce grasp of vengeance and of death the columns of contending foemen, there rode the troopers of the opposite armies, their swords mingling, their horses meeting breast to breast in the shock of this fierce tournament; there shrieked the wounded and dying, while above the heads of the combatants waved the white folds of mist, mingled with the murky battle smoke.

Sullivan charged bravely, Wayne came nobly to his rescue, Pulaski scattered confusion into the ranks of the enemy, and the Americans had been masters of the field were it not for a fresh disaster at Chew's House, combined with the mistakes of the various bodies of the Continentals, who were unable to discern friend from foe in the density of the fog.

VI.—CHEW'S HOUSE AGAIN.

Meanwhile the contest thickened around Chew's house; the division of Greene, united with the central body of the American army, were engaged with the left wing of the British army, under Kniphausen, Grant, and Grey, while Sullivan led forward into the town, a portion of the advance column of his division.

Tradition has brought down to our times a fearful account of the carnage and bloodshed of the fight, around Chew's house at this moment, when the British army to the south, and the Americans to the north, advanced in the terrible charge, under the cover of the mist and gloom.

It was like fighting in the dark. The Americans advanced column after

column; they drove back the British columns with a line of bristling bayonets, while the fire of the backwoodsmen rattled a death-hail over the field; but it was all in vain! That gloomy mist hung over their heads, concealing their foes from sight, or investing the forms of their friends with a doubtful gloom, that caused them to be mistaken for British; in the fierce mellé; all was dim, undefined and indistinct.

VII.—THE ADVENTURE OF WASHINGTON.

It was at this moment that a strange resolution came over the mind of Washington. All around him was mist and gloom, he saw his men disappear within the fog, toward Chew's house, but he knew not whether their charge met with defeat or victory. He heard the tread of hurrying legions, the thunder of the cannon, the rattle of the musquetry broke on his ear, mingled with the shrieks of the wounded and the groans of the dying. The terrible panorama of a battle field, passed vividly before his eyes, but still he knew not the cause of the impregnability of Chew's house.

He determined to advance toward the house, and examine its position in person.

He turned to the officers of his staff—"Follow me who will!" he cried, and in a moment, his steed of iron grey was careering over the sod, littered with ghastly corses, while the air overhead was alive with the music of bullets, and earth beneath was flung against the war steed's flanks by the cannon ball.

Followed by Hamilton, by Pickering, by Marshall, and by Lee, of the gallant legion, Washington rode forward, and speeding between the fires of the opposing armies, approached the house.

At every step, a dead man with a livid face turned upward; little pools of blood crimsoning the lawn, torn fragments of attire scattered over the sod; on every side hurrying bodies of the foemen, while terrible and unremitting, the fire flashing from the windows of Chew's House, flung a lurid glare over the battle-field.

Washington dashed over the lawn; he approached the house, and every man of his train held his breath. Bullets were whistling over their heads, cannon balls playing round their horses' feet, yet their leader kept on his way of terror. A single glance at the house, with its vollies of flame flashing from every window, and he turned to the north to regain the American lines, but the fog and smoke gathered round him, and he found his horse entangled amid the enclosures of the cattle-pen to the north of the mansion.

"Leap your horses—" cried Washington to the brave men around him —"Leap your horses and save yourselves!"

And in a moment, amid the mist and gloom his officers leaped the northern enclosure of the cattle-pen, and rode forward to the American line, scarcely able to discover their path in the dense gloom that gathered around

them. They reached the American lines, and to their horror, discovered that Washington was not among their band. He had not leaped the fence of the cattle-pen; with the feeling of a true warrior, he was afraid of injuring his gallant steed, by this leap in the dark.

While the officers of the staff were speeding to the American line, Washington turned his steed to the south, he determined to re-pass the house, strike to the north-east, and then facing the fires of both armies, regain the Continental lines.

He rose proudly in the stirrups, he placed his hand gently on the neck of his steed, he glanced proudly around him, and then the noble horse sprang forward with a sudden leap, and the mist rising for a moment disclosed the form of Washington, to the vision of the opposing armies.

Part the Fourth.

THE FALL OF THE BANNER OF THE STARS.

"What seest thou now, comrade?"

"I look from the oriel window—I see a forest of glittering steel, rising in the light, with the snow-flakes of waving plumes flaunting with the sunbeams! Our men advance—the banner of the stars is borne aloft, onward and on it sweeps, like a mighty bird; and now the foemen waver, they recoil—they—"

"They fly!—they fly!"

"No—no!—oh, moment of horror!—the banner of the stars is lost!—the flag of blood-red hue rises in the light—the foemen advance—I dare not look upon the scene ——"

"Look again, good comrade—look, I beseech thee—what seest thou now?"

"I see a desolated field, strewn with dead carcases and broken arms—the banner of the stars is trampled in the dust—all is lost, and yet not ALL!"—MSS. REVOLUTION

I.—WASHINGTON IN DANGER.

THE form of the Chieftain rose through the smoke and gloom of battle, in all its magnificence of proportion, and majesty of bearing, as speeding between two opposing fires—his proud glance surveying the battle-field—he retraced his path of death, and rode toward the American army.

He was now in front of Chew's House, he was passing through the very sweep of the fires, belching from every window; the bullets whistled around him; on every hand was confusion, and darkness, made more fearful by the glare of musquetry, and the lightning flash of cannon.

He is now in front of Chew's House! Another moment and the Man of the Army may fall from his steed riddled by a thousand bullets, a single moment and his corse may be added to the heaps of dead piled along the

lawn in all the ghastliness of death; another moment and the Continentals may be without a leader, the British without their most determined foe.

His form is enrapt in mist, he is lost to sight, he again emerges into light, he passes the house and sweeps away toward the Continental army.

He passes the house, and as he speeds onward toward the American lines, a proud gleam lights up his eye, and a prouder smile wreaths his determined lips. "The American army is yet safe, they are in the path to victory—" he exclaims, as he rejoins the officers of his staff, within the American lines—"Had I but intelligence of Armstrong in the West—of Smallwood and Forman in the East, with one bold effort, we might carry the field!"

But no intelligence of Smallwood or Forman came—Armstrong's movements were all unknown—Stephens, who flanked the right wing of Greene, was not heard from, nor could any one give information concerning his position.

And as the battle draws to a crisis around Chew's house, as the British and Americans are disputing the possession of the lawn now flooded with blood, let me for a moment turn aside from the path of regular history, and notice some of the legends of the battle field, brought down to our times by the hoary survivors of the Revolution.

II.—THE UNKNOWN FORM.

Let us survey Chew's house in the midst of the fight.

It is the centre of a whirpool of flame.

Above is the mist, spreading its death shroud over the field. Now it is darkened into a pall by the battle smoke, and now a vivid cannon flash lays bare the awful theatre.

Still in the centre you may see Chew's house, still from every window flashes the blaze of musquetry, and all around it columns of jet black smoke curl slowly upward, their forms clearly defined against the shroud of white mist.

It is a terrible thing to stand in the shadows of the daybreak hour, by the bedside of a dying father, and watch that ashy face, rendered more ghastly by the rays of a lurid taper—it is a terrible thing to clasp the hand of a sister, and feel it grow cold, and colder, until it stiffens to ice in your grasp—a fearful thing to gather the wife, dearest and most beloved of all, to your breast, and learn the fatal truth, that the heart is pulseless, the bosom clay, the eyes fixed and glassy.—

Yes, Death in any shape, in the times of Peace by the fireside, and in the Home, is a fearful thing, talk of it as you will.

And in the hour when Riot howls through the streets of a wide city, its ten thousand faces crimsoned by the glare of a burning church, Death looks not only horrible but grotesque. For those dead men laid stiffly along the

streets, their cold faces turned to scarlet by the same glare that reveals the cross of the tottering temple, have been murdered by their—brothers. Like wild beasts, hunted and torn by the hounds, they have yielded up their lives, the warm blood of their hearts mingling with the filth of the gutter.

This indeed is horrible, but Death in the Battle, who shall dare paint its pictures?

What pencil snatched from the hands of a Devil, shall delineate its colors of blood?

Look upon Chew's house and behold it!

There—under the cover of the mist, thirty thousand men are hurrying to and fro, shooting and stabbing and murdering as they go! Look! The lawn is canopied by one vast undulating sheet of flame!

Hark! To the terrible tramp of the horses' hoofs, as they crash on over heaps of dead.

Here, you behold long columns of blue uniformed soldiers; there dense masses of scarlet. Hark! Yes, listen and hear the horrid howl of slaughter, the bubbling groan of death, the low toned pitiful note of pain. Pain? What manner of pain? Why, the pain of arms torn off at the shoulder, limbs hacked into pieces by chain shot, eyes darkened forever.

Not much poetry in this, you say. No. Nothing but truth—truth that rises from the depths of a bloody well.

From those heaps of dying and dead, I beseech you select only one corse, and gaze upon it in silence—Is *he* dead? The young man yonder with the pale face, the curling black hair, the dark eyes wide open, glaring upon that shroud above—is *he* dead?

Even if he is dead, stay, O, stay yon wild horse that comes rushing on without a rider; do not let him trample that young face, with his red hoofs.

For it may be that the swimming eyes of a sister have looked upon that face—perchance some fair girl, beloved of the heart, has kissed those red lips—do not let the riderless steed come on; do not let him trample into the sod that face, which has been wet with a Mother's tears!

And yet this face is only one among a thousand, which now pave the battle field, crushed by the footsteps of the hurrying soldiers, trampled by the horses' hoofs.

And while the battle swelled fiercest, while the armies traversed that green lawn in the hurry of contest, along the blood stained sward, with calm manner and even step, strode an unknown form, passing over the field, amid smoke and mist and gloom, while the wounded fell shrieking at his feet, and the faces of the dead met his gaze on every side.

It was the form of an aged man, with grey hairs streaming over his shoulders, an aged man with a mild yet fearless countenance, with a tall and muscular figure, clad neither in the glaring dress of the 'Britisher,' or the hunting shirt of the Continental, but in the plain attire of drab cloth, the

simple coat, vest with wide lappels, small clothes and stockings, that mark the believers of the Quaker faith.

He was a Friend. Who he was, or what was his name, whence he came, or whither he went, no one could tell, and tradition still remains silent.

But along that field, he was seen gliding amid the heat and glare of battle. Did the wounded soldier shriek for a cup of water? It was his hand that brought it from the well, on the verge of Chew's wall. Extended along the sward, with their ghastly faces quivering with the spasmodic throe of insupportable pain, the dying raised themselves piteously on their trembling hands, and in broken tones asked for relief, or in the wildness of delirium spoke of their far off homes, whispered a message to their wives or little ones, or besought the blessing of their grey haired sires.

It was the Quaker, the unknown and mysterious Friend, who was seen unarmed save with the Faith of God, undefended save by the Armour of Heaven, kneeling on the sod, whispering words of comfort to the dying, and pointing with his uplifted hand to a home beyond the skies, where battle nor wrong nor death ever came.

Around Chew's house and over the lawn he sped on his message of mercy. There was fear and terror around him, the earth beneath his measured footsteps quivered, and the air was heavy with death, but he trembled not, nor quailed, nor turned back from his errand of mercy.

Now seen in the thickest of the fight, the soldiers rushing on their paths of blood, started back as they beheld his mild and peaceful figure. Some deemed him a thing of air, some thought they beheld a spirit, not one offered to molest or harm the Messenger of Peace.

It was a sight worth all the ages of controversial Divinity to see—this plain Quaker going forth with the faith of that Saviour, whose name has ever been most foully blasphemed by those who called themselves his friends, going forth with the faith of Jesus in his heart, speaking comfort to the dying, binding up the gashes of the wounded, or yet again striding boldly into the fight and rescuing with his own unarmed hands the prostrate soldier from the attack of his maddened foe.

Blessings on his name, the humble Quaker, for this deed which sanctifies humanity, and makes us dream of men of mortal mould raised to the majesty of Gods. His name is not written down, his history is all unknown, but when the books of the unknown world are bared to the eyes of a congregated universe, then will that name shine brighter and lighter with a holier gleam, than the name of any Controversial Divine or loud-mouthed hireling, that ever disgraced Christianity or blasphemed the name of Jesus.

Ah, methinks, even amid the carnage of Germantown, I see the face of the Redeemer, bending from the battle-mist, and smiling upon the peaceful Quaker, as he never smiled upon learned priest or mitred prelate.

III.—THE REVEL OF DEATH.

— Within Chew's house this was the scene:

Every room crowded with soldiers in their glaring crimson attire, the old hall thronged by armed men, all stained with blood and begrimed with battle smoke, the stair-way trembling beneath the tread of soldiers bearing ammunition to the upper rooms, while every board of the floor, every step of the stair-case bore its ghastly burden of dying and dead. The air was pestilent with the smell of powder, the walls trembled with the shock of battle; thick volumes of smoke rolling from the lower rooms, wound through the doors, into the old hall, and up the stairway, enveloping all objects in a pall of gloom, that now shifted aside, and again came down upon the forms of the British soldiers like dark night.

Let us ascend the stairway. Tread carefully, or your foot will trample on the face of that dead soldier; ascend the staircase with a cautious step, or you will lose your way in the battle smoke.

The house trembles to its foundation, one volley of musquetry after another breaks on your ear, and all around is noise and confusion; nothing seen but armed men hurrying to and fro, nothing heard but the thunder of the fight.

We gain the top of the stairway—we have mounted over the piles of dead—we pass along the entry—we enter the room on the right, facing toward the lawn.

A scene of startling interest opens to our sight. At each window are arranged files of men, who, with faces all blood stained and begrimed, are sending their musquet shots along the lawn; at each window the floor is stained with a pool of blood, and the bodies of the dead are dragged away by the strong hands of their comrades, who fill their places almost as soon as they receive their death wound. The walls are rent by cannon balls, and torn by bullets, and the very air seems ringing with the carnival shouts of old Death, rejoicing in the midst of demons.

Near a window in this room clustered a gallant band of British officers, who gave the word to the men, directed the dead to be taken from the floor, or gazed out upon the lawn in the endeavor to pierce the gloom of the contest.

Some were young and handsome officers, others were veterans who had mowed their way through many a fight, and all were begrimed with the blood and smoke of battle. Their gaudy coats were rent, the epaulette was torn from one shoulder by the bullet, the plume from the helm of another, and a third fell in his comrades' arms, as he received the ball in his heart.

While they stood gazing from the window, a singular incident occurred.

A young officer, standing in the midst of his comrades, felt something drop from the ceiling, and trickle down his cheek.

The fight was fierce and bloody in the attic overhead. They could hear the cannon balls tearing shingles from the roof—they could hear the low, deep groans of the dying.

Another drop fell from the ceiling—another and another.

"It is blood!" cried his comrades, and a laugh went round the group.

Drop after drop fell from the ceiling; and in a moment a thin liquid stream came trickling down, and pattered upon the blood-stained floor.

The young officer reached forth his hand, he held it extended beneath the falling stream: he applied it to his lips.

"Not blood, but wine!" he shouted. "Good old Madeira wine!"

The group gathered round the young officer in wonder. It was wine—good old wine—that was dripping from the ceiling. In a few moments the young officer, rushing through the gloom and confusion of the stairway, had ransacked the attic, and discovered under the eaves of the roof, between the rafters and the floor, some three dozen bottles of old Madeira wine, placed there for safe-keeping some score of years before the battle. These bottles were soon drawn from their resting-place, and the eyes of the group in the room below were presently astonished by the vision of the ancient bottles, all hung with cobwebs, their sealed corks covered with dust.

In a moment the necks were struck off some half-dozen bottles, and while the fire poured from the window along the lawn, while cries and shrieks, and groans, broke on the air; while the smoke came rolling in the window, now in folds of midnight blackness, and now turned to lurid red by the glare of cannon; while the terror and gloom of battle arose around them, the group of officers poured the wine in an ancient goblet, discovered in a closet of the mansion,—they filled it brimming full with wine, and drank a royal health to the good King George!

They drank and drank again, until their eyes sparkled, and their lips grew wild with loyal words, and their thirst for blood—the blood of the rebels—was excited to madness. Again and again were the soldiers shot down at the window, again were their places filled, and once more the goblet went round from lip to lip, and the old wine was poured forth like water, in healths to the good King George!

And as they drank, one by one, the soldiers were swept away from the windows, until at the last the officers stood exposed to the blaze of the American fire, flashing from the green lawn.

"Health to King George—Death to the rebels!"

The shout arose from the lips of a grey-haired veteran, and he fell to the floor, a mangled corse. The arm that raised the goblet was shattered at the elbow by one musket ball, as another penetrated his brain.

The goblet was seized by another hand, and the revel grew loud and wild. The sparkling wine was poured forth like water, healths were drank, hurrahs were shouted, and—another officer measured his length on the floor. He had received his ball of death.

There was something of ludicrous horror in the scene.

Those sounds of revel and bacchanalian uproar, breaking on the air, amid the intervals—the short and terrible intervals of battle—those faces flushed by wine, and agitated by all the madness of the moment, turned from one side to another, every lip wearing a ghastly smile, every eye glaring from its socket, while every voice echoed the drunken shout and the fierce hurrah.

Another officer fell wounded, and another, and yet another. The young officer who had first discovered the wine alone remained.

Even in this moment of horror, we cannot turn our eyes away, from his young countenance, with its hazel eyes and thickly clustered hair!

He glanced round upon his wounded and dying comrades, he looked vacantly in the faces of the dead, he gazed upon the terror and confusion of the scene, and then he seized the goblet, filled it brimming-full with wine, and raised it to his lips.

His lip touched the edge of the goblet, his face was reflected in the quivering wavelets of the wine, his eyes rolled wildly to and fro, and then a musket shot pealed through the window. The officer glared around with a maddened glance, and then the warm blood, spouting from the wound between his eyebrows, fell drop by drop into the goblet, and mingled with the wavelets of the ruby wine.

And then there was a wild shout; a heavy body toppled to the floor; and the young soldier with a curse on his lips went drunken to his God.

Let us for a moment notice the movements of the divisions of Washington's army, and then return to the principal battle ground at Chew's house.

The movements of the divisions of Smallwood and Forman are, to this day, enveloped in mystery. They came in view of the enemy, but the density of the mist, prevented them from effectually engaging with the British.

Armstrong came marching down the Manatawny road, until the quiet Wissahikon dawned on the eyes of his men; but after this moment, his march is also wrapt in mystery.—Some reports state that he actually engaged with the Hessian division of the enemy, others state that the alarm of the American retreating from Chew's house reached his ear, as the vanguard of his command entered Germantown, near the market-house, and commenced firing upon the chasseurs who flanked the left wing of the British army.

However this may be, yet tradition has brought down to our times a terrible legend connected with the retreat of Armstrong's division. The theatre of this legend was the quiet Wissahikon, and this is the story of ancient tradition.

IV.—THE WISSAHIKON.

It is a poem of everlasting beauty—a dream of magnificence—the world-hidden, wood-embowered Wissahikon. Its pure waters break forever in ripples of silver around the base of colossal rocks, or sweep murmuringly on, over beds of pebbled flints, or spread into calm and mirror-like lakes, with shores of verdure, surmounted by green hills, rolling away in waves of forest trees, or spreading quietly in the fierce light of the summer sun, with the tired cattle grouped beneath the lofty oaks.

It is a poem of beauty—where the breeze mourns its anthem through the tall pines; where the silver waters send up their voices of joy; where calmness, and quiet, and intense solitude awe the soul, and fill the heart with bright thoughts and golden dreams, woven in the luxury of the summer hour.

From the moment your eyes first drink in the gladness of its waters, as they pour into the Schuylkill, seven miles from Philadelphia, until you behold it winding its thread of silver along the meadows of Whitemarsh, many miles above, it is all beauty, all dream, all magnificence.

It breaks on your eye, pouring into the Schuylkill, a calm lake, with an ancient and picturesque mill* in the foreground. A calm lake, buried in the depths of towering steeps, that rise almost perpendicularly on either side, casting a shadow of gloom over the water, while every steep is green with brushwood, every rocky cleft magnificent with the towering oak, the sombre pine, or the leafy chesnut.

This glen is passed; then you behold hilly shores, sloping away to the south in pleasant undulations, while on the north arise frowning steeps. Then your mind is awed by tremendous hills on either side, creating one immense solitude; rugged steeps—all precipice and perpendicular rock—covered and crowded with giant pines, and then calm and rippleless lakes, shadowy glens, deep ravines and twilight dells of strange and dreamy beauty.

There is, in sooth, a stamp of strange and dreamy beauty impressed upon every ripple of the Wissahikon, every grassy bank extending greenly along its waters, on every forest-tree towering beside its shores.

On the calm summer's day, when the sun is declining in the west, you may look from the height of some grey, rugged steep, down upon the depths of the world-hidden waters. Wild legends wander across your fancy as you gaze; every scene around you seems but the fitting location for a wild and dreamy tradition, every rock bears its old time story, every nook of the wild wood has its tale of the ancient days. The waters, deep, calm, and well-like, buried amidst overhanging hills, have a strange and mysterious

* Formerly Vanduring's, now Robinson's mill.

clearness. The long shadows of the hills, broken by golden belts of sunshine, clothe the waters in sable and gold, in glitter and in shadow. All around is quiet and still; silence seems to have assumed a positive existence amid these vallies of romance and of dreams.

It was along the borders of this quiet stream, that an ancient fabric arose, towering through the verdure of the trees, with its tottering chimneys enveloped in folds of mist. The walls were severed by many a fissure, the windows were crumbling to decay; the halls of the ancient mansion were silent as the tomb.

It was wearing toward noon, when a body of soldiers, wearing the blue hunting-shirt and fur cap with bucktail plume, came rushing from the woods on the opposite side of the rivulet, came rushing through the waters of the lonely stream, and hurried with hasty steps toward the deserted house.

In a moment they had entered its tottering doorway, and disappeared within its aged walls. Another instant, and a body of soldiers broke from the woods on the opposite side of the stream, clad in the Hessian costume, with ponderous bearskin caps, heavy accroutements, and massive muskets.

They crossed the stream, and rushed into the house in pursuit of the flying continentals. They searched the rooms on the first floor; they hurried along the tottering timbers, but not a single Continental was to be seen. They ascended the crumbling stairway with loud shouts and boisterous oaths, and reached the rooms of the second story. Every door was flung hastily aside, every closet was broken open, the boards were even torn from the floor, every nook was searched, every corner ransacked, and yet no vision of a blue shirted backwoodsman, met the eye of the eager Hessians.

All was silent as death.

Their own footfalls were returned in a thousand echoes, their own shouts alone disturbed the silence of the house, but no sound or sight, could be obtained of the fleeing Continentals. Every room was now searched, save the garret, and the Hessians, some twenty men, able bodied and stout, were about rushing up the stairway of the attic in pursuit of the ten Continental soldiers, when the attention of one of their number was arrested by a singular spectacle.

The Hessian soldier beheld through a crumbling window frame, the figure of a woman, standing on the height of an abrupt steep, overhanging the opposite side of the stream. She waved her hands to the soldier, shouted and waved her hands again. He heeded her not, but rushed up the stairway after his companions.

The shout of that unknown woman was the warning of death.

While the Hessians were busily engaged in searching the attic, while their shouts and execrations awoke the echoes of the roof, while they were thrusting sword and bayonet into the dark corners of the apartment, that shout of the woman on the rock, arose, echoing over the stream again and again.

The Hessians rushed to the window, they suddenly remembered that they had neglected to search the cellar, and looking far below, they beheld thin wreaths of light blue smoke, winding upward from the cellar window.

A fearful suspicion crept over the minds of the soldiers.

They rushed from the attic, in a moment they might reach the lower floor and escape. With that feeling of unimaginable terror creeping round each heart and paling every face, they rushed tremblingly on, they gained the second floor, their footsteps already resounded along the stairway when the boards trembled beneath their feet, a horrid combination of sounds assailed their ears, aud the walls rocked to and fro like a frantic bacchanal.

Another moment! And along that green wood rang a fearful sound, louder and more terrible than thunder, shaking the very rocks with an earthquake motion, while the fragments of the ancient fabric arose blackening into the heavens, mingled with human bodies torn and scattered into innumerable pieces, and the air was filled with a dense smoke, that hung over the forest, in one thick and blackening pall.

In a few moments the scene was clear, but the ancient house had disappeared as if by magic, while the shouts of the Continental soldiers were heard in the woods, far beyond the scene.

The house had been used by the British as a temporary *depot* of powder. When the American Continentals rushed into the cellar, they beheld the kegs standing in one corner, they piled up combustible matter in its vicinity and then made their escape from the house by a subterranean passage known only to themselves. They emerged into open air some hundred yards beyond, and beheld the result of this signal vengeance on their foes.

V.—THE CRISIS OF THE FIGHT.

Again we return to the field of Chew's House.

Washington determined to make one last and desperate effort. The Corps de Reserve under Stirling, and Maxwell, and Nash, came thundering along the field; each sword unsheathed, every bayonet firm; every man eager and ready for the encounter.

It was now near nine o'clock in the morning.—The enemy still retained Chew's house. The division under Greene, the main body commanded by Wayne, by Sullivan and Conway, composed the American force engaged in actual contest.—To this force was now added the Corps de Reserve, under Lord Stirling, Generals Maxwell and Nash.

The British force, under command of General Howe, who had arrived on the field soon after the onslaught at Chew's House, were led to battle by Kniphausen, Agnew, Grant, and Grey, who now rode from troop to troop, from rank to rank, hurrying the men around toward the main point of the flight.

There was a pause in the horror of the battle.

The Americans rested on their arms, the troopers reined in their steeds

in sight of Chew's House, and amid the bodies of the dead. The Continental ranks were terribly thinned by the desolating fire from the house; every file was diminished, and in some instances, whole companies were swept away.

The British were fresh in vigor, and ably armed and equipped. They impatiently rushed forward, eager to steep their arms in American blood.

And amid the folds of mist and battle-smoke—while the whole field resembled some fearful phantasmagoria of fancy, with its shadowy figures flitting to and fro, while the echo of the cannon, the rattle of the musquetry, and the shrieks of the wounded yet rung on the soldiers' ears—they eagerly awaited the signal for the re-commencement of the fight.

The signal rang along the lines! In an instant the cannons opened their fire on Chew's house, the troopers came thundering on in their hurricane charge. All around were charging legions, armed bodies of men hurrying toward the house, heaps of the wounded strown over the sod. That terrible cry which had for three long hours gone shrieking up to heaven from that lawn, now rose above the tumult of battle—the quick piercing cry of the strong man, smitten suddenly down by his death-wound.

The American soldiers fought like men who fight for everything that man needs for sustenance, or holds dear in honor, or sacred in religion. Step by step the veteran continentals drove the Britishers over the field, trampling down the faces of their dead comrades in the action; step by step were they driven back in their turn, musquets were clubbed in the madness of the strife, and the cry for "quarter," fell on deafened ears.

Then it was that the chieftains of the American host displayed acts of superhuman courage!

In the thickest of the fight, where swords flashed most vividly, where death-groans shrieked most terribly upon the air, where the steeds of contending squadrons rushed madly against each other in the wild encounter of the charge, there might you see mad Anthony Wayne; his imposing form towering over the heads of the combatants, his eye blazing with excitement, and his sword, all red with blood, rising and falling like a mighty hammer in the hands of a giant blacksmith.

How gallantly the warrior-drover rides! Mounted on his gallant warsteed, he comes once more to battle, his sword gleaming like a meteor, around his head. On and on, without fear, without a thought save his country's honor and the vengeance of Paoli—on and on he rides, and as he speeds, his shout rings out clear and lustily upon the air—

"On, comrades, on—and *Remember Paoli!*"

"*Forwarts, brudern, forwarts!*"

Ha! The gallant Pulaski! How like a king he rides at the head of his iron band, how firmly he sits in his stirrups, how gallantly he beckons his men onward, how like a sunbeam playing on glittering ice, his sword flits to and fro, along the darkened air!

Like one solid battle-bolt, his gallant band speed onward, carrying terror and confusion into the very centre of Kniphausen's columns, leaving a line of dead men in their rear, and driving the discomfitted Hessians before them, while the well-known battle-shout of Pulaski halloos these war-hounds on to the slaughter—

"Forwarts—brüdern—forwarts!"

And there *he* rides, known to all the men as their commander, seen by every eye in the interval of the battle-smoke, hailed by a thousand voices —WASHINGTON!

Hark! How the cheer of his deep-toned voice swells through the confusion of battle!

A calm and mild-faced man, leading on a column of Continentals, rides up to his side, and is pushing forward into the terror of the mist-hidden meleé, when the voice of Washington rings in his ear—

"Greene—why is Stephens not here? Why does he delay his division?"

"General, we have no intelligence of his movements. He has not yet appeared upon the field—"

Washington's lip quivered. A world seemed pent up in his heart, and for once in his entire life, his agitation was visible and apparent.

He raised his clenched hand on high, and as Napoleon cursed Grouchy at Waterloo, in after times, so Washington at Germantown cursed Stephens, from his very heart of hearts. The glittering game of battle was being played around him. Stephens alone was wanting to strike terror into the ranks of the enemy around Chew's house, the crisis had come—and Stephens was not there, one of the most important divisions of the army was powerless.

And now the gallant Stirling, the brave Nash, and the laurelled Maxwell, came riding on, at the head of the corps de reserve, every man with his sword and bayonet, yet unstained with blood, eager to join the current of the fight.

Nash—the brave General of the North Carolina Division, was rushing into the midst of the meleé with his men, leading them on to deeds of courage and renown, when he received his death-wound, and fell insensible in the arms of one of his aids-de-camp.

The mist gathering thicker and denser over the battle field, caused a terrible mistake on the part of the American divisions. They charged against their own friends, shot down their own comrades, and even bayonetted the very soldiers who had shared their mess, ere they discovered the fatal mistake. The mist and battle-smoke rendered all objects dim and indistinct—the event of this battle will show, that it was no vain fancy of the author, which induced him to name this mist of Germantown—*the Shroud of Death.* It proved a shroud of death, in good sooth, for hundreds who laid down their lives on the sod of the battle field.

The gallant Colonel Matthews, at the head of a Virginia regiment, penetrated into the centre of the town, driving the British before him at pleasure, and after this glorious effort, he was returning to the American lines with some three hundred prisoners, when he encountered a body of troops in the mist, whom he supposed to be Continentals. He rode unfearingly into their midst, and found himself a prisoner in the heart of the British army! The mist had foiled his gallant effort; his prisoners were recaptured, himself and his men were captives to the fortune of war.

VI.—"RETREAT."

Now it was that Washington beheld his soldiers shrink and give way on every side! On every hand they began to waver, from line to line, from column to column ran terrible rumors of the approach of Cornwallis, with a reinforcement of grenadiers; the American soldiers were struck with despair.

They had fought while there was hope, they had paved their way to victory with heaps of dead, they had fought against superior discipline, superior force, superior fortune, but the mist that overhung the battle field, blasted all their hopes, and along the American columns rang one word, that struck like a knell of death on the heart of Washington—"*retreat*"—"RETREAT!"

It was all in vain that the American chieftain threw himself in the way of the retreating ranks and besought them to stand firm—for the sake of their honor, for the sake of their country, for the sake of their God.

It was all in vain! In vain was it that Pulaski threw his troopers in the path chosen by the fugitives; in vain did he wave his sword on high, and beseech them in his broken dialect, with a flushed cheek and a maddening eye, implore them to turn and face the well-nigh conquered foe! It was in vain!

In vain did Mad Anthony Wayne, the hero of Pennsylvania, ride from rank to rank, and with his towering form raised to its full height, hold his hand aloft, and in the familiar tones of brotherly intimacy, beckon the soldiers once again to the field of battle.

All was in vain!

And while Chew's house still belched forth its fires of death, while all through Germantown were marching men, hot-foot from Philadelphia, while over the fatal lawn rushed hurried bands of the Continentals, seeking for their comrades among the dead, Washington gazed to the north and beheld the columns of Continentals, their array all thinned and scattered, their numbers diminished, taking their way along the northern road, calmly it is true, and in remarkable order, but still in the order of a retreat, though the enemy showed no disposition to annoy or pursue them.

And while his heart swelled to bursting, and his lip was pressed between his teeth in anguish, Washington bowed his head to the mane of his gallant "grey" and veiled his face in his hands, and then his muscular chest throbbed as though a tempest were pent up within its confines.

In a moment ne raised his face. All was calm and immoveable, all traces of emotion had passed away from the stern and commanding features, like the waves rolling from the rock.

He whispered a few brief words to his aids-de-camp, and then raising his form proudly in the stirrups, he rode along the Continental columns, while with a confused and half-suppressed murmuring sound, the RETREAT OF GERMANTOWN commenced.

Part the Fifth.

THE LAST SHOT OF THE BATTLE.

"Look forth upon the scene of fight, comrade."

"The moon is up in the heavens—her beams glimmer on the cold faces of the dead. Over dead carcase and over fallen banner, in the midst of the lawn, arises one fell and ghastly form, towering in the moonbeams—"

"The form, comrade?"

"It is the form of Death, brooding and chuckling over the carnage of the field; he shakes his arms of bone aloft, his skeleton hands wave in the moonlight, he holds HIGH FESTIVAL OVER THE BODIES OF THE DEAD."—MSS. OF THE REVOLUTION.

I.—THE SOLDIER AND HIS BURDEN.

A PAUSE in the din of battle!

The denizens of Mount Airy and Chesnut Hill came crowding to their doors and windows; the hilly street was occupied by anxious groups of people, who conversed in low and whispered tones, with hurried gestures and looks of surprise and fear. Yonder group who stand clustered in the roadside!

A grey haired man with his ear inclined intently toward Germantown, his hands outspread, and his trembling form bent with age. The maiden, fair cheeked, red lipped, and blooming, clad in the peasant costume, the tight boddice, the linsey skirt, the light 'kerchief thrown over the bosom. Her ear is also inclined toward Germantown, and her small hands are involuntarily crossed over her bosom, that heaves and throbs into view.

The matron, calm, self possessed, and placid, little children clinging to the skirt of her dress, her wifely cap flung carelessly on her head, with hair slightly touched with grey, while the sleeping babe nestles in her bosom.

The boy, with the light flaxen hair, the ruddy cheeks, the merry blue eye! He stands silent and motionless—he also listens!

You stand upon the height of Mount Airy, it is wearing towards noon, yet gaze around you.

Above the mist is rising. Here and there an occasional sun gleam lights the rolling clouds of mist, but the atmosphere wears a dull leaden hue, and the vast horizon a look of solemnity and gloom.

Beneath and around sweep field and plain, buckwheat field, and sombre woods, luxuriant orchards and fertile vallies, all seen in the intervals of the white columns of the uprising mist.

The group clustered along the roadside of Mount Airy are still and silent. Each heart is full, every ear absorbed in the effort of catching the slightest sound from Germantown.

There is a strange silence upon the air. A moment ago, and far off shouts broke on the ear, mingled with the thunder of cannon and the shrieks of musquetry, the earth seemed to tremble, and far around the wide horizon was agitated by a thousand echoes.

Now the scene is still as midnight. Not a sound, not a shout, not a distant hurrah. The anxiety of the group upon the hill becomes absorbing and painful. Looks of wonder at the sudden pause in the battle, flit from face to face, and then low whispers are heard, and then comes another moment of fearful suspense.

It is followed by a wild rushing sound to the south, like the shrieks of the ocean waves, as they fill the hold of the foundering ship, while it sinks far in the loneliness of the seas.

Then a pause, and again that unknown sound, and then the tramp of ten thousand footsteps, mingled with a wild and indistinct murmur.—Tramp, tramp, tramp, the air is filled with the sound, and then distinct voices break upon the air, and the clatter of arms is borne on the breeze.

The boy turns to his mother, and asks her who has gained the day? Every heart feels vividly that the battle is now over, that the account of blood is near its close, that the appeal to the God of battles has been made.

The mother turns her tearful eyes to the south—she cannot answer the question. The old man, awaking from a reverie, turns suddenly to the maiden, and clasps her arm with his trembling hands. His lips move, but his tongue is unable to syllable a sound. His suspense is fearful. He flings a trembling hand southward, and speaks his question with the gesture of age.

The battle, the battle, how goes the battle?

And as he makes the gesture, the figure of a soldier is seen rushing from the mist in the valley below, he comes speeding round the bend of the road, he ascends the hill, but his steps totter, and he staggers to and fro like a drunken man.

He bears a burden on his shoulders—is it the plunder of the fight, is it spoil gathered from the ranks of the dead?

No—no. He bears an aged man on his shoulders, he grasps the aged

form with his trembling arms, and with an unsteady step nears the group on the hill top.

The old man's grey hairs are waving in the breeze, and his extended hand grasps a broken bayonet, which he raises on high with a maniac gesture.

The soldier and the veteran he bears upon his shoulders, are clad in the blue hunting shirt, torn and tattered and stained with blood, it is true, but still you can recognize the uniform of the Revolution.

The tottering soldier nears the group, he lays the aged veteran down by the roadside, and then looks around with a ghastly face and a rolling eye. There is blood dripping from his attire, his face is begrimed with powder, and spotted with crimson drops. He glances wildly around, and then kneeling on the sod he takes the hands of the aged man in his own, and raises his head upon his knee.

The battle, the battle, how goes the battle?

The group cluster round as they shriek the question.

The young Continental makes no reply, but gazing upon the face of the dying veteran, wipes the beaded drops of blood from his forehead.

"Comrade," shrieks the veteran, "raise me on my feet, and wipe the blood from my eyes. I would see him once again!"

He is raised upon his feet, the blood is wiped from his eyes.

"I see—I see—it is he—it is Washington! Yonder—yonder—I see his sword—and Antony Wayne,—raise me higher, comrade,—all is getting dark—I would see—Mad Antony!"

Did you ever see a picture that made your heart throb, and your eyes grow blind with tears?

Here is one.

The roadside, the group clustered in front of Allen's house, which rises massive and solemn in the background. The young soldier, all weak and trembling from loss of blood, raising the grey haired veteran in his arms, placing his face toward Germantown, while the wrinkled features light up with a sudden gleam, and waving his broken bayonet before his eyes, he looks toward the scene of the late fight.

The bystanders, spectators of this scene. The matron gazing anxiously upon the old man's face, her eyes swimming in tears, the ruddy cheeked boy holding one hand of the dying veteran, the youthful maiden, all blossom and innocence, standing slightly apart, with the ancient man in peasant's attire, gazing vacantly around as he grasps her arm.

"Lift me, comrade—higher, higher— I see him—I see Mad Antony! Wipe the blood from my eyes, comrade, for it darkens my sight—it is dark, it is dark!"

And the young soldier held in his arms a lifeless corse. The old veteran was dead. He had fought his last fight, fired his last shot, shouted the

name of Mad Antony for the last time, and yet his withered hand clenched, with the tightness of death, the broken bayonet.

The battle, the battle, how goes the battle?

As the thrilling question again rung in his ears, the young Continental turned to the group, smiled ghastily and then flung his wounded arm to the south.

"*Lost!*" he shrieked, and rushed on his way like one bereft of his senses. He had not gone ten steps, when he bit the dust of the roadside, and lay extended in the face of day a lifeless corse.

The eyes of the group were now fixed upon the valley below.

II.—HOW THE LEGIONS CAME BACK FROM THE BATTLE.

Tramp, tramp, echoed the sound of hoofs, and then a steed, caparisoned in battle array, came sweeping up the hill, with his wounded rider hanging helpless and faint by the saddle-bow.—Then came another steed, speeding up the hill, with bloodshot eye and quivering nostril, while his rider fell dying to the earth, shouting his wild hurrah as he fell.

Then came baggage wagons, then bodies of flying troops in continental attire, turned to the bend of the road in the valley below, and like a flash the hillside of Mount Airy was all alive with disordered masses of armed men, rushing onward with hurried steps and broken arms.

Another moment! The whole array of the continental army comes sweeping round the bend of the road, file after file, rank after rank, and now, a column breaks into sight.

Alone the whole column, no vision meets the eyes of the group, but the spectacle of broken arms, tarnished array, men wearied with toil and thirst, fainting with wounds, and tottering with the loss of blood.

On and on, along the ascent of the hill they rush, some looking hastily around with their pallid faces stained with blood, some holding their shattered arms high overhead, others aiding their wounded comrades as they hurry on in the current of the retreat, while waving in the air, the blue banner of the continental host, with its array of thirteen stars, droops heavily from the flagstaff, as its torn folds come sweeping into light.

And from file to file, with a wild movement and a reckless air, rode a tall and muscular soldier, clad in the uniform of a general officer, his sword waving aloft, and his voice heard above the hurry and confusion of the retreat—

"Turn, comrades, turn, and face the Britisher—turn, and the day is ours!"

Mad Anthony cried in vain! The panic had gone like a lightning flash through the army, and every man hurried on, without a thought, save the thought of retreat; without a motion, save the escape from the fatal field of Chew's House.

Then came Pulaski and his veterans, their costumes of white extending along the road, in glaring relief against the background of blue-shirted con-

tinentals; then came the columns of Sullivan, the division of Greene, and then huddled together in a confused crowd, came the disordered bands of the army, who had broken their ranks, and were marching beside the baggage wains loaded to the very sides with wounded and dying.

It was a sad and ghastly spectacle to see that train of death-cars, rolling heavily on, with the carcases of the wounded hanging over their sides, with broken arms and limbs protruding from their confines, with pallid faces upturned to the sky, while amid the hurry and motion of the retreat, piteous moans, fierce cries, and convulsive death-shrieks broke terribly on the air.

Yon gallant officer leaning from his steed, yon gallant officer, with the bared forehead, the disordered dress, the ruffle spotted with blood, the coat torn by sword thrusts, and dripping with the crimson current flowing from the heart, while an aid-de-camp riding by his side supports his fainting form on his steed, urging the noble animal forward in the path of the retreat.

It is the brave General Nash. He has fought his last fight, led his gallant North Carolinians on to the field for the last time, his heart is fluttering with the trembling pulsation of death, and his eyes swimming in the dimness of coming dissolution.

In the rear, casting fierce glances toward Germantown, rides the tall form of Washington, with Pickering and Hamilton and Marshall, clustering round their chieftain, while the sound of the retreating legions is heard far in the distance, along the heights of Chesnut Hill.

Washington reaches the summit of Mount Airy, he beholds his gallant though unfortunate army sweeping far ahead, he reins his steed for a moment on the height of the mount, and looks toward the field of Germantown!

One long look toward the scene of the hard fought fight, one quick and fearful memory of the unburied dead, one half-smothered exclamation of anguish, and the chieftain's steed springs forward, and thus progresses the retreat of Germantown.

In the town the scene is wild and varied. The mist has not yet arisen, the startled inhabitants have not crept from their places of concealment, and through the village ride scattered bands and regiments of the British army. Here a party of gaudily-clad German troopers of Walbeck break on your eye, yonder the solemn and ponderous Hessian in his heavy accoutrements crosses your path, here a company of plaid-kilted Highlanders came marching on, with claymore and bagpipe, and yonder, far in the distance sweep the troopers of Anspack, in their costume of midnight darkness, relieved by ornaments of gold, with the skull and cross-bones engraven on each sable cap.

III.—CAPTAIN LEE.

In the centre of the village extended a level piece of ground, surrounded by dwelling houses, stretching from the eastern side of the road, with the market-house, a massive and picturesque structure, arising on one side,

while the German Reformed Church, with its venerable front and steeple, arose on the other.

The gallant Captain Lee, of the Partizan Rangers, had penetrated thus far into the town, in common with many other companies of the army, but soon all others retreated, and he was left alone in the heart of the British army, while the continentals were retreating over Mount Airy and Chesnut Hill.

Lee had pursued a Hanoverian troop as far as the market house, when he suddenly perceived the red-coated soldiers of Cornwallis breaking from the gloom of the mist on the south, while a body of troopers came rushing from the school house lane on one side, and another corps came thundering from the church lane on the opposite side.

Lee was surrounded. The sable-coated troopers whom he had been pursuing, now turned on their pursuers, and escape seemed impossible. The brave Partizan turned to his men. Each swarthy face gleamed with delight—each sunburnt hand flung aloft the battle-dented sword. The confusion and havoc of the day had left the Partizan but forty troopers, but every manly form was marked by wide shoulders, muscular chest, and lofty bearing, and their uniform of green, their caps of fur, with bucktail plume, gave a striking and effective appearance to the band.

"Comrades, now for a chase!" shouted Lee, glancing gaily over his men. "Let us give these scare-crow hirelings a chase! Up the Germantown road, advance, boys—forward!"

And as they galloped along the Germantown road, riding gallantly four abreast, in all a warrior's port and pride, the Hanoverians, now two hundred strong, came thundering in their rear, each dark-coated trooper leaning over the neck of his steed, with sword upraised, and with fierce battle-shout echoing from lip to lip.

Only twenty paces lay between the Rangers and their foes. The monotonous sound of the pattering hoof, the clank of the scabbard against the soldier's booted leg, the deep, hard breathing of the horses, urged by boot and spur to their utmost speed, the fierce looks of the Hanoverians, their bending figures, their dress of deep black, with relief of gold, the ponderous caps, ornamented with the fearful insignia of skull and cross-bones, the Rangers sweeping gallantly in front, square and compact in their solid column, each manly form in costume of green and gold, disclosed in the light, in all its muscular ability and imposing proportions, as they moved forward with the same quick impulse, all combined, form a scene of strange and varying interest, peculiar to those times of Revolutionary peril and bloodshed.

The chase became exciting. The advance company of sable-coated troopers gained on Lee's gallant band at every step, and at every step they left their comrades further in the rear.

Lee's men spurred their steeds merrily forward, ringing their boisterous

shouts tauntingly upon the air, while their exasperated foes replied with curses and execrations.

And all along through the streets of Germantown lay the scene of this exciting chase, the clatter of the horses' hoofs awake the echoes of the an cient houses, bringing the frightened denizens suddenly to the doors and windows, and the pursuers and pursued began to near the hill of the Mennonist graveyard, while the peril of Lee became more imminent and apparent. The Hanoverians were at the horses' heels of the Rangers—they were gaining upon them at every step; in a moment they would be surrounded and cut to pieces.

Lee glanced over his shoulder. He saw his danger at a glance; they were now riding up the hill, the advance company of the enemy were in his rear, the main division were some hundred yards behind. In a moment the quick word of command rung from his lips, and at the instant, as the whole corps attained the summit of the hill, his men wheeled suddenly round, faced the pursuing enemy, and came thundering upon their ranks like an earth-riven thunderbolt!

Another moment! and the discomfitted Hanoverians lay scattered and bleeding along the roadside; here a steed was thrown back upon its haunches, crushing its rider as it fell; here was a trooper clinging with the grasp of death to his horse's neck; yonder reared another horse without its rider, and the ground was littered with the overthrown and wounded troopers.

They swept over the black-coated troopers like a thunderbolt, and in another instant the gallant Rangers wheeled about, returning in their charge of terror with the fleetness of the wind, each man sabreing an enemy as he rode, and then, with a wild hurrah, they regained the summit of the hill.

Lee drew his trooper's cap from his head, his men did the same, and then, with their eyes fixed upon the main body of the enemy advancing along the foot of the hill, the gallant Rangers sent up a wild hurrah of triumph, waving their caps above their heads, and brandishing their swords.

The enemy returned a yell of execration, but ere they reached the summit of the hill, Lee's company were some hundred yards ahead, and all pursuit was vain. The Rangers rode fearlessly forward, and, ere an half-hour was passed, regained the columns of the retreating army.

IV.—SUNSET UPON THE BATTLE FIELD.

It was sunset upon the field of battle—solemn and quiet sunset. The rich, golden light fell over the grassy lawn, over the venerable fabric of Chew's house, and over the trees scattered along the field, turning their autumnal foliage to quivering gold.

The scene was full of the spirit of desolation, steeped in death, and crimsoned in blood. The green lawn—with the soil turned up by the cannon wheels, by the tramp of war steeds, by the rush of the foemen—was all

heaped with ghastly piles of dead, whose cold upturned faces shone with a terrible lustre in the last beams of the declining sun.

There were senseless carcasses, with the arms rent from the shattered body, with the eyes scooped from the hollow sockets, with foreheads severed by the sword thrust, with hair dabbled in blood, with sunken jaws fallen on the gory chest; there was all the horror, all the bloodshed, all the butchery of war, without a single gleam of its romance or chivalry.

Here a plaid-kilted Highlander, a dark-coated Hanoverian, were huddled together in the ghastliness of sudden death; each with that fearful red wound denting the forehead, each with that same repulsive expression of convulsive pain, while their unclosed eyes, cold, dead, and lustreless, glared on the blue heavens with the glassy look of death.

Yonder, at the foot of a giant elm, an old Continental, sunk down in the grasp of death. His head is sunken on his breast, his white hair all blood-bedabbled, his blue hunting shirt spotted with clotted drops of purple. The sunburnt hand extended, grasps the unfailing rifle—the old warrior is merry even in death, for his lip wears a cold and unmoving smile.

A little farther on a peasant boy bites the sod, with his sunburnt face half buried in the blood-soddened earth, his rustic attire of linsey tinted by the last beams of the declining sun; one arm convulsively gathered under his head, the long brown hair all stiffened with blood, while the other grasps the well-used fowling piece, with which he rushed to the field, fought bravely, and died like a hero. The fowling piece is with him in death; the fowling piece—companion of many a boyish ramble beside the Wissahikon, many a hunting excursion on the wild and dreamy hills that frown around that rivulet—is now beside him, but the hand that encloses its stock is colder than the iron of its rusted tube.

Let us pass over the field, with a soft and solemn footstep, for our path is yet stamped with the tread of death; the ghosts of the heroes are thronging in the air.

Chew's house is silent and desolate. The shattered windows, the broken hall door, the splintered roof, the battered chimneys, and the walls of the house stained with blood: all are silent, yet terrible proofs of the havoc and ruin of the fight.

Silence is within Chew's house. No death-shriek, no groan of agony, no voice shrieking to the uplifted sword to spare and pity, breaks upon the air. All is still and solemn, and the eye of human vision may not pierce the gloom of the unknown, and behold the ghosts of the slain crowding before the throne of God.

The sun is setting over Chew's lawn and house, the soldiers of the British army have deserted the place, and as the last beams of day quiver over the field, death—terrible and fearful death—broods over the scene, in all its ghastliness and horror.

V.—THE LEGEND OF GENERAL AGNEW AGAIN.

Along the solitary streets of Germantown, as the sun went down, rang the echo of horses' hoofs, and the form of the rider of a gallant war steed was seen, disclosed in the last beams of the dying day, as he took his way along the village road.

The horseman was tall, well-formed, and muscular in proportion; his hair was slightly touched with the frost of age, and his eye was wild and wandering in its glance. The compressed lip, the hollow cheek, the flashing eye, all told a story of powerful, through suppressed emotion, stirring the warrior's heart to bitter thoughts and gloomy memories.

It was General Agnew, of the British army. He had fought bravely in the fight of Chew's house, though the presentiment sat heavy on his soul; he had fought bravely, escaped without a wound, and now was riding alone, along the solitary street, toward the Mennonist grave-yard.

There was an expression on his commanding face that it would have chilled your heart to see. It was an expression which stamped his features with a look of doom and fate, which revealed the inward throbbings of his soul, as the dark presentiment of the morning, moved over its shadowy depths.

He may have been thinking of his home, away in the fair valleys of England—of the blooming daughter, the bright-eyed boy, or the matronly wife—and then a thought of the terrible wrong involved in the British cause may have crossed his soul, for the carnage of Chew's lawn had been most fearful, and it is not well to slay hundreds of living beings like ourselves, for the shadow of a right.

He reached the point where the road sweeps down the hill, in front of the grave-yard, and as he rode slowly down the ascent, his attention was arrested by a singular spectacle.

The head of a man, grey-bearded and white haired, appeared above the grave-yard wall, and a fierce, malignant eye met the gaze of General Agnew. It was the strange old man who, in the morning, had asked whether "that was General Grey?" pointing to the person of Agnew as he spoke, and being answered, by mistake or design, in the affirmative, fired a rifle at the officer from the shelter of the wall.

No sooner had the wild face rose above the wall than it suddenly disappeared, and, scarce noting the circumstance, the General reined his steed for a moment, on the descent of the hill, and gazed toward the western sky, where the setting sun was sinking behind a rainbow hued pile of clouds, all brilliant with a thousand contrasted lights.

The last beams of the sun trembled over the high forehead of General Agnew, as, with his back turned to the grave-yard wall, he gazed upon the prospect, and his eye lit up with a sudden brilliancy, when the quick

and piercing report of a rifle broke on the air, and echoed around the scene.

A small cloud of light blue smoke wound upward from the grave-yard wall, a ghastly smile overspread the face of Agnew, he looked wildly round for a single instant, and then fell heavily to the dust of the road-side, a—lifeless corse.

His gallant steed of ebon darkness of skin, lowered his proud crest, and thrust his nostrils in his master's face, his large eyes dilating, as he snuffed the scent of blood upon the air; and at the very moment that same wild and ghastly face appeared once more above the stones of the grave-yard wall, and a shriek of triumph, wilder and ghastlier than the face, arose shrieking above the graves.

That rifle shot, pealing from the grave-yard wall, was the LAST SHOT of the battle-day of Germantown; and that corse flung along the roadside, with those cold eyes glaring on the blue sunset sky, with the death-wound near the heart, was the LAST DEAD MAN of that day of horror.

As the sun went down, the dark horse lowered his head, and with quivering nostrils, inhaled the last breath of his dying master.

Part the Sixth.

THE FUNERAL OF THE DEAD.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord,—they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

I.—THE ANCIENT CHURCH.

IN the township of Towamensing, some twenty-six miles from Philadelphia, from the green sward of a quiet grave-yard, arises the venerable walls of an ancient church, under whose peaceful roof worship the believers in the Mennonist faith, as their fathers worshipped before them.

The grave-yard, with its mounds of green sod, is encircled by a massive wall of stone, overshadowed by a grove of primitive oaks, whose giant trunks and gnarled branches, as they tower in the blue summer sky, seem to share in the sacred stillness and ancient grandeur which rests like a holy spell upon the temple and the hamlet of the dead.

Come back with me, reader, once more come back to the ancient revolutionary time. Come back to the solemnity and gloom of the funeral of the dead: and in the quiet grave-yard we will behold the scene.

Bands of armed men throng the place of graves; on every side you behold figures of stout men, clad in the uniform of war; on every side you behold stern and scarred visages, and all along the green sward, with its encircling grove of oaks, the pomp of banners wave flauntingly in the evening air, but no glittering bayonet gleams in the light of the declining day. The banners are heavy with folds of crape, the bayonets are unfixed from each musquet, and every soldier carries his arms reversed.

Near the centre of the ground, hard by the roadside, are dug four graves, the upturned earth forming a mound beside each grave, and the sunbeams shine upon four coffins, hewn out of rough pine wood, and laid upon trussels, with the faces of the dead cold and colorless, tinted with a ghastly gleam of the golden sunlight.

Around the graves are grouped the chieftians of the American army, each manly brow uncovered, each manly arm wearing the solemn scarf of crape, while an expression of deep and overwhelming grief is stamped upon the lines of each expressive face.

Washington stands near the coffins: his eyes are downcast, and his lip is compressed. Wayne is by his side, his bluff countenance marked by unfeigned sorrow; and there stands Greene and Sullivan, and Maxwell and Armstrong, clustered in the same group with Stirling and Forman, with Smallwood and Knox. Standing near the coffin's head, a tall and imposing form, clad in a white hued uniform, is disclosed in the full light of the sunbeams. The face, with the whiskered lip and the eagle eye, wears the same expression of sorrow that you behold on the faces of all around. It is the Count Pulaski.

These are the pall-bearers of the dead.

And in the rear of this imposing group sweep the columns of the American army, each officer with his sword reversed, each musquet also reversed, while all around is sad and still.

A grey-haired man, tall and imposing in stature, advances from the group of pall-bearers. He is clad in the robes of the minister of heaven, his face is marked by lines of care and thought, and his calm eye is expressive of a mind at peace with God and man. He stands disclosed in the full glow of the sunbeams, and while his long grey hairs wave in the evening air, he gazes upon the faces of the dead.

The first corse, resting in the pine coffin, with the banner of blue and stars sweeping over its rough surface, and bearing upon its folds the sword and chapeau of a general officer, is the corse of General Nash. The noble features are white as marble, the eyes are closed, and the lip wears the smile of death.

The next corse, with the sword and chapeau of the commanding officer of a regiment, is the corse of the brave Colonel Boyd.

Then comes the corse of Major White, handsome and dignified even in

death. The finely chisseled features, the arched brows, the Roman nose, and compressed lip, look like the marble of a statue.

The last corse, the corse of a young man, with a lieutenant's sword and cap placed on the coffin, is all that remains of the gallant Virginian, who bore the flag of truce to Chew's house, and was shot down in the act. Lieutenant Smith rests in death, and the blood-stained flag of truce is placed over his heart.

The venerable minister advances, he gazes upon the faces of the dead, his clear and solemn voice breaks out in tones of impassioned eloquence in this.

II.—FUNERAL SERMON OVER THE DEAD.*

General Nash, Colonel Boyd, Major White, and Lieutenant Smith: buried in Towamensing Mennonist Grave-yard, the day after the Battle of Germantown.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord,—they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

Soldiers and Countrymen:—Our brethren lie before us in all the solemnity of death. Their eyes are closed, their lips are voiceless; life, with its hurry and turmoil, its hopes and its fears, with them is over forever. They have passed from among us, amid the smoke and glare of battle they passed away; and now, in this solemn grove, amid the silence and quiet of the evening hour, we have assembled to celebrate their funeral obsequies.

Brethren, look well upon the corses of the dead, mark the eyes hollowed by decay, the cheeks sunken, and the lips livid with the touch of death; look upon these forms, but one short day ago moving and throbbing with the warm blood of life, and now cold, clammy, dead, senseless remains of clay.

But this is not all, brethren; for as we look upon these corses, the solemn words of the book break on our ear, through the silence of the evening air:

Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.

For they did die in the Lord, my brethren. Fighting in the holiest cause, fighting against wrong, and might, and violence, the brave Nash rode into the ranks of battle, and while the bullets of the hirelings whistled around

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* Note. The author deems it necessary to state, once for all, that all the legends given in this chronicle, are derived from substantial fact or oral tradition. The legend of the Debauch of Death—the old Quaker—the House on the Wissahikon—the escape of Washington—the presentiment and death of General Agnew—the feat of Captain Lee—as well as all other incidents are derived from oral tradition. In other points, the history of the Battle is followed as laid down by Marshall and his contemporaries. There is some doubt concerning the name of the preacher who delivered the funeral sermon. But with regard to the funeral ceremonies at the Mennonist church at Toyamensing, there can be no doubt. General Nash and his companions in death, were buried with the honors of war, in presence of the whole army the day after the battle.

him, while all was terror and gloom, he fell at the head of his men, bravely flashing his sword for his fatherland.

So fell White, and so fell Boyd; you have all heard how Lieutenant Smith met his death. You have heard how he went forth on the battle morn with the flag of truce in his hand. You have heard how he approached the fatal mansion on the battle-field; you have heard how these merciless men pointed their musquets at his heart, and he fell, bathing the flag of truce with the warm blood of his heart.

They fell, but their blood shall not fall unheeded. George of Brunswick, may augur success to his cause from the result of this fight, but the weak and mistaken man shall soon know his delusion false.

From every drop of patriot blood sinking in the sod of Germantown, a hero shall arise! From the darkness and death of that terrible fight, I see the angel of our country's freedom springing into birth; beyond the clouds and smoke of battle, I behold the dawning of a brighter and more glorious day.

They rest from their labors. From the toilsome labor of the night march, from the fierce labor of the battle charge, from the labor of bloodshed and death they rest.

They will no more share the stern joy of the meeting of congregated armies; no more ride the steed to battle; no more feel their hearts throb at the sound of the trumpet. All is over.

They rest from their labors! Aye, in the solemn courts of heaven they rest from their labors, and the immortal great of the past greet them with smiles and beckonings of joy, their hearts are soothed by the hymnings of angels, and the voice of the Eternal bids them welcome.

From the dead let me turn to the living.

Let me speak for a moment to the men of the gallant band; let me tell them that God will fight for them; that though the battle may be fierce and bloody, still the sword of the Unknown will glisten on the side of the free-men-brothers; that though the battle clouds may roll their shadows of gloom over heaps of dying and dead, yet from those very clouds will spring the day of Freedom, from the very carnage of the battle-field, will bloom the fruits of a peaceful land.

Man, chosen among men, as the leader of freemen, I speak to thee! And as the prophets of old, standing on the ramparts of Israel, raised their hands, and blessed the Hebrew chieftains as they went forth to battle, so now I bless thee, and bless thy doings; by the graves of the slain, and by the corses of the patriot dead, I sanctify thy arms, in the name of that God who never yet beheld fearful wrong without sudden vengeance—in the name of that Redeemer, whose mission was joy to the captive, freedom to the slave, I bless thee,—WASHINGTON.

On, on, in thy career of glory!

Not the glory of bloodshed, not the halo that is born of the phosphores-

cent light hovering around the carcasses of the dead, not the empty fame of human slaughter. No—no.

The glory of a pure soul, actuated by one motive of good, straining every purpose of heart to accomplish that motive; neither heeding the threats of the merciless tyrant, on the one hand, or the calls of ambition on the other, but speeding forward, with sure and steady steps, to the goal of all thy hopes—the freedom of this land of the new world.

Such is thy glory, Washington.

On, then, ye gallant men, on, in your career of glory. To-day all may be dark, all may be sad, all may be steeped in gloom. You may be driven from one battle-field, you may behold your comrades fall wounded and dying in the path of your retreat. Carnage may thin your ranks, disease walk through your tents, death track your footsteps.

But the bright day will come at last. The treasure of blood will find its recompense, the courage, the self-denial and daring of this time will work out the certain reward of the country's freedom.

Then behold the fruits of your labors.

A land of mighty rivers, colossal mountains, a land of luxurious vallies, fertile plains, a land of freemen, peopled by happy multitudes of millions, whose temples echo with hosannas to God, whose praises repeat your names, gallant survivors of the battle-field of Germantown.

"THEIR WORKS DO FOLLOW THEM!"

Yes—yes. From the Eternal world, our departed friends shall look down upon the fruit of their works. From the Vast Unseen they shall look down upon your banner of blue as the sun gleam of victory glitters on its stars. They shall behold the skeletons of the invader strewing our shores, his banners trailed in the dust, his armies annihilated, his strong men overthrown, and the temple of his power, toppled from its strong foundations.

They rest from their labors.

Oh, glorious is their resting place, oh, most glorious is their home! As they flee on spirit-wings to their eternal abode, the ghosts of the mighty-head, come crowding to the portals of the Unknown, and hail them welcome home! Brutus of old is there, shaking his gory dagger aloft, Hampden and Sidney are there, and there are the patriot martyrs from all the scaffolds of oppressed Europe, each mighty spirit sounding a welcome to the martyrs of New World freedom.

The dead of Bunker Hill are there, the form of Warren is among the first in the mighty crowd, and there, raising their gory hands on high, a band of the martyred men of Brandywine, press forward, and hail their compeers of Germantown a welcome home.

Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.

Oh! thrice blessed, oh! blessed on the tongues of nations, blessed in the

hymns of little children, blessed in the tears of woman, shed for their martyrdom; blessed in the world beyond, forever and forever blessed.

Farewell to ye, mighty dead, on earth! The kind hands of wife or child were not passed over your brows, when the big drops of the death-dew announced the approach of the last enemy of man! No blooming child, no soft-voiced wife, no fair-haired boy was near ye.

Alone ye died. Alone amid the ranks of battle, or ere the battle shout had yet ceased to echo on your ear. Alone, with fever in your brain, with fever in your hearts, with maddening throes of pain, forcing from your manly lips the involuntary cry of agony, yet, with your native land uppermost in your thoughts, ye died.

And now, brethren, the sun sinking in the west, warns me to close. The bright golden beams tint the tops of the trees, and fling a shower of light over the roof of the ancient church. The sky above arches calm and azure, as though the spirits of the dead smiled from yon clime upon our solemn ceremonies. The hour is still and solemn, and all nature invites us to the offering of prayer. Let us pray.

III.—PRAYER FOR THE DEAD.

Father of Heaven, we bow before thee, under the temple of the clear blue sky and within the shadow of yon oaken grove, we bow beside the corses of the dead. Our hearts are sad, our souls are awed. Up to thy throne we send our earnest prayers for this, our much-afflicted land. Turn, oh! God, turn the burning sword from between us and the sun of thy countenance. Lift the shadow of death from our land. And, as in the olden times, thou didst save the oppressed, even when the blood-stained grasp of wrong was at their throats, so save thou us, now—oh, most merciful God!

And if the voice of prayer is ever heard in thy courts, for the spirits of the dead, then let our voices now plead with thee, for the ghosts of the slain, as they crowd around the portals of the Unseen world.

Oh! Lord God, look into our hearts, and there behold every pulse throbbing, every vein filling with one desire, which we now send up to thee, with hands and soul upraised—the desire of freedom for this fair land.

Give us success in this our most holy cause. In the name of the martyred dead of the past, in the name of that shadowy band, whose life-blood dyes a thousand scaffolds, give us freedom.

In the name of Jesus give us peace! Make strong the hands of thy servant even George Washington. Make strong the hearts of his counsellors, stir them up to greater deeds even than the deeds they have already done, let thy presence be with our host, a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night.

And at last, when our calling shall have been fulfilled, when we have

done and suffered thy will here below, receive us into the Rest of the Blessed.

So shall it be said of us—

"*Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord,—they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them*!"

The last words of the preacher, sank into the hearts of his hearers. Every man felt awed, every soul was thrilled.

The preacher made a sign to the group of war-worn soldiers in attendance at the head of the graves. The coffins were lowered in their receptacles of death. The man of God advanced, and took a handful of earth, from one of the uprising mounds.

There was universal silence around the graves, and thro' the grave-yard.

"*Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust.*"

The sound of the earth rattling on the coffin of General Nash, broke with a strange echo on the air.

Slowly along the sod, passed the minister of heaven speaking the solemn words of the last ceremony, as he flung the handful of earth upon each coffin.

A single moment passed, and a file of soldiers, with upraised musquets, extended along the graves. The word of command rang out upon the air, and the shot after shot, the alternating reports of the musquets, broke like thunder over the graves of the laurelled dead.

The soldiers suddenly swept aside, and in a moment, a glittering cannon was wheeled near the graves, with the cannonier standing with the lighted linstock, by its side. The subdued word of command again was heard, the earthquake thunder of the cannon shook the graveyard, and like a pall for the mighty dead, the thick folds of smoke, waved heavily above the grave.

Again did the file of musquetry pour forth the fire, again did the cannons send forth their flame, flashing down into the very graves of the dead, while the old church walls gave back the echo.—Again was the ceremony repeated, and as the thick folds of cannon-smoke waved overhead, the soldiers opened to the right and left, and the pall-bearers of the dead advanced.

They advanced, and one by one looked into the graves of the slain.

This was the scene when Washington looked for the last time into the grave of Nash and his death-mates.

The sun setting behind the grove of oaks threw a veil of sunshine over the masses of armed men thronging the grave-yard, over the reversed arms, and craped banner of blue and stars. The form of Washington, standing at the head of the grave, was disclosed in all its majesty of proportion, his face impressed with an expression of sorrow, and his right hand reversing his craped sword; Wayne—the gallant, the noble, the fearless Wayne—stood at his right shoulder, and then sweeping in a line along the graves, extended the chieftains of the army, each face stamped with grief, each right arm holding the reversed sword: there was the sagacious face of Greene,

the bluff visage of Knox, the commanding features of Sullivan, the manly countenances of Maxwell, Stirling, Forman, Conway, and the other officers of the continental host. All were grouped there beside the graves of the slain, and as every eye was fixed upon the coffins sprinkled with earth, a low, solemn peal of music floated along the air, and a veteran advancing to the grave, flung to the wind the broad banner of blue and stars, and the last glimpse of sun-light fell upon this solemn relic of the

Battle-Day of Germantown.

BOOK SECOND.

WISSAHIKON.

BOOK SECOND.

WISSAHIKON.

THE WISSAHIKON.

WISSAHIKON!

That name, soft as the wind of May, breathing its perfume over the brow of the way-worn wanderer—melodious as a burst of music, swelling from afar, over the bosom of still waters—sad and wild, as the last groan of a dying warrior, who conquering all vain regrets by one strong impulse of his passing soul, sternly gives up his life to God—Wissahikon!

That name speaks to our hearts with a pathos all its own. Yes, it speaks to our hearts with a strange and mingled meaning, whether written Wissahickon, or Wissahiccon, or pronounced as it fell from the lips of the Indian maidens in the olden time, who bathed their forms in its waters, and adorned their raven hair with the lilies and wild roses that grow in its deep woods—WISSAHIKONE!

That word speaks of rocks, piled up in colossal grandeur, with waves murmuring at their feet, and dark green pines blooming forever on their brows.

That name tells me of a tranquil stream, that flows from the fertile meadows of White marsh, and then cleaves its way for eight miles, through rocks of eternal granite, now reflecting on its waves the dark grey walls and steep roof of some forest hidden mill, now burying itself beneath the shadows of overhanging trees, and then comes laughing into the sun, like a maiden smiling at the danger that is past.

We will go down to Wissahikon.

You have been there; some of you in the still summer afternoon, when the light laugh of girlhood rang through the woods—some of you perchance in the early dawn, or in the purple twilight when the shadows came darkly over the waters.

But to go down into its glens at midnight, when silence like death is brooding there! Then the storm-cloud gathers like a pall—then, clinging to yon awful cliff that yawns above the blackness, you hear the Thunder speak to the still woods, and the deeps far below, speak back again their Thunder. Then at dead of night, you see the red lightning flashing down over the tall pines, down over the dark waters, quivering and trembling with its arrows of wrath, far into the shadows of the glen.

At last the storm-cloud rolls back its pall. The silver moon comes shining out, smiling from her window in the sky. The Eagle too, lord of

the wild domain, starts from his perch, and wheels through the deep azure, circling round the moon, bathing his pinions in her light as he looks for the coming of his God, the sun.

Had you been there at dead of night, as I have been, you would know something of the supernatural grandeur, the awful beauty of the Wissahikon; then, even though you were an Atheist, you would have knelt down and felt the existence of a God.

The Wissahikon wears a beauty all its own. True, the Hudson is magnificent with her mingled panorama of mountain and valley, tumultuous river and tranquil bay. To me she seems a Queen, who reposes in strange majesty, a crown of snow upon her forehead of granite, the leaf of the Indian corn, the spear of wheat, mingled in the girdle which binds her waist, the murmur of rippling water ascending from the valley beneath her feet.

The Susquehanna is awfully sublime; a warrior who rushes from his home in the forest, hews his way through primeval mountains, and howls in his wrath as he hurries to the ocean. Ever and anon, like a Conqueror overladened with the spoils of battle, he scatters a green island in his path, or like the same Conqueror relenting from the fury of the fight, smiles like Heaven in the wavelets of some tranquil bay.

Neither Queen, nor Warrior is the Wissahikon.

Let us look at its Image, as it rises before us.

A Prophetess, who with her cheek embrowned by the sun, and her dark hair—not gathered in clusters or curling in ringlets—falling straightly to her white shoulders, comes forth from her cavern in the woods, and speaks to us in a low soft tone, that awes and wins our hearts, and looks at us with eyes whose steady light and supernatural brightness bewilders our soul.

Yes, whenever I hear the word—Wissahikon—I fancy its woods and waves, embodied in the form of an Indian Prophetess, of the far gone time.

Oh, there are strange legends hovering around those wild rocks and dells—legends of those Monks who dwelt there long ago, and worshipped God without a creed—legends of that far gone time, when the white robed Indian priests came up the dell at dead of night, leading the victim to the altar—to the altar of bloody sacrifice—that victim a beautiful and trembling girl.

Now let us listen to the Prophetess as she speaks, and while her voice thrills, her eyes fire us, let us hear from her lips the Legends of the olden times.

I.—THE CONSECRATION OF THE DELIVERER.

It stood in the shadows of the Wissahikon woods, that ancient Monastery, its dark walls canopied by the boughs of the gloomy pine, interwoven with leaves of grand old oaks.

From the waters of the wood-hidden stream, a winding road led up to its gates; a winding road overgrown with tall rank grass, and sheltered from the light by the thick branches above.

A Mohastery? Yes, a Monastery, here amid the wilds of Wissahikon, in the year of Grace 1773, a Monastery built upon the soil of William Penn!

Let me paint it for you, at the close of this calm summer day.

The beams of the sun, declining far in the west, shoot between the thickly gathered leaves, and light up the green sward, around those massive gates, and stream with sudden glory over the dark old walls. It is a Monastery, yet here we behold no swelling dome, no Gothic turrets, no walls of massive stone. A huge square edifice, built one hundred years ago of the trunks of giant oaks and pines, it rises amid the woods, like the temple of some long forgotten religion. The roof is broken into many fantastic forms;—here it rises in a steep gable, yonder the heavy logs are laid prostrate; again they swell into a shapeless mass, as though stricken by a hurricane.

Not many windows are there in the dark old walls, but to the west four large square spaces framed in heavy pieces of timber, break on your eye, while on the other sides the old house presents one blank mass of logs, rising on logs.

No: not one blank mass, for at this time of year, when the breath of June hides the Wissahikon in a world of leaves, the old Monastery looks like a grim soldier, who scathed by time and battle, wears yet thick wreaths of laurel over his armour, and about his brow.

Green vines girdle the ancient house on every side. From the squares of the dark windows, from the intervals of the massive logs, they hang in luxuriant festoons, while the shapeless roof is all one mass of leaves.

Nay, even the wall of logs which extends around the old house, with a ponderous gate to the west, is green with the touch of June. Not a trunk but blooms with some drooping vine; even the gateposts, each a solid column of oak, seem to wave to and fro, as the summer breeze plays with their drapery of green leaves.

It is a sad, still hour. The beams of the sun stream with fitful splendor over the green sward. That strange old mansion seems as sad and desolate as the tomb. But suddenly—hark! Do you hear the clanking of those bolts, the crashing of the unclosing gates?

The gates creak slowly aside!—let us steal behind this cluster of pines, and gaze upon the inhabitants of the Monastery, as they come forth for their evening walk

Three figures issue from the opened gates, an old man whose withered features and white hairs are thrown strongly into the fading light, by his long robe of dark velvet. On one arm, leans a young girl, also dressed in black, her golden hair falling—not in ringlets—but in rich masses, to her shoulders. She bends upon his arm, and with that living smile upon her lips, and in her eyes, look up into his face.

On the other arm, a young man, whose form, swelling with the proud

outlines of early manhood, is attired in a robe or gown, dark as his father's while his bronzed face, shaded by curling brown hair, seems to reflect the silent thought, written upon the old man's brow.

They pace slowly along the sod. Not a word is spoken. The old man raises his eyes, and lifts the square cap from his brow—look! how that golden beam plays along his brow, while the evening breeze tosses his white hairs. There is much suffering, many deep traces of the Past, written on his wrinkled face, but the light of a wild enthusiasm beams from his blue eyes.

The young man—his dark eyes wildly glaring fixed upon the sod—moves by the old man's side, but speaks no word.

The girl, that image of maidenly grace, nurtured into beauty, within an hour's journey of the city, and yet afar from the world, still bends over that aged arm, and looks smilingly into that withered face, her glossy hair waving in the summer wind.

Who are these, that come hither, pacing, at the evening hour, along the wild moss? The father and his children!

What means that deep strange light, flashing not only from the blue eyes of the father, but from the dark eyes of his son?

Does it need a second glance to tell you, that it is the light of Fanaticism, that distortion of Faith, the wild glare of Superstition, that deformity of Religion?

The night comes slowly down. Still the Father and son pace the ground in silence, while the breeze freshens and makes low music among the leaves.—Still the young girl, bending over the old man's arm, smiles tenderly in his face, as though she would drive the sadness from his brow with one gleam of her mild blue eyes.

At last—within the shadows of the gate, their faces lighted by the last gleam of the setting sun—the old man and his son stand like figures of stone, while each grasps a hand of the young girl.

Is it not a strange yet beautiful picture? The old Monastery forms one dense mass of shade; on either side extends the darkening forest, yet here, within the portals of the gate, the three figures are grouped, while a warm, soft mass of tufted moss, spreads before them. The proud manhood of the son, contrasted with the white locks of the father, the tender yet voluptuous beauty of the girl relieving the thought and sadness, which glooms over each brow.

Hold—the Father presses the wrist of his Son with a convulsive grasp—hush! Do you hear that low deep whisper?

"At last, it comes to my soul, the Fulfilment of Prophecy!" he whispers and is silent again, but his lip trembles and his eye glares.

"But the time—Father—*the time?*" the Son replies in the same deep voice, while his eye dilating, fires with the same feeling that swells his Father's heart.

"*The last day of this year—the third hour after midnight*—THE DELIVERER WILL COME!"

These words may seem lame and meaningless, when spoken again, but had you seen the look that kindled over the old man's face, his white hand raised above his head, had you heard his deep voice swelling through the silence of the woods, each word would ring on your ear, as though it quivered from a spirit's tongue.

Then the old man and his son knelt on the sod, while the young girl—looking in their faces with wonder and awe—sank silently beside them.

The tones of Prayer broke upon the stillness of the darkening woods.

Tell us the meaning of this scene. Wherefore call this huge edifice, where dark logs are clothed in green leaves, by the old world name of Monastery? Who are these—father, son, and daughter—that dwell within its walls?

Seventeen years ago—from this year of Grace, 1773,—there came to the wilds of the Wissahikon, a man in the prime of mature manhood, clad in a long, dark robe, with a cross of silver gleaming on his breast. With one arm he gathered to his heart a smiling babe, a little girl, whose golden hair floated over his dark dress like sunshine over a pall; by the other hand he led a dark haired boy.

His name, his origin, his object in the wilderness, no one knew, but purchasing the ruined Block-House, which bore on its walls and timbers the marks of many an Indian fight, he shut himself out from all the world. His son, his daughter, grew up together in this wild solitude. The voice of prayer was often heard at dead of night, by the belated huntsman, swelling from the silence of the lonely house.

By slow degrees, whether from the cross which the old stranger wore upon his breast, or from the sculptured images which had been seen within the walls of his forest home, the place was called—the Monastery—and its occupant the Priest.

Had he been drawn from his native home by crime? Was his name enrolled among the titled and the great of his Father-land, Germany? Or, perchance, he was one of those stern visionaries, the Pietists of Germany, who, lashed alike by Catholic and Protestant persecutors, brought to the wilds of Wissahikon their beautiful Fanaticism?

For that Fanaticism, professed by a band of brothers, who years before, driven from Germany, came here to Wissahikon, built their Monastery, and worshipped God, without a written creed, was beautiful.

It was a wild belief, tinctured with the dreams of Alchemists, it may be, yet still full of faith in God, and love to man. Persecuted by the Protestants of Germany, as it was by the Catholics of France, it still treasured the Bible as its rule and the Cross as its symbol.

The Monastery, in which the brothers of the faith lived for long years,

was situated on the brow of a hill, not a mile from the old Block-House. Here the Brothers had dwelt, in the deep serenity of their own hearts, until one evening they gathered in their garden, around the form of their dying father, who yielded his soul to God in their midst, while the setting sun and the calm silence of universal nature gave a strange grandeur to the scene.

But it was not with this Brotherhood that the stranger of the Block-House held communion.

His communion was with the dark-eyed son, who grew up, drinking the fanaticism of his father, in many a midnight watch with the golden-haired daughter, whose smile was wont to drive the gloom from his brow, the wearing anxiety from his heart.

Who was the stranger? No one knew. The farmer of the Wissahikon had often seen his dark-robed form, passing like a ghost under the solemn pines; the wandering huntsman had many a time, on his midnight ramble, heard the sounds of prayer breaking along the silence of the woods from the Block-House walls: yet still the life, origin, objects of the stranger were wrapt in impenetrable mystery.

Would you know more of his life? Would you penetrate the mystery of this dim old Monastery, shadowed by the thickly-clustered oaks and pines, shut out from the world by the barrier of impenetrable forests?

Would you know the meaning of those strange words, uttered by the old man, on the calm summer evening?

Come with me, then—at midnight—on the last day of 1773. We will enter the Block-House together, and behold a scene, which, derived from a tradition of the past, is well calculated to thrill the heart with a deep awe.

It is midnight: there is snow on the ground: the leafless trees fling their bared limbs against the cold blue of the starlit sky.

The old Block-House rises dark and gloomy from the snow, with the heavy trees extending all around.

The wind sweeps through the woods, not with a boisterous roar, but the strange sad cadence of an organ, whose notes swell away through the arches of a dim cathedral aisle.

Who would dream that living beings tenanted this dark mansion, arising in one black mass from the bed of snow, its huge timbers, revealed in various indistinct forms, by the cold clear light of the stars? Centred in the midst of the desolate woods, it looks like the abode of spirits, or yet like some strange sepulchre, in which the dead of long-past ages lie entombed.

There is no foot-track on the winding road—the snow presents one smooth white surface—yet the gates are thrown wide open, as if ready for the coming of a welcome guest.

Through this low, narrow door—also flung wide open—along this dark corridor, we will enter the Monastery.

In the centre of this room, illumined by the light of two tall white candles, sits the old man, his slender form clad in dark velvet, with the silver cross gleaming on his bosom, buried in the cushions of an oaken chair.

His slender hands are laid upon his knees—he sways slowly to and fro—while his large blue eye, dilating with a wild stare, is fixed upon the opposite wall.

Hush! Not a word—not even the creaking of a footstep—for this old man, wrapped in his thoughts, sitting alone in the centre of this strangely furnished room, fills us with involuntary reverence.

Strangely furnished room? Yes, circular in form, with a single doorway, huge panels of dark oaken wainscot, rise from the bared floor to the gloomy ceiling. Near the old man arises a white altar, on which the candles are placed, its spotless curtain floating down to the floor. Between the candles, you behold, a long, slender flagon of silver, a wreath of laurel leaves, fresh gathered from the Wissahikon hills, and a Holy Bible, bound in velvet, with antique clasps of gold.

Behind the altar, gloomy and sullen, as if struggling with the shadows of the room, arises a cross of Iron.

On yonder small fire-place, rude logs of oak and hickory send up their mingled smoke and flame.

The old man sits there, his eyes growing wilder in their gaze every moment, fixed upon the solitary door. Still he sways to and fro, and now his thin lips move, and a faint murmur fills the room.

"*He will come!*" mutters the Priest of the Wissahikon, as common rumor named him. "*At the third hour after midnight, the Deliverer will come!*"

These words acquire a singular interest from the tone and look which accompany their utterance.

Hark—the door opens—the young man with the bronzed face and deep dark eyes, appears—advances to his father's side.

"Father"—whispers the young man—"May it not be a vain fancy after all! This Hope that the Deliverer will come ere the rising of the sun?"

You can see the old man turn suddenly round—his eye blazes as he grasps his son by the wrist.

"Seventeen years ago, I left my father-land, became an exile and an outcast! Seventeen years ago, I forsook the towers of my race, that even now, darken over the bosom of the Rhine—I, whose name was ennobled by the ancestral glories of thirteen centuries, turned my back at once on pomp, power,—all that is worshipped by the herd of mankind! In my native land, they have believed me dead for many years—the castle, the broad domains that by the world's law, are yours, my son, now own another's rule—and here we are, side by side, in this rude temple of the Wissahikon! Why is this, my son?—Speak, Paul, and answer me, why

do we dwell together, the father and his children, in this wild forest of a strange land?"

The sun veiled his eyes with his clasped hands: the emotion of his father's look, thrilled him to the soul.

"I will tell you why! Seventeen years ago, as I bent over the body of my dead wife, even in the death-vault of our castle, on the Rhine, the Voice of God, spake to my soul—bade me resign all the world and its toys—bade me take my children, and go forth to a strange land!"

"And there await the Fulfilment of Prophecy!" whispered Paul, raising his hand from the clasped hands.

"For seventeen years I have buried my soul, in the pages of that book"—

"I have shared your studies, father! Reared afar from the toil and the vanity of worldly life, I have made my home with you in this hermitage. Together we have wept—prayed—watched over the pages of Revelation!"

"You have become part of my soul," said the Priest of Wissahikon, in a softened voice, as he laid his withered hand upon the white forehead of his son: "you might have been noble in your native land; yes, your sword might have carved for you a gory renown from the corses of dead men, butchered in battle; or the triumphs of poetry and art, might have clothed your brow in laurel, and yet you have chosen your lot with me; with me, devoted life and soul to the perusal of God's solemn book!"

The dark eye of the son began to burn, with the same wild light that blazed over his father's face.

"And our studies, our long and painful search into the awful world, which the Bible opens to our view, has ended in a knowledge of these great truths—*The Old World is sunk in all manner of crime, as was the Ante-Deluvian World;*—THE NEW WORLD *is given to man as a refuge, even as the Ark was given to Noah and his children.*

"*The New World is the last altar of human freedom left on the surface of the Globe. Never shall the footsteps of Kings pollute its soil. It is the last hope of man*, God has spoken, and it is so—Amen!"

The old man's voice rung, in deep, solemn tones, through the lonely room, while his eye seemed to burn as with the fire of Prophecy.

"The voice of God has spoken to me, in my thoughts by day, in my dreams by night—*I will send a* DELIVERER *to this land of the New World, who shall save my people from physical bondage, even as my Son saved them from the bondage of spiritual death!*

"And to-night he will come, at the third hour after midnight, he will come through yonder door, and take upon himself his great Mission, to free the New World from the yoke of the Tyrant!

"Yes, my son, six months ago, on that calm summer evening, as with Catherine leaning on one arm, you on the other, I strolled forth along the woods, that voice whispered a message to my soul! To-night the Deliverer will come!"

"All is ready for his coming!" exclaimed Paul, advancing to the altar. "Behold the Crown, the Flagon of Anointing Oil, the Bible and the Cross!"

The old man arose, lifting his withered hands above his head, while the light streamed over his silver hairs.

"Even as the Prophets of old anointed the brows of men, chosen by God to do great deeds in His name, so will I,—purified by the toil and prayer, and self-denial of seventeen long years,—anoint the forehead of the Deliverer!"

Hark! As the voice of the aged enthusiast, tremulous with emotion, quivers on the air, the clock in the hall without, tells the hour of twelve! As the tones of that bell ring through the lonely Block House, like a voice from the other world—deep, sad and echoing—the last minute of 1773 sank in the glass of Time, and 1774 was born.

Then they knelt, silently beside the altar, the old man and his son. The white hairs of the Priest, mingled with the brown locks of Paul; their hands clasped together rested upon the Bible, which was opened at the Book of Revelations.

Their separate prayers breathed in low whispers from each lip, mingled together, and went up to Heaven in ONE.

An hour passed. Hark! Do you hear the old clock again? How that sullen ONE! swells through the silent halls!

Still they kneel together there—still the voice of the prayer quivers from each tongue.

Another hour, spent in silent prayer, with bowed head and bended knees. As the clock speaks out the hour of two, the old man rises and paces the floor.

"Place your hand upon my heart, my son! Can you feel its throbbings? Upon my brow—ah! it burns like living fire! The hour draws nigh—he comes! Yes, my heart throbs, my brain fires, but my faith in God is firm—the Deliverer will come!"

Vain were the attempt to picture the silent agony of that old man's face! Call him dreamer—call him fanatic—what you will, you must still admit that a great soul throbbed within his brain—still you must reverence the strong heart which beats within his shrunken chest.

Still must you remember that this old man was once a renowned lord; that he forsook all that the world holds dear, buried himself for seventeen years in the wilds of this forest, his days and nights spent amid the dark pages of the Revelations of Saint John.

Up and down the oaken floor, now by the altar, where the light shone over his brow, now in the darkness where the writhings of his countenance were lost in shadows, the old man hurried along, his eye blazing with a wilder light, his withered cheek with a warmer glow.

Meanwhile the son remained kneeling in prayer. The lights burned dimly—the room was covered with a twilight gloom. Still the Iron Cross

was seen—the whole altar still broke through the darkness, with its silver Flagon and Laurel Crown.

Hark! That sound—the clock is on the hour of three! The old man starts, quivers, listens!

One! rings through the desolate mansion.

"I hear no sound!" mutters the enthusiast. But the words had not passed on his lips, when Two! swells on the air.

"He comes not!" cries Paul darting to his feet, his features quivering with suspense. They clasp their hands together—they listen with frenzied intensity.

"Still no footstep! Not a sound!" gasped Paul.

"But he *will* come!" and the old man, sublime in the energy of fanaticism, towered erect, one hand to his heart, while the other quivered in the air.

Three! The last stroke of the bell swelled—echoed—and died away.

"He comes not!" gasped the son, in agony—"But yes! Is there not a footstep on the frozen snow? Hark! Father, father! do you hear that footstep? It is on the threshold now—it advances—"

"He comes!" whispered the old man, while the sweat stood out in beads from his withered brow.

—"It advances, father! Yes, along the hall—hark! There is a hand on the door—hah! All is silent again! It is but a delusion—no! He is come at last!"

"At last he is come!" gasped the old man, and with one impulse they sank on their knees. Hark! You hear the old door creak on its hinges, as it swings slowly open—a strange voice breaks the silence.

"Friends, I have lost my way in the forest," said the voice, speaking in a calm, manly tone. "Can you direct me to the right way?"

The old man looked up; a cry of wonder trembled from his lips. As for the son, he gazed in silence on the Stranger, while his features were stamped with inexpressible surprise.

The Stranger stood on the threshold, his face to the light, his form thrown boldly forward, by the darkness at his back.

He stood there, not as a Conqueror on the battle field, with the spoils of many nations trampled under his feet.

Towering above the stature of common men, his form was clad in the dress of a plain gentleman of that time, fashioned of black velvet, with ruffles on the bosom and around the wrist, diamond buckles gleaming from his shoes.

Broad in the shoulders, beautiful in the sinewy proportions of each limb, he stood there, extending his hat in one hand, while the other gathered his heavy cloak around the arm.

His white forehead, large, overarched eyes, which gleamed even through the darkness of the room with a calm, clear light; his lips were firm; his

chin round and full; the general contour of his face stamped with the settled beauty of mature manhood, mingled with the fire of chivalry.

In one word, he was a man whom you would single out among a crowd of ten thousand, for his grandeur of bearing, his calm, collected dignity of expression and manner.

"Friends," he again began, as he started back, surprised at the sight of the kneeling enthusiasts, "I have lost my way—"

"Thou hast not lost thy way," spoke the voice of the old man, as he arose and confronted the stranger; "thou hast found thy way to usefulness and immortal renown!"

The Stranger advanced a footstep, while a warm glow overspread his commanding face. Paul stood as if spell-bound by the calm gaze of his clear, deep eyes.

"Nay—do not start, nor gaze upon me in such wonder! I tell thee the voice that speaks from my lips, is the voice of Revelation. Thou art called to a great work; kneel before the altar and receive thy mission!"

Nearer to the altar drew the Stranger.

"This is but folly—you make a mock of me!" he began; but the wild gaze of the old man thrilled his heart, as with magnetic fire. He paused, and stood silent and wondering.

"Nay, doubt me not! To-night, filled with strange thoughts on your country's Future, you laid yourself down to sleep within your habitation in yonder city. But sleep fled from your eyes—a feeling of restlessness drove you forth into the cold air of night—"

"This is true!" muttered the Stranger in a musing tone, while his face expressed surprise.

"As you dashed along, mounted on the steed which soon will bear your form in the ranks of battle, the cold air of night fanned your hot brow, but could not drive from your soul the Thought of your Country!"

'How knew you this?" and the Stranger started forward, grasping the old man suddenly by the wrist.

Deeper and bolder thrilled the tones of the old Enthusiast.

"The rein fell loosely on your horse's neck—you let him wander, you cared not whither! Still the thought that oppressed your soul was the future of your country. Still great hopes—dim visions of *what is to come*—floating panoramas of battle and armed legions—darted one by one over your soul. Even as you stood on the threshold of yonder door, asking, in calm tones, the way through the forest, another and a deeper question rose to your lips ——"

"I confess it!" said the Stranger, his tone catching the deep emotion of the old man's voice. "As I stood upon the threshold, the question that rose to my lips was—

"*Is it lawful for a* SUBJECT *to draw sword against his* KING?"

"Man! You read the heart!" and this strange man of commanding

form and thoughtful brow, gazed fixedly in the eyes of the Enthusiast, while his face expressed every conflicting emotion of doubt, suspicion, surprise and awe.

"Nay, do not gaze upon me in such wonder! I tell thee a great work has been allotted unto thee, by the FATHER of all souls! Kneel by this altar—and here, in the silence of night, amid the depths of these wild woods —will I anoint thee Deliverer of this great land, even as the men of Judah, in the far-gone time, anointed the brows of the chosen David!"

It may have been a sudden impulse, or perchance, some conviction of the future flashed over the Stranger's soul, but as the gloom of that chamber gathered round him, as the voice of the old man thrilled in his ear, he felt those knees, which never yielded to man, sink beneath him, he bowed before the altar, his brow bared, and his hands laid upon the Book of God.

The light flashed over his bold features, glowing with the beauty of manhood in its prime, over his proud form, dilating with a feeling of inexpressible agitation.

On one side of the altar stood the old man—the Priest of the Wissahikon —his silver hair waving aside from his flushed brow—on the other, his son, bronzed in face, but thoughtful in the steady gaze of his large full eyes.

Around this strange group all was gloom: the cold wintry air poured through the open door, but they heeded it not.

"Thou art called to the great work of a Champion and Deliverer! Soon thou wilt ride to battle at the head of legions—soon thou wilt lead a people on to freedom—soon thy sword will gleam like a meteor over the ranks of war!"

As the voice of the old man in the dark robe, with the silver cross flashing on his heart, thrills through the chamber—as the Stranger bows his head as if in reverence, while the dark-browed son looks silently on—look yonder, in the dark shadows of the doorway!

A young form, with a dark mantle floating round her white robes, stands trembling there. As you look, her blue eye dilates with fear, her hair streams in a golden shower, down to the uncovered shoulders. Her finger is pressed against her lip; she stands doubting, fearing, trembling on the threshold.

Unseen by all, she fears that her father may work harm to the kneeling Stranger. What knows she of his wild dreams of enthusiasm? The picture which she beholds terrifies her. This small and gloomy chamber, lighted by the white candles—the altar rising in the gloom—the Iron Cross confronting the kneeling man, like a thing of evil omen—her brother, mute and wondering—her father, with white hairs floating aside from his flushed forehead. The picture was singular and impressive: the winter wind, moaning sullenly without, imparted a sad and organ-like music to the scene.

"Dost thou promise, that when the appointed time arrives, thou wilt be found ready, sword in hand, to fight for thy country and thy God?"

It was in tones broken by emotion, that the Stranger simply answered—"I do!"

"Dost thou promise, in the hour of thy glory—when a nation shall bow before thee—as in the fierce moment of adversity,—when thou shalt behold thy soldiers starving for want of bread—to remember the great truth, written in these words—'*I am but the Minister of God in the great work of a nation's freedom.*'"

Again the bowed head, again the tremulous—"I do promise!"

"Then, in His name, who gave the New World to the millions of the human race, as the last altar of their rights, I do consecrate thee its—DELIVERER!"

With the finger of his extended hand, touched with the anointing oil, he described the figure of a Cross on the white forehead of the Stranger, who raised his eyes, while his lips murmured as if in prayer.

Never was nobler King anointed beneath the shadow of Cathedral arch—never did holier Priest administer the solemn vow! A poor Cathedral, this rude Block House of the Wissahikon—a plainly-clad gentleman, this kneeling Stranger—a wild Enthusiast, the old man! I grant it all. And yet, had you seen the Enthusiasm of the white-haired Minister, reflected in the Stranger's brow, and cheek, and eyes, had you marked the contrast between the shrunken form of the "Priest," and the proud figure of the Anointed,—both quivering with the same agitation,—you would confess with me, that this Consecration was full as holy, in the sight of Heaven, as that of "Good King George."

And all the while that young man stood gazing on the stranger in silent awe, while the girl, trembling on the threshold, a warm glow lightens up her face, as she beheld the scene.

"When the time comes, go forth to victory! On thy brow, no conqueror's blood-red wreath, but this crown of fadeless laurel!"

He extends his hand, as if to wreath the Stranger's brow, with the leafy crown—yet look! A young form steals up to his side, seizes the crown from his hand, and, ere you can look again, it falls upon the bared brow of the kneeling man.

He looks up and beholds that young girl, with the dark mantle gathered over her white robes, stand blushing and trembling before the altar, as though frightened at the boldness of the deed.

"It is well!" said the aged man, regarding his daughter with a kindly smile. "From whom should the Deliverer of a Nation receive his crown of laurel, but from the hands of a stainless woman!"

"Rise! The Champion and Leader of a People!" spoke the deep voice of the son, as he stood before the altar, surveying, with one glance, the face of his father—the countenance of the blushing girl, and the bowed head of the Stranger. "Rise, sir, and take this hand, which was never yet given

to man! I know not thy name, yet, on this book, I swear to be faithful to thee, even to the death!"

Thé Stranger rose, proudly he stood there, as with the consciousness of his commanding look and form. The laurel-wreath encircled his white forehead; the cross, formed by the anointing oil, glistened in the light.

Paul, the son, buckled a sword to his side; the old man extended his hands as if in blessing, while the young girl looked up silently into his face.

They all beheld the form of this strange man shake with emotion; while that face, whose calm beauty had won their hearts, now quivered in every fibre.

The wind moaned sadly over the frozen snow, yet these words, uttered by the stranger, were heard distinctly by all—

"From you, old man, I take the vow! From you, fair girl, the laurel! From you, brave friend, the sword! On this book I swear to be faithful unto all!"

And as the light flashed over his quivering features, he laid his hand upon the Book and kissed the hilt of the sword.

Years passed.

The memory of that New Year's night of 1774, perchance, had passed with years, and lost all place in the memory of living being.

America was a nation—Washington was President.

Through the intervals of the trees shine the beams of the declining sun, but the Block-House was a mass of ruins. Burned one night by the British, in the darkest hour of the war, its blackened timbers were yet encircled by green leaves.

Still the smiling summer sun shone over the soft sward and among the thickly clustered trees of Wissahikon.

But Father—Son—Daughter—where are they?

Yonder, a square enclosure of stone shuts three green mounds out from the world.

The sad story of their lives may not be told in few words. The terrors of that night when the Block-House was fired, and—but we must not speak of it! All we can say is—look yonder, and behold their graves!

Hark! The sound of horses' hoofs! A man of noble presence appears, guiding his gallant grey steed, along the winding road. He dismounts; the horse wanders idly over the sod, cropping the fragrant wild grass.

This man of noble presence, dressed in plain black velvet, with a star gleaming on his breast, with a face, magnificent in its wrinkled age, as it was beautiful in its chivalric manhood—this man of noble presence, before whom kings may stand uncovered, approaches the ruin of the Block-House.

Do you see his eye light up again with youthful fire, his lip quiver with an agitation deeper than battle-rage?

There he stands, while the long shadows of the trees darken far over the sward—there, while the twilight deepens into night, gazing with a heaving chest and quivering lip, upon the Ruins of the old Block-House.

Perchance he thinks of the dead, or it may be his thoughts are with scenes of the Past—perchance, even now, a strange picture rises before him!

—That picture a darkened chamber, with a white altar rising in its centre, while an old man, and his brave son, and virgin daughter, all gather round a warrior form, hailing him with one voice—

"THE DELIVERER."*

II.—THE MIDNIGHT DEATH.

LET me tell you a legend of the Revolution—a legend that even now makes my blood run cold to think upon.

You all have seen the massive rock that projects out into the roadside near the Red Bridge. You have seen the level space, that spreads from this rock to that ancient buttonwood tree; you have seen that cluster of mills, and cottages and barns, nestling there, in the embrace of the wild Wissahikon, with the dark rocks and the darker trees frowning far above.

It was here along this open space—about the time of the Battle of Germantown—it was here, at dead of night, when the moon was shining down through a wilderness of floating clouds, that there came an old man and his four sons, all armed with rifle, powder-horn and knife.

They came stealing down that rock—they stood in the centre of that level space—a passing ray of moonlight shone over the tall form of that old man, with his long white hairs floating on the breeze—over the manly figures of his sons.

And why came that old farmer from the woods at dead of night, stealing toward the Wissahikon, with his four tall sons around him, armed with rifle and with knife?

To-night there is a meeting at yon lonely house far up the Wissahikon

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* NOTE BY THE AUTHOR—In this Legend, I have endeavored to compress an old-time tradition of the Wissahikon, which, related with justice to all its details, would fill a volume. There is no spot in the land—not even on the storied hills of the Santee, or the beautiful wilds of the Kenebec—more hallowed of poetry and romance, than this same Wissahikon, which, attainable by half an hour's journey from the city, yet preserves its rugged grandeur of rock, and stream, and tree; and is to-day what it was two hundred years ago. It was here that the Protestant Monks made their home, more than a hundred years gone by; here, driven from their father-land, by the united persecutions of Protestant and Catholic, they reared their Monastery, and worshipped God, in the deep silence of primeval forests. The man who sneers at the first settlers of Pennsylvania, terming them in derision, (as little minds are wont,) the "*ignorant Germans*," etc. etc., should come here to the wilds of Wissahikon, and learn something of the philosophy, the religion, and toleration of these German colonists. The Legend will be more clearly understood when it is known that the belief was prevalent among these Pietists of the "*Coming of a Great Man*," who was to appear in the wilderness, in fulfilment of a Prophecy in the Book of Revelations.

—a meeting of all the farmers of Germantown, who wish to join the army of Mister Washington, now hiding away in the wilds of the Skippack.

The old farmer and his children go to join that meeting. Old as he is, there is yet fiery blood in his veins—old as he is, he will yet strike a blow for George Washington.

Suddenly he turns—he flings the blaze of a lantern full in the faces of his sons.

"You are all here, my children," he said, "and yet not all." A gleam of deep sorrow shot from the calm blue eye.

In that moment he remembered that missing son—his youngest boy with those laughing locks of golden hair, with that eye of summer blue.

One year ago from this night that youth, George Derwent, had disappeared—no one knew whither. There was a deep mystery about it all. It was true that this young man, at the time of his disappearance, was betrothed to a beautiful girl—an orphan child—who had been reared in the family of an old Tory down the Wissahikon, an old Tory named Isaac Warden, who was in the pay of the British. It was true that there was some strange connection between this Tory and young Derwent; yet old Michael his father, had heard no tidings of his son for a year—there was a dark mystery about the whole affair.

And while the old man stood there, surveying the faces of his sons, there came stealing along the narrow road, from the shadows of the cottage and mill, the form of a young and beautiful girl, with a dark mantle thrown loosely over her white dress, with her long black hair waving in free tresses about her shoulders.

It was Ellen, the betrothed of George Derwent, who had now been missing from the wilds of Wissahikon for a year.

And why comes this orphan girl, with her full dark eye, with her long black hair waving on the breeze, with her lovely form veiled in a loose mantle? Why came she hither so lonely at dead of night?

This night, one year ago, George Derwent bade her good-bye under the shade of that buttonwood tree—told her that some dark mysterious cause would lead him from the valley for a year—and then, pressing the last good-bye on her lips, swore to meet her under this same tree, after the lapse of a year, at this very hour.

And now she comes to meet her lover—and now she comes to keep her tryst.

And the moon, beaming from the parted clouds, fell over her form, as she came in all her beauty toward that buttonwood tree, looking for all the world like the spirit of that lonely dell.

With a muttered shriek she beheld old Michael standing there. Then, rushing forward, she seized his withered hand, and bade him beware of the lonely house of the Wissahikon.

That night, at the old Tory's house, she had overheard the plot of some

British troopers to surprise the meeting of the patriot farmers—to surprise them and crush them at a blow.

Even as she spoke, grasping that old man's withered hand, there to the south, was heard the tramp of steeds. Already the British troopers came on to the work of massacre.

A cloud passed over the moon—it was dark—in a moment it was light again.

That level space between the rock and the tree was vacant—the maiden was gone into the shade of the forest trees—and there on that bold rock, half hidden by the thick foliage, there stood Michael Derwent and his four sons, waiting for the assassin-band.

Hark! The tramp of steeds! Near—and near and nearer yet it grows!

Look! They emerge from the shadow of the mill, ten British troopers, mounted on stout steeds, with massy cap upon each brow, pistols in each holster, swords by each side.

For a moment the moon shone over their glittering array, and then all is dark. Hark to that old man's whisper—

"My boys, do you see them Britishers? Mark each one of you his man; and when they cross the line between this rock and that Buttonwood tree—then fire!"

And they came on.

The captain of the band waved his sword boastingly in the air.

In a moment, he cried, we will be—in the midst of the rebels—he would have said; but the words died on his lips.

He fell from his steed—with a horrid curse he fell—he was dead!

Did you see that flash from the trees? Did you hear that shout of old Michael? Did you hear the crack of the rifles?

Look, as the smoke goes up to Heaven—look, as the moon shines out from a cloud!

Where, a moment ago, were ten bold troopers riding forward at their ease, now are but six. There are four dead men upon the ground—yonder through the Wissahikon dash four riderless steeds.

With a wild yell the six troopers spur their horses to the fatal rock—they rear their hoofs against its breast—there is a moment of murder and death.

Look! That trooper with the slouching hat—the dark plume drooping over his brow—he breasts his steed against the rock—that jet black horse flings his hoof high against the flinty barrier. While the moon hides her face behind that cloud, that trooper with the plume drooping over his brow, leans over the neck of his steed—he seizes old Michael by the throat, he drags him from the rock, he spurs his horse toward the stream, and that old man hangs there, quivering at the saddle-bow.

Then it was that old Michael made a bold struggle for his life. He drew his hunting knife from his belt—he raised it in the darkened air; but look—the trooper snatches it from his grasp.

"Die, Rebel!" he shouts. Bending over his steed, he strikes it deep into the old man's neck down to his heart.

Then the moon shone out. Then, as the old man fell, the moon shone over his face, convulsed in death, over his glaring eyes, over his long white hair, dabbled in blood.

He fell with the knife sticking in his throat.

Then the trooper slowly dismounted from his steed—he kneels beside the corse—his long dark plume falls over the face of the dead man.

And there he kneels, while the people of the valley, aroused by the sound of conflict, come hastening on with torches—there, while that other band of British troopers, sweeping from the north, surprise the lonely house of the Wissahikon, and come over the stream with their prisoner in their grasp—there while the sons of Michael Derwent—there are only two now—stood pinioned beside the corse of their father, there kneels that trooper, with his long plume drooping over the dead man's face.

Look—that old man with those hawk-like eyes, the sharp nose and thin lips—that is the old Tory, Isaac Warden.

Look—that fair girl, stealing from the shade of that tree it is Ellen, the orphan girl, the betrothed of the missing George Derwent.

Look! The trees towering above are reddened by the light of torches. Hark—the Wissahikon rolls murmuringly on—still that trooper kneels there, bending down with that long dark plume drooping over the dead man's face.

A strange shudder—an unknown fear thrills through the hearts of all around. No one dared to arouse the kneeling man.

At last that burly trooper advances—he lays his hand upon the shoulder of the kneeling man—he bids him look up. And he does look up!

Ah, what a shudder ran through the group—ah, what a groan was heard from the white lips of those two sons of Michael Derwent! Even that British captain starts back in horror of that face.

The trooper looked up—the light shone upon a young face with light blue eyes, and locks of golden hair waving all around it,—but there was a horror written on that face, worse than death, a horror like that which stamps the face of a soul forever lost.

It was the face of George Derwent—he knelt beside the dead body of his father—with that knife sticking in his throat.

For a moment there was an awful silence. The Parricide slowly rose, turned his face from the dead, and folded his arms.

Then a light footstep broke the deep silence of this scene—a fair form came softly through the crowd—it was Ellen, the Orphan Girl.

"George—George, I see you once more. You are come," she cried, in her wild joy, rushing to his arms. But the cry of joy died away in a groan of horror. She beheld that awful face—one of her dark tresses swept his clenched right hand. That hand was wet with blood.

Then like a crushed reed, she cowered back upon the ground. Her lover spoke not, but he slowly raised that blood-red hand in the light, and then—he pointed to the corse of Michael Derwent, with the reeking knife standing out from the gash along the throat.

Then the full horror of that hour burst upon the maiden's heart. Then she slowly rose, then she laid her quivering hand upon the arm of that hoary Traitor—Isaac Warden.

"Old man!" she whispered, in that low deep tone that came from her bursting heart.

"It is now one year since you told George Derwent that he could not win my hand—the hand of your son's child—unless he engaged in your service as a British spy, (this night, and this night only did I learn the mystery of that foul bargain.) For one year you have reaped the gains of his degradation—and now, after that year is past, he, George Derwent, who loved your son's daughter, with as true a love as ever throbbed beneath the blue heavens—he returns to reap his harvest, and—oh, God—behold that harvest!"

And with her dark eyes starting from their sockets, she pointed to the ghastly son, and the dead father. Then in low, deep tones, a curse trembled from her white lips—the orphan's curse upon that hoary traitor. And he trembled. Yes, grown grey in guilt, he trembled, for there is something so dark, so dread in that curse of a wronged orphan, as it quivers up there, that methinks the angels around the Throne of God turn pale and weep at the sound.

And then while this scene froze the bystanders with awe, George Derwent slowly opened his vest—he unstrung a chain of slender gold from his neck, he took the locket from the place where it had hung for one year; moved by each throbbing of his heart—he gave it to the maiden.

He then pointed to her form—and then to Heaven. To his own—and then downward. That gesture spoke volumes.

"You to Heaven—I—there."

Then with that blood-stained hand he tore the British Lion from his breast—he trampled it under foot. Then gathering the strength of his strong arm for the effort, he tore that British uniform—that scarlet tainted uniform—from his manly chest—he rent it into rags.

Then without a word, he mounted his steed—he rode toward the stream—he turned that ghastly face over his shoulder.

"Ellen!" he shrieked, and then he was gone.

"Ellen!" he shrieked, and then there was the sound of a steed dashing through the water, crashing through the woods.

Then a shriek so wild, so dread, rang on the air—still the Parricide thundered on.

Not more than a quarter of a mile from the scene of this legend, there is a steep rock, rising one hundred feet above the dark waters of the Wissahi-

kon—rising with a robe of gnarled pines all about it, rising like a huge wreck of some primeval world.

The Parricide thundered on and on—at last his steed tottered on the verge of this rock.

For a moment the noble horse refused to take the leap.

But there, there is a dark mist before the eyes of the Parricide—there was the figure of an old man—not a phantom; ah, no! ah, no! It was too real for that—there was the figure of an old man, that knife protruding from the fatal wound, that white hair waving in dribbled blood.

And there was a crash—then an awful pause—then far, far down the dell the yell of the dying horse and his rider mingled in one, and went quivering up to God.

III.—THE BIBLE LEGEND OF THE WISSAHIKON.

It was here in these wilds of the Wissahikon, on the day of the battle, as the noonday sun came shining through the thickly clustered leaves, that two men met in deadly combat. They grappled in deadly conflict near a rock, that rose—like the huge wreck of some primeval world—at least one hundred feet above the dark waters of the Wissahikon.

That man with the dark brow, and the darker grey eye, flashing, with deadly light, with the muscular form, clad in the blue hunting frock of the Revolution, is a Continental named Warner. His brother was murdered the other night at the Massacre of Paoli. That other man, with long black hair, drooping along his cadaverous face, is clad in the half-military costume of a Tory refugee. That is the murderer of Paoli, named Dabney.

They had met there in the woods by accident, and now they fought, not with sword or rifle, but with long and deadly hunting knives, that flash in the light, as they go turning and twining and twisting over the green sward.

At last the Tory was down! Down on the green sward with the knee of the Continental upon his breast—that upraised knife quivering in the light, that dark grey eye flashing death into his face!

"Quarter—I yield!" gasped the Tory, as the knee was pressed upon his breast—"Spare me—I yield!"

"My brother!" said the Patriot soldier, in that low deep tone of deadly hate—"My brother cried for 'quarter' on the night of Paoli, and, even as he clung to your knees, you struck that knife into his heart! Oh! I will give you the quarter of Paoli!"

And his hand was raised for the blow, and his teeth were clenched in deadly hate. He paused for a moment, and then pinioned the Tory's arms, and with one rapid stride dragged him to the verge of the rock, and held him quivering over the abyss.

"Mercy!" gasped the Tory, turning black and ashy by turns, as that awful gulf yawned below. "Mercy! I have a wife—a child—spare me!"

Then the Continental, with his muscular strength gathered for the effort, shook the murderer once more over the abyss, and then hissed this bitter sneer between his teeth:

"My brother had a wife and two children!—The morning after the night of Paoli, that wife was a widow, those children were orphans!—Wouldn't you like to go and beg your life of that widow and her children?"

This proposal, made by the Continental in the mere mockery of hate, was taken in serious earnest by the horror-stricken Tory. He begged to be taken to the widow and her children, to have the pitiful privilege of begging his life. After a moment's serious thought, the patriot soldier consented; he bound the Tory's arms yet tighter; placed him on the rock again—led him up to the woods.—A quiet cottage, embosomed among trees, broke on their eyes.

They entered that cottage. There, beside the desolate hearth-stone, sat the widow and her children. She sat there a matronly woman of thirty years, with a face faded by care, a deep dark eye, and long black hair hanging in dishevelled flakes about her shoulders.

On one side was a dark-haired boy, of some six years—on the other a little girl, one year younger, with light hair and blue eyes. The Bible—an old and venerable volume—lay open on that mother's knee.

And then that pale-faced Tory flung himself upon his knees, confessed that he had butchered her husband on the night of Paoli, but begged his life at her hands!

"Spare me, for the sake of my wife, my child!"

He had expected that his pitiful moan would touch the widow's heart—but not one relenting gleam softened her pale face.

"The Lord shall judge between us!" she said in a cold icy tone, that froze the murderer's heart.—"Look! The Bible lays open upon my knee. I will close that volume, and then this boy shall open it, and place his finger at random upon a line, and by that line you shall live or die!"

This was a strange proposal, made in full faith of a wild and dark superstition of the olden time.

For a moment the Tory kneeling there, livid as ashes, was wrapt in thought. Then in a faltering voice, he signified his consent.

Raising her dark eyes to Heaven, the mother prayed the GREAT FATHER to direct the finger of her son—she closed the Bible—she handed it to that boy, whose young cheek reddened with loathing as he gazed upon his father's murderer!

He took the Bible—opened its holy pages at random—placed his finger on a verse.

Then there was silence!

Then that Continental soldier, who had sworn to avenge his brother's death, stood there with dilating eyes and parted lips.

Then the culprit kneeling on the floor, with a face like discolored clay, felt his heart leap to his throat.

Then in a clear, bold voice, the widow read this line from the Old Testament;—it was short, yet terrible:

"THAT MAN SHALL DIE!"

Look! The brother springs forward to plunge a knife into the murderer's heart, but the Tory, pinioned as he is, clings to the widow's knees! He begs that one more trial may be made by the little girl, that child of five years, with golden hair and laughing eyes.

The widow consents; there is an awful pause.

With a smile in her eye, without knowing what she does, that little girl opens the Bible as it lays on her mother's knee—she turns her laughing face away—she places her finger upon a line.

That awful silence grows deeper!

The deep-drawn breath of the brother, the broken gasps of the murderer, alone disturb the silence.—The widow and dark-eyed boy are breathless.

That little girl, unconscious as she was, caught a feeling of awe from the horror of the countenances around her, and stood breathless, her face turned aside, her tiny fingers resting on that line of life or death.

At last gathering courage, the widow bent her eyes to the page, and read. It was a line from the New Testament.

"LOVE YOUR ENEMIES."

Ah! that moment was sublime!

Oh! awful Book of God, in whose dread pages we see Job talking face to face with Jehovah, or Jesus waiting by Samaria's well, or wandering by the waves of dark Galilee. Oh! awful Book, shining to-night, as I speak, the light of that widow's home, the glory of that mechanic's shop, shining where the world comes not, to look on the last night of the convict in his cell, lightening the way to God, even over that dread gibbet. Oh! book of terrible majesty and child-like love, of sublimity that crushes the soul into awe, of beauty that melts the heart with rapture:—you never shone more strangely beautiful than there, in the lonely cot of the Wissahikon, when you saved that murderer's life!

For—need I tell you—that murderer's life was saved! That widow recognised the finger of God—even the stern brother was awed into silence.

The murderer went his way.

Now look ye, how wonderful are the ways of Heaven!

That very night, as the widow sate by her lonely hearth—her orphans by her side—sate there with crushed heart and hot eye-balls, thinking of her husband, who now lay mouldering on the blood-drenched sod of Paoli—there was a tap at the door.

She opened the door, and—that husband living, though covered with many wounds, was in her arms!

He had fallen at Paoli—but not in death. He was alive; his wife lay panting on his breast.

That night there was prayer in that wood-embowered Cot of the Wissahikon!

IV.—THE TEMPTATION OF WASHINGTON.

THERE are days in winter when the air is very soft and balmy as the early days of summer, when, in fact, that glad maiden May seems to blow her warm breath in the grim face of February, until the rough old warrior laughs again.

It was a day like this that the morning sunshine was streaming over a high rock, that frowns there, far above the Wissahikon.

A high rock—attainable only by a long, winding path—fenced in by the trunks of giant pines, whose boughs, on the coldest day of winter, form a canopy overhead.

This rock is covered with a carpet of evergreen moss.

And near this nook—this chamber in the forest, for it was nothing less—sate an old man, separated from it by the trunks of the pines, whose boughs concealed his form.

That old man had come here, alone, to think over his two sons, now freezing at Valley Forge——for, though the father was a Tory, yet his children were Continentals. He was a well-meaning man, but some half-crazy idea about the Divine Right of the British Pope, George the Third, to rule this Continent, and murder and burn as he pleased—lurked in his brain, and kept him back from the camp of Washington.

And now, in this bright morning in February, he had come here, alone, to think the matter over.

And while he was pondering this deep matter over, whether George the Pope or George the Rebel was in the right—he heard the tramp of a war-steed not far off, and, looking between the trunks of the pines, he saw a man, of noble presence, dismount from his grey horse, and then advance into the quiet nook of moss-carpeted rocks, encircled by giant pines.

—And now, leaving that aged Tory, to look upon this man for himself, let us also look on him, with our own eyes.

As he comes through those thick boughs, you behold a man, more than six feet high, with his kingly form enveloped in a coarse grey overcoat; a chapeau on his bold forehead—and beneath the skirts of that grey coat, you may see the military boots and the end of a scabbard.

And who is this man of kingly presence, who comes here alone, to pace this moss-covered rock, with drooped head and folded arms?

Come, my friends, and look upon him—let me show you—not this figure of mist and frost-work, which some historians have called WASHINGTON—but Washington, the living, throbbing, flesh and blood, Washington!—Yes, WASHINGTON THE MAN.

Look upon him, as he paces that moss-covered rock—see that eye burn, that muscular chest heave under the folded arms.

Ah, he is thinking of Valley Forge! Of the bloody foot-prints in the snow—of those three hideous figures that sit down in the huts of Valley Forge together—Disease, Starvation, and Nakedness!

Look, as those dark thoughts crowd on his soul, he falls on his knees, he prays the God of Heaven to take his life, as an offering for the freedom of his native land!

And as that prayer startles the still woods, that grey coat falls open, and discloses the blue and gold uniform—the epaulette and the sword-hilt.

Then the agony of that man, praying there in the silent woods—praying for his country, now bleeding in her chains—speaks out, in the flashing of the eye, in the beaded sweat, dripping from the brow!

—Ah, kings of the world, planning so cooly your schemes of murder, come here, and look at George Washington, as he offers his life, a sacrifice for his country!

Ah, George of England, British Pope, and good-natured Idiot, that you are, now counting, in your royal halls how many more men it will take to murder a few thousand peaceful farmers, and make a nation drink your tea, come here to this rock of the Wissahikon, and see, King and Pope as you are, George Washington in council with his God!——

My friends, I can never think of that man in the wilds of Wissahikon—praying there, alone: praying for his country, with the deep agony in his heart and on his brow, without also thinking of that dark night in Gethsemane, when the blood-drops startled from the brow of Jesus, the Blessed Redeemer, as he plead for the salvation of the world!

Now look! As Washington kneels there, on that moss-covered rock, from those green boughs steps forth another form—tall as his own—clad in a coarse grey coat, with the boots and scabbard seen below its skirts, with the chapeau upon his brow.

That stranger emerges from the boughs—stands there unperceived, gazing in silence upon the kneeling warrior.

A moment passes!

Look! Washington has risen to his feet—he confronts the stranger.

Now, as that stranger, with a slight bow, uncovers his forehead, tell me, did you ever see a stronger or stranger resemblance between two men than between these two, who now confront each other in silence, under the shade of those dark pines?

The same heighth, breadth of chest, sinewy limbs, nay, almost the same faces,—save that the face of the stranger, sharper in outline, lacks that calm consciousness of a great soul, which stamps the countenance of Washington.

That resemblance is most strange—their muscular forms are clad in the same coarse grey coat—their costume is alike—yet hold——

The stranger throws open his overcoat—you behold that hangman's

dress, that British uniform, flashing with gold and stars! Washington starts back, and lays his hand upon his sword.

And as these two men, so strangely alike, meet there by accident, under that canopy of boughs,—one wandering from Valley Forge, one from Philadelphia—let me tell you at once, that the stranger is none other than the Master Butcher of the Idiot-king—Sir William Howe.

Yes, there they meet, the one the impersonation of Freedom—the other the tinselled lacquey of a Tyrant's Will!

We will listen to their conversation: it is brief, but important.

For a moment, the British General stood spell-bound before the man whom he had crossed the ocean to entrap, and bring home; the Rebel, who had lifted his hand against the Right Divine of the British Pope! To that British General there was something awful about the soldier who could talk with his God, as Washington had talked a moment ago.

"I cannot be mistaken," at last said Sir William Howe; "I behold before me the chieftain of the Rebel army, Mister Washington?"

Washington coldly bowed his head.

"Then this is a happy hour! For we together can give peace and freedom to this land!"

At this word Washington started with surprise—advanced a step—and then exclaimed—

"And who, sir, are you that thus boldly promise peace and freedom to my country?"

"The commander of his Majesty's forces in America!" said Howe, advancing along that wood-hidden rock towards Washington. "And oh, sir, let me tell you that the king, my master, has heard of your virtues, which alone dignifies the revolt with the name of a war, and it is to you he looks for the termination of this most disastrous contest."

Then Washington, whose pulse had never quickened before all the panoply of British arms, felt his heart flutter in his bosom, as that great boon was before his eyes—peace and freedom to his native land!

"Yes," continued Howe, advancing another step, "my king looks to you for the termination of this unnatural war. Let rebellion once be crushed—let the royal name be finally established by your influences, and then, sir, behold the gratitude of King George to Mister Washington."

As he spoke, he placed in the hands of Washington a massive parchment—sealed with the broad seal of England, signed with the manuel of King George.

Washington took the parchment—opened it—read—his face did not change a muscle.

And yet that parchment named Mister George Washington "GEORGE DUKE WASHINGTON, OF MOUNT VERNON, *our well-beloved servant*, VICEROY OF AMERICA!"

Here was a boon for the Virginia planter—here was a title and here a

power for the young man, who was one day struggling for his life away there amid floating ice on the dark Allegheny river.

For a moment, the face of Washington was buried in that parchment, and then, in a low, deep voice, he spoke—

"I have been thinking," he said, "of the ten thousand brave men who have been massacred in this quarrel. I have been thinking of the dead of Bunker Hill—Lexington—Quebec—Trenton—Yes, the dead of Saratoga—Brandywine—Germantown——"

"And," cried Howe, startling forward, "you will put an end to this unhappy quarrel?"

"And your king," continued Washington, with a look and tone that would have cut into a heart of marble, "would have me barter the bones of the dead for a ribbon and a title!"

And then—while Howe shrunk cowering back—that Virginia planter, Washington, crushed that parchment into the sod, with the heel of his warrior boot——Yes, trampled that title, that royal name, into one mass of rags and dust.

"That is my answer to your king!"

And then he stood with scorn on his brow, and in his eye, his outstretched arm pointing at that minion of King George.

Wasn't that a picture for the pencil of an angel? And now, that British General, recovering from his first surprise, grew red as his uniform with rage.

"Your head!" he gasped, clenching his hand, "your head will yet redden the Traitor's block!"

Then Washington's hand sought his sword—then his fierce spirit awoke within him—it was his first impulse to strike that braggart quivering into the dust.

But in a moment he grew calm.

"Yours is a good and great king," he said, with his usual stern tone. "At first he is determined to sweep a whole Continent with but five thousand men, but he soon finds that his five thousand men must swell to twenty-five thousand before he can ever begin his work of murder. Then he sacrifices his own subjects by thousands—and butchers peaceful farmers by tens of thousands—and yet his march of victory is not even begun. Then, if he conquers the capital city of the Continent, victory is sure! Behold! the city is in his grasp, yet still the hosts of freedom defy him, even from the huts of Valley Forge!

"And now, as a last resource, your king comes to the man whose head yesterday was sought, with a high reward, to grace the gates of London—he offers that Rebel a Dukedom—a vice regal sceptre! And yet that Rebel tramples the Dukedom into the dust—that Rebel crushes into atoms the name of such a king."

Ah, never spaniel skulked from the kick of his master as that General

Howe cringed away from the presence of Washington—mounted his horse —was gone!

One word with regard to the aged Tory, who beheld this scene from yonder bushes, with alternate wonder, admiration, and fear.

That Tory went home——"I have seen George Washington at prayer," he said to his wife: "the man who can trample upon the name of a king, as he did—pray to God as he prayed, that man cannot be a Rebel or a bad man. To-morrow, I will join my sons at Valley Forge!"*

V.—WASHINGTON AS DUKE, KING AND REBEL.

We have seen Washington and Howe stand face to face on the cliff of Wissahikon; we have seen the British General offer the American leader a ducal title, a vice-regal sway as the reward of treason.

Now let us behold four scenes which arise to our minds from the contemplation of this Legend. These scenes are fraught with a deep mystery, a sublime and holy moral.

The first scene!

We stand in the streets of a magnificent city. A dense crowd darkens the avenues leading to yonder palace. That palace, which rises over the heads of the living mass, like a solitary mountain amid ocean waves.

There are bands of armed men around that palace—look! How the sun glitters over the red uniforms, over the lines of bayonets, over the thousand flags, that wave in the summer air.

And there, high over all, from the loftiest dome of that palace, one single broad banner tosses slowly and lazily upon the breeze—look, its wide shadow is cast upon the multitude below. That is the Red Cross Banner of England.

And now every eye is fixed upon that palace door—a great potentate will shortly come forth—the mob are anxious to look upon him, to shout his name.

And now, as the drums roll out their thunder, as the voice of cannon bids him welcome—he comes!

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* This tradition, prevails not only among the rock-bound cliffs of the Wissahikon, but amid the pastoral glades of Brandywine. A different version, states that the incident occurred, in the darkest hour of the Battle of Brandywine, on a beautiful knoll, which arises from the bosom of the meadow, crowned with grand old trees. In this shape, I have incorporated it, in the pages of my novel—"Bianche of Brandywine." In the present work, I have given it, with the locality of the Wissahikon, and the dark time of Valley Forge. Nothing is more common, in the history of the Revolution, than to hear the same tradition, recited by five different persons, with as many changes of time and place. Even the precise spot, on which La Fayette, received his wound at Brandywine, is a matter of doubt. Two aged men pointed out to me, in the course of my pilgrimage over the field, two localities, for this incident, with the emphatic remark—"Here's where La Layette received his wound. He said so, himself, when he visited the place in 1824." These localities, were only four miles apart.

Yes, as women press forward, lifting their babes on high, eager to behold him; as old men climb those trees, mad with anxiety, to catch but one glimpse of his form, he comes, the Viceroy of America!

Yes, from that palace door, environed by guards and courtiers, fine gentlemen and gay ladies, he comes, that man of kingly presence; he stands there, for the moment, with the sun playing over his noble brow, glittering along his vice-regal robes. How the thunder of the cannon, the clang of drum and bugle, the hurrahs of the mob, go mingling up to Heaven in one mad chorus. And that great prince standing there under the shadow of the British banner; that is George, Duke Washington, Viceroy of America.

Yes, that is what Washington might have been, had he betrayed his country.

Now we will change the scene:

We stand in the ante-chamber of the British King.

Here, in this lofty hall, adorned with trophies from all the world—trophies from plundered Ireland—from ravaged Hindoostan—from down-trodden America—here, under that Red Cross Banner, which like a canopy, reddens over that ceiling; here are gathered a glittering party of noble lords and ladies, anxious to behold a strange scene; the meeting between King George and Duke Washington, that man who yesterday was a rebel, but now having returned to his duty as a loyal subject, is about to be presented to his master.

While all is suspense, two doors at opposite ends of that wide hall, are flung open by gentlemen ushers; one announces "His Majesty!"

And a decrepit man with a vacant eye—a hanging lip—a gouty form, mocked with purple robes, hobbles slowly forth.

That other gentleman in livery announces:—"His Grace, Washington, Duke of Mount Vernon, Viceroy of America!"

And from that door comes a man of magnificent form, high bearing, kingly look. He is clad—oh, shame!—in the scarlet uniform—his breast waving with ribbons and glittering with stars.

And that noble man kneels in the centre of that crowd, kisses the gouty hand of that King. The good-humored idiot murmurs something about forgiving the rebel Washington, because that rebel has become a loyal subject, and brought back a nation to the feet of the British King.

And there kneels Duke Washington, and there stands the Protestant Pope of Britain.

—Had Washington accepted the parchment from General Howe, something like this scene would have been the presentation at Court.

Or change the scene again:

What see you now? Independence Hall transformed into a monarch's reception room, and there, surrounded by his courtiers, the crown on his brow, stands George the First, King of America.

The glitter of arms flashes o'er Independence Square; the huzzas of the

mob burst into the sky; there is joy to-day in Philadelphia—the aristocracy are glad—for George Washington, forsaking the fact of republican truth, has yielded to the wishes of servile friends, yielded to the huzzas of the mob, and while Independence Bell tolls the death of freedom, has taken to himself a crown and a throne.

So, my friends, would one dark page in history have read, had not George Washington been George Washington all his life.

And now let us look for a moment at the other side of the picture.

Suppose instead of the cry uttered by the watchman one night as the State House struck one—"One o'clock and Cornwallis is taken!"—he had shrieked forth—

"One o'clock, and George Washington is taken!"

Then would history have chronicled a scene like this:

One summer day an immense crowd gathered on Tyburn Hill. Yes, that immense crowd spread far along the street, over the house tops, clung to the trees, or darkened over the church steeples. That day London had given forth its livery and its rags—its nobility and its rabble. St. Giles, that foul haunt of pollution, sent its thieves and its beggars—St. James, the home of royalty, sent its princes and its lords, to swell the numbers of this vast crowd which now darkened far and wide over Tyburn Hill.

And in the centre of this wide theatre—whose canopy is yonder blue heaven—whose walls are human faces—there glooms a scaffold covered with drooping folds of black.

There, on that scaffold, stand three persons:—That grim figure, with face muffled in crape, and the axe in his hand, that is the executioner.

There is a block by his side, and around that block is scattered a heap of saw dust.

That saw dust has drunk the blood of men like Algernon Sidney—but to-day will drink the blood of a greater rebel than he!

By the side of that executioner stands another figure in black, not a hangman, but a priest, come to pray for the traitor.

And the third figure?

See, how he towers above priest and hangman, his blue uniform still enrobing his proud figure—a calm resolution still sitting like a glory upon his brow!

Can you tell me the name of this traitor?

Why you must be a stranger in London not to know his story. Why the rabble in the street have it at their tongues' end—and those noble ladies, looking from yonder windows—they shed some tears when they speak it.

That man standing on the scaffold is the great rebel, who was captured at Yorktown—brought home in chains—tried in Parliament—sentenced to death—and to-day he dies.

And now look, the priest approaches; he begs that calm-faced traitor to repent of his treason before he dies,—to be reconciled to his King, the good

King George; to repent of his wicked deeds at Trenton, Monmouth, Germantown, Brandywine, and Valley Forge.

And as the priest doles out his store of set-phrases, look how that noble-looking rebel pushes him aside with a quiet scorn.

Then, with one prayer to God, with one thought of his country, now bleeding in her chains, he kneels—his head on the block.

How awfully still that crowd has become. The executioner draws near. Look! he strips that blue coat from the rebel's shoulders—epaulettes, sword-belt and sword—he tears them all from his manly form. With his vile hands he breaks that sword in twain—for it is a rebel's sword.

Look! he feels the edge of the axe—still that noble rebel, but half dressed, is kneeling there, in the light of the summer sun.

That axe glimmers into light.

Now hold your breath—oh, horror!—it falls.—There is a stream of blood pouring down into the saw dust—there is a human head rolling on the scaffold!

And now look again!

As that vast crowd breathe in gasps, the executioner, with crape over his face, raises the head into light—and while the features yet quiver, while the blood falls pattering down upon the mangled corse—

Hark—do you hear his brutal shout?

"Behold the head of George Washington, the rebel and traitor!"

Thank God! that page was never written in history! And who will dare to say that this picture is too strongly drawn? Ah, my friends, had my Lord Cornwallis been the victor at Yorktown, had the Continental armies been crushed, then these streets would have been too narrow to contain the gibbets erected by the British King.

Ah! those English lords and ladies—these English bards are now too glad to lisp the praises of Washington.

But had the American armies been crushed, then would the head of Washington have been nailed to the door-post of Independence Hall.

And now that you have seen what Washington might have been as the Duke, the Viceroy, the King—or how dark would have been his fate as the rebel, the crushed and convicted traitor—let us look at HIM AS HE IS.

Is. For he is not dead! For he will never die! For he lives—lives at this hour, in a fuller and bolder life than ever.

Where'er there is a hearthstone in our land, there Washington shines its patron saint.

Wherever a mother can teach her child some name, to write in its heart and wear there forever next to the name of the Redeemer, that name is Washington.

Yes, we are like those men who dig in the deep mines of Norway—there in the centre of the earth forever burns one bright undying flame—no one asks who first built the fire—but all know that it has burned for ages—

all, from father to son, make it a holy duty to heap fuel on that fire, and watch it as though it were a god.

The name of Washington is that eternal fire built in every American heart, and burning on when the night is darkest, and blazing brightest when the gloom is most terrible.

So let that altar of flame burn and burn on forever, a living testimonial of that man who too proud to be a Duke, or Viceroy, or King,—struck higher and bolder in his ambition, struck at that place in the American heart second in glory, and only second, be it spoken with awful reverence—to the eternal MAJESTY OF GOD.

VI.—THE HERO WOMAN.

IN the shadows of the Wissahikon woods, not more than half a mile from the Schuylkill, there stood in the time of the Revolution, a quaint old fabric, built of mingled logs and stone, and encircled by a palisaded wall. It had been erected in the earlier days of William Penn,—perhaps some years before the great apostle of peace first trod our shores,—as a block-house, intended for defence against the Indians.

And now it stood with its many roofs, its numerous chimneys, its massive square windows, its varied front of logs and stone, its encircling wall, through which admittance was gained by a large and stoutly-built gate: it stood in the midst of the wood, with age-worn trees enclosing its veteran outline on every side.

From its western window you might obtain a glimpse of the Schuylkill waves, while a large casement in the southern front, commanded a view of the winding road, as it sunk out of view, under the shade of thickly-clustered boughs, into a deep hollow, not more than one hundred yards from the mansion.

Here, from the southern casement, on one of those balmy summer days which look in upon the dreary autumn, toward the close of November, a farmer's daughter was gazing with dilating eyes and half-clasped hands.

Well might she gaze earnestly to the south, and listen with painful intensity for the slightest sound! Her brothers were away with the army of Washington, and her father, a grim old veteran—he stood six feet and three inches in his stockings—who had manifested his love for the red-coat invaders, in many a desperate contest, had that morning left her alone in the old mansion, alone in this small chamber, in charge of some ammunition intended for a band of brave farmers, about to join the hosts of freedom. Even as she stood there, gazing out of the southern window, a faint glimpse of sunlight from the faded leaves above, pouring over her mild face, shaded by clustering brown hair, there, not ten paces from her side, were seven loaded rifles and a keg of powder.

Leaning from the casement, she listened with every nerve quivering with suspense, to the shouts of combatants, the hurried tread of armed men echoing from the south.

There was something very beautiful in that picture! The form of the young girl, framed by the square massive window, the contrast between the rough timbers, that enclosed her, and that rounded face, the lips parting, the hazel eye dilating, and the cheek warming and flushing with hope and fear; there was something very beautiful in that picture, a young girl leaning from the window of an old mansion, with her brown hair waving in glossy masses around her face!

Suddenly the shouts to the south grew nearer, and then, emerging from the deep hollow, there came an old man, running at full speed, yet every few paces, turning round to fire the rifle, which he loaded as he ran. He was pursued by a party of ten or more British soldiers, who came rushing on, their bayonets fixed, as if to strike their victim down, ere he advanced ten paces nearer the house.

On and on the old man came, while his daughter, quivering with suspense, hung leaning from the window;—he reaches the block-house gate—look! He is surrounded, their muskets are levelled at his head; he is down, down at their feet, grappling for his life! But look again!—He dashes his foes aside, with one bold movement he springs through the gate; an instant, and it is locked; the British soldiers, mad with rage, gaze upon the high wall of logs and stone, and vent their anger in drunken curses.

Now look to yonder window! Where the young girl stood a moment ago, quivering with suspense, as she beheld her father struggling for his life, now stands that old man himself, his brow bared, his arm grasping the rifle, while his grey hairs wave back from his wrinkled and blood-dabbled face! That was a fine picture of an old veteran, nerved for his last fight; a stout warrior, preparing for his death-struggle.

Death-struggle? Yes!—for the old man, Isaac Wampole, had dealt too many hard blows among the British soldiers, tricked, foiled, cheated them too often to escape now! A few moments longer, and they would be reinforced by a strong party of refugees; the powder, the arms, in the old block-house, perhaps that daughter herself, was to be their reward. There was scarcely a hope for the old man, and yet he had determined to make a desperate fight.

"We must bluff off these rascals!" he said, with a grim smile, turning to his child. "Now, Bess, my girl, when I fire this rifle, do you hand me another, and so on, until the whole eight shots are fired! That will keep them on the other side of the wall, for a few moments at least, and then we will have to trust to God for the rest!"

Look down there, and see, a hand stealing over the edge of the wall! The old man levels his piece—that British trooper falls back with a crushed hand upon his comrades' heads!

No longer quivering with suspense, but grown suddenly firm, that young girl passes a loaded rifle to the veteran's grasp, and silently awaits the result.

For a moment all is silent below; the British bravoes are somewhat loath to try that wall, when a stout old "Rebel," rifle in hand, is looking from yonder window! There is a pause—low, deep murmurs—they are holding a council!

A moment is gone, and nine heads are thrust above the wall at once—hark! One—two—three!—The old veteran has fired three shots, there are three dying men, grovelling in the yard, beneath the shadow of the wall!

"Quick, Bess, the rifles!'

And the brave girl passes the rifles to her father's grasp; there are four shots, one after the other; three more soldiers fell back, like weights of lead upon the ground, and a single red-coat is seen, slowly mounting to the top of the wall, his eye fixed upon the hall door, which he will force ere a moment is gone!

Now the last ball is fired, the old man stands there, in that second-story window, his hands vainly grasping for another loaded rifle! At this moment, the wounded and dying band below, are joined by a party of some twenty refugees, who, clad in their half-robber uniform, came rushing from the woods, and with one bound are leaping for the summit of the wall!

"Quick, Bess, my rifle!"

And look there—even while the veteran stood looking out upon his foes, the brave girl—for, slender in form, and wildly beautiful in face, she is a brave girl, a Hero-Woman—had managed, as if by instinctive impulse, to load a rifle. She handed it to her father, and then loaded another, and another!—Wasn't that a beautiful sight? A fair young girl, grasping powder and ball, with the ramrod rising and falling in her slender fingers!

Now look down to the wall again! The refugees are clambering over its summit—again that fatal aim—again a horrid cry, and another wounded man toppling down upon his dead and dying comrades!

But now look!—A smoke rises there, a fire blazes up around the wall; they have fired the gate. A moment, and the bolt and the lock will be burnt from its sockets—the passage will be free! Now is the fiery moment of the old man's trial! While his brave daughter loads, he continues to fire, with that deadly aim, but now—oh horror! He falls, he falls, with a musquet ball driven into his breast —— the daughter's outstretched arms receive the father, as with the blood spouting from his wound, he topples back from the window.

Ah, it is a sad and terrible picture!

That old man, writhing there, on the oaken floor, the young daughter bending over him, the light from the window streaming over her face, over her father's grey hairs, while the ancient furniture of the small chamber affords a dim back-ground to the scene!

Now hark!—The sound of axes, at the hall door—shouts—hurrahs—curses!

"We have the old rebel, at last!"

The old man raises his head at that sound; makes an effort to rise; clutches for a rifle, and then falls back again, his eyes glaring, as the fierce pain of that wound quivers through his heart.

Now watch the movements of that daughter. Silently she loads a rifle, silently she rests its barrel against the head of that powder keg, and then, placing her finger on the trigger, stands over her father's form, while the shouts of the enraged soldiers come thundering from the stairs. Yes, they have broken the hall door to fragments, they are in possession of the old block-house, they are rushing toward that chamber, with murder in their hearts, and in their glaring eyes! Had the old man a thousand lives, they were not worth a farthing's purchase now.

Still that girl—grown suddenly white as the 'kerchief round her neck—stands there, trembling from head to foot, the rifle in her hand, its dark tube laid against the powder-keg.

The door is burst open—look there! Stout forms are in the doorway, with musquets in their hands, grim faces stained with blood, glare into the room.

Now, as if her very soul was coined into the words, that young girl with her face pale as ashes, her hazel eye glaring with deathly light, utters this short yet meaning speech—

"Advance one step into the room, and I will fire this rifle into the powder there!"

No oath quivers from the lips of that girl, to confirm her resolution, but there she stands, alone with her wounded father, and yet not a soldier dare cross the threshold! Embrued as they are in deeds of blood, there is something terrible to these men in the simple words of that young girl, who stands there, with the rifle laid against the powder-keg.

They stood as if spell-bound, on the threshold of that chamber!

At last one bolder than the rest, a bravo, whose face is half-concealed in a thick red beard, grasps his musquet, and levels it at the young girl's breast!

"Stand back, or by ——, I will fire!"

Still the girl is firm; the bravo advances a step, and then starts back. The sharp "*click*" of that rifle falls with an unpleasant emphasis upon his ear.

"Bess, I am dying," gasps the old man, faintly extending his arms. "Ha, ha, we foiled the Britishers! Come—daughter—kneel here; kneel and say a prayer for me, and let me feel your warm breath upon my face, for I am getting cold—— O, dark and cold!"

Look!—As those trembling accents fall from the old man's tongue, those fingers unloose their hold of the rifle—already the troopers are secure

of one victim, at least, a young and beautiful girl; for affection for her father, is mastering the heroism of the moment—look! She is about to spring into his arms! But now she sees her danger! again she clutches the rifle; again—although her father's dying accents are in her ears—stands there, prepared to scatter that house in ruins, if a single rough hand assails that veteran form.

There are a few brief terrible moments of suspense. Then a hurried sound, far down the mansion; then a contest on the stairs; then the echo of rifle shot and the light of rifle blaze; then those ruffians in the doorway, fall crushed before the strong arms of Continental soldiers. Then a wild shriek quivers through the room, and that young girl—that Hero-Woman, with one bound, springs forward into her brothers' arms, and nestles there, while her dead father—his form yet warm—lays with fixed eyeballs upon the floor.

VII.—KING GEORGE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

One fine summer afternoon, in the year 1780, King George the Third, of Great Britain, defender of the faith, as well as owner of a string of other titles, as long as a hypocrite's prayer, took a quiet stroll through the dim cloisters of Westminster Abbey.

It does not become me to picture that magnificent House of the Dead, where Royalty sleeps its last slumber, as soundly as though it had never butchered the innocent freeman, or robbed the orphan of her bread, while poor Genius, starved and kicked while living, skulks into some corner, with a marble monument above its tired head.

No! We will leave the description of Westminster Abbey to any one of the ten thousand travellers, who depart from their own country—scarce knowing whether Niagara is in New York or Georgia—and write us home such delightful long letters about Kings and Queens, and other grand folks.

No! All we have to do is to relate a most singular incident, which happened to George the Third, etc., etc., etc.—on this fine summer afternoon, in the year of our Lord, 1780.

Do you see that long, gloomy aisle, walled in on either side by gorgeous tombs, with the fretted roof above, and a mass of red, blue, purple and gold pouring in on the marble pavement, through the discolored window-panes, yonder? Does not the silence of this lonely aisle make you afraid? Do you not feel that the dead are around, about, beneath, above—nay, in the air?

After you have looked well at this aisle, with its splendid tombs, its marble floor, its heavy masses of shade and discolored patches of light, let me ask you to look upon the figure, which, at this moment, turns the corner of yonder monument.

He stands aside from the light, yet you behold every outline of his face

and form. He is clad in a coat of dark purple velvet, faced with gold lace. His breeches are of a pale blue satin; his stockings flesh-colored, and of the finest silk. There is a jewelled garter around his right leg. His white satin vest gleams with a single star. His shoes glitter with diamonds buckles, he carries a richly-faced hat under his right arm. This is a very pretty dress: and I am sure you will excuse me for being so minute, as I have the greatest respect for grand folks.

This man—if it is not blasphemous to call such a great being a *man*—seems prematurely old. His face does not strike you with its majesty; for his forehead is low, the pale blue eyes bulge out from their sockets, the lower lip hangs down upon the chin. Indeed, if this man was not so great a being, you would call him an IDIOT.

This, in fact, is George the Third, King of Great Britain, Ireland and France; and owner of a string of other titles, who rules by divine right.

As he stands near yonder monument, a woman—dressed in faded black—starts from behind that big piece of sculptured marble, on which "MERCY" appears, in the act of bending from the skies, and flings herself at the feet of the King.

"Mercy!" she cries, with uplifted hands.

"What—what—what?" stammers the good King. "What's all this?"

"My son committed robbery, some two months ago. He robbed on the highway to give me bread. I was sick—famished—dying. He has been condemned to death, and to-morrow he dies. Mercy for the widow's son?"

"What—what—what? Eh? What's this? How much did he steal?"

"Only ten shillings! Only ten shillings! For the love of God, mercy?"

The good King looked upon the wan face and pleading eyes of that poor woman, and said, hurriedly—

"I cannot pardon your son. If I pardon the thief, I may as well pardon the forger and murderer.—There—go, good woman: I can do nothing for you."

The good King turned away, leaving the insensible form of the widow stretched out upon the marble floor. He would have pardoned her boy, but there were some two or three hundred crimes punishable with death, from the petty offence of killing a man up to the enormous blasphemy of shooting a rabbit on a rich man's estate. Therefore, King George could not pardon one of these crimes, for, do you mark, the hangman once put down, there is an end of all law.

The King, I like to call grand people by their titles, the good King—I also like to call him good, because, do you see, the Archbishop of Canterbury called him so, in his sermon, every Sunday morning—the good King turned away, leaving the poor widow insensible on the floor.

This little incident had somewhat excited him, so he sank down upon the corner of a marble slab, and bent his head upon his hand, and began to think.

All at once, he felt seized by invisible hands, and borne, with the speed

of light, through the air and over a long sweep of ocean waves. His journey was but for a moment, yet, it seemed to him, that he had traversed thousands of miles. When he opened his eyes again, he found himself standing by a road-side, opposite a beautiful little cottage, which, with a garden in front, smiled upon the view from a grove of orchard trees. A young woman with a little boy by her side and a baby in her arms, stood in the cottage door.

The King could not admire that cottage too much, with its trees and flowers, and, as for that rosy-cheeked woman, in the linsey gown, he was forced to admit to himself that he had never seen anything half so beautiful, even in the *Royal* family.

While the King was looking upon the young woman and her children, he heard a strange noise, and, turning his head, he beheld a man in a plain farmer's coat, with a gun in his hand, tottering up the highway. His face was very pale, and as he walked tremblingly along, the blood fell, drop by drop, from a wound near his heart, upon the highway dust.

The man stumbled along, reached the garden gate, and sprang forward, with a bound, towards the young woman and her children.

"Husband!" shrieked the young woman.

"Father!" cried the little boy.

Even the baby lifted its little hands, and greeted in its infant tones that wounded man.

Yet the poor farmer lay there at the feet of his wife, bleeding slowly to death. The young woman knelt by his side, kissing him on the forehead, and placing her hand over the wound, as if to stop the blood, but it was in vain. The red current started from his mouth.

The good King lifted his eyes. The groans of the dying man, the shrieks of the wife, the screams of the little children, sounded like voices from the dead. At last his feelings overcome him—

"Who," he shouted, "who has done this murder?"

As he spoke—as if in answer to his question—a stout, muscular man came running along the road, in the very path lately stained with the blood of the wounded man. He was dressed in a red coat, and in his right hand he grasped a musquet, with a bayonet dripping blood.

"I killed that fellow," he said in a rude tone, "and what have you got to say to it?"

"Did he ever harm you?" said the King.

"No—I never saw him before this hour!"

"Then why did you kill him?"

"I killed him for eight-pence," said the man, with a brutal sneer.

The good King raised his hands in horror, and called on his God to pity the wretch!

"Killed a man for eight-pence! Ah, you wretch! Don't you hear the groans of his wife?—the screams of his children?"

"Why, that hain't nothin'," said the man in the red coat. "I've killed

many a one to-day, beside him. I'm quite used to it, though burnin' 'em alive in their houses is much better fun."

The King now foamed with righteous scorn.

'Wretch!" he screamed, "where is your master, this devil in human shape, who gives you eight-pence for killing an innocent man?"

"Oh, he's a good ways over the water," said the man. "His name is GEORGE THE THIRD. He's my King. He——"

The good King groaned.

"Why—why," said he, slowly, "I must be in America. That dying man must be a—Rebel. You must be one of my soldiers——"

"Yes," said the man in the red coat, with a brutal grin; "you took me out o' Newgate, and put this pretty dress on my back. That man whom I killed was a farmer: he sometimes killed sheep for a dollar a day. I'm not quite so well off as him, for I kill men, and only get eight-pence a day. I say, old gentleman, couldn't you raise my wages?"

But the King did not behold the brute any longer. He only saw that the young woman and her children, kneeling around the body of the dead man.

Suddenly those invisible hands again grasped his Royal person, and bore him through the air.

When he again opened his eyes, he beheld a wide lawn, extending in the light of the December moon. That lawn was white with snow. From its centre arose an old-time mansion, with grotesque ornaments about its roof, a hall door defended by pillars, and steps of stone, surmounted by two lions in marble. All around the mansion, like sentinels on their midnight watch, stood scattered trees, their bare limbs rising clearly and distinctly into the midnight sky.

While the King was wrapped in wonder at the sight—behold! A band of women, a long and solemn train, came walking over the lawn, their long black gowns trailing in the winter snow.

It was a terrible sight to see those wan faces, upturned to the cold moon, but oh! the chaunt they sung, those spectral women, as they slowly wound around the lawn: it chilled the King's blood.

For that chaunt implored Almighty God to curse King George of England for the murder of their husbands—fathers—brothers!

Then came a band of little children, walking two by two, and raising their tiny hands in the light of the moon. They also rent the air with a low, deep chaunt, sung in their infantile tones.

George, the King, listened to that chaunt with freezing blood, with trembling limbs. He knew not why, but he joined in that song in spite of himself, he sung their hymn of woe.

"George of England, we curse thee in the sight of God, for the murder of our fathers! We curse thee with the orphan's curse!"

This was their chaunt. No other words they sung. But this simple hymn they sung again and again, raising their little hands to God.

"Oh, this is hard!" shrieked King George. "I could bear the curse of warriors—nay, even the curse of the Priest at the Altar! But to be cursed by widows—to be cursed by little children—ah——"

The good King fell on his knees.

"Where am I!" he shrieked—"and who are these?"

A voice from the still winter air answered—

"*You are on the battle-field. These are the widows and orphans of the dead of Germantown.*"

"But did I murder their fathers? Their husbands?"

The voice replied—

"You did! Too cowardly or too weak to kill them with your own hand, you hired your starving peasants, your condemned felons to do it for you!"

The King grovelled in the snow and beat his head against the frozen ground. He felt that he was a murderer: he could feel the brand of Cain blistering upon his brow.

Again he was taken up—again borne through the air.

Where was he now? He looked around, and by the light of that December moon, struggling among thick clouds, he beheld a scattered village of huts, extending along wintry hills. The cold wind cut his cheek and froze his blood

An object at his feet arrested his eye. He stooped down: examined it with a shudder. It was a man's footsteps, printed in blood.

The King was chilled to the heart by the cold; stupified with horror at the sight of this strange footstep. He said to himself, I will hasten to yonder hut; I will escape from the wind and cold, and the sight of that horrid footstep.

He started toward the village of huts, but all around him those bloody footsteps in the snow seemed to gather and increase at every inch of his way.

At last he reached the first hut, a rude structure of logs and mud. He looked in the door, and beheld a naked man, worn to a skeleton, stretched prostrate on a heap of straw.

"Ho! my friend," said the King, as though a voice spoke in him, without his will, "why do you lie here, freezing to death, when my General, Sir William Howe, at Philadelphia yonder, will give you such fine clothes and rich food?"

The freezing man looked up, and muttered a few brief words, and then fell back—dead!

"Washington is here!" was all he said, ere he died.

In another hut, in search of shelter, peeped the cold and hungry King. A rude fellow sate warming his hands by a miserable fire, over which an

old kettle was suspended. His face was lean and his cheeks hollow, nay, the hands which he held out towards the light, looked like the hands of a skeleton.

"Ho! my friend—what cheer?" said the King. "I am hungry—have you any thing to eat?"

"Not much of any account," replied the rude fellow; "yesterday I eat the last of my dog, and to-day I'm goin' to dine on these mocassins: don't you hear 'em bilin'?"

"But," said the King, "there's fine living at Philadelphia, in the camp of Sir William. Why do you stay here to starve?"

"Was you ever to school?" said the starved Rebel. "Do you know how to spell L-I-B-E-R-T-Y?"

The good King passed on. In the next hut lay a poor wretch dying of that loathsome plague—small-pox.

"Come," said the King, or rather the voice in him spoke, "away to Philadelphia!"

"These hills are free!" cried the poor wretch, lifting his loathsome face into light; then, without a moan, he laid down to his fever and starvation again.

At last, his Royal brain confounded by the words of these strange men the King entered a two-story stone house, which arose in the glen, between the hills, near the brink of a dark river. Slowly entered the King, attracted by the sound of a voice at prayer along a dark passage, into a small chamber, in which a light was burning.

A man of noble visage was on his knees, praying to God in earnest tones—

"We will endure disease, starvation, death, but, in thy name, oh, God! we will never give up our arms! The tyrant, with murder in his heart, may darken our plains with his hirelings, possess our cities, but still we thank thee, oh, God! that the mountains are free, that where the panther howls, we may yet find a home for the brave.

"Hold, hold!" shouted the voice within the King, as the terror-stricken Monarch rushed into the room. "Washington do not pray against me! I can bear to be called a murderer—a butcher of orphans, but that you—you, so calm amid starvation, nakedness, disease—you whom I thought hunted long ago, like a wolf before the hounds—that you should call God's vengeance on my head—that I cannot bear! Washington, do not pray against me!"

And he flung himself at the feet of the Hunted Rebel, and besought his mercy with trembling hands, extended in a gesture of supplication.

"It was I that butchered your farmers! It was I that tore the husband from the wife, the father from his child! It was I that drove these freemen to the huts of Valley Forge, where they endure the want of bread, fire, the freezing cold, the loathsome small-pox, rather than take my gold—it was I!

Rebel I am at your feet! Have mercy! I, George by the Grace of God, Defender of the Faith, Head of the Church, fling myself at your feet, and beg your pity! For I am a murderer—the murderer of thousands and tens of thousands!"

He started tremblingly forward, but in the action, that room, that solemn face and warrior form of the Rebel, passed away.

George the King awoke: he had been dreaming. He woke with the cold sweat on his brow; a tremor like the ague upon his limbs.

The sun was setting, and his red light streamed in one gaudy blaze through yonder stained window.—All was terribly still in Westminster Abbey.

The King arose, he rushed along the aisles, seeking with starting eyes for the form of the poor widow. At last he beheld her, shrouded in her faded garments, leaning for support against a marble figure of Mercy.

The King rushed to her, with outspread hands.

"Woman, woman!" he shrieked, "I pardon your son!"

He said nothing more, he did not even wait to receive her blessings, but rushing with trembling steps toward the door, he seized the withered old Porter, who waited there, by the hand

"Do you see it in my face?" he whispered—"don't you see the brand —MURDER—here?"

He sadly laid his hand against his forehead, and passed through the door, on his way.

"The poor King's gone mad!" said the old Porter. "God bless his Majesty!"

In front of that dim old Abbey, with its outlines of grandeur and gloom, waited the Royal carriage, environed by guards. Two men advanced to meet the King—one clad in the attire of a nobleman, with a heavy face and dull eye; and the other in the garb of a Prelate, with mild blue eyes and snow-white hair.

"I hope your Majesty's prayers, for the defeat of the Rebels, will be smiled upon by Heaven!"

Thus with a smile and gently-waving hand, spoke my Lord, the Archbishop of Canterbury.

"O, by Christmas next, we'll have this Washington brought home in chains!"

Thus with a gruff chuckle spoke my Lord North, Prime Minister of England.

The good King looked at them both with a silly smile, and then pressed his finger against his forehead.

"What—what—what? Do you see it here? Do, you see it? It burns! Eh? MURDERER!"

With that silly smile the King leaped in the carriage. Hurrah! How

the mob shouted—how the swords of the guards gleamed on high—how gaily the chariot wheels dashed along the streets—hurrah!

Let us swell the shout, but—

That night a rumor crept through all London, that KING GEORGE WAS MAD AGAIN!

VIII.—VALLEY FORGE.

HIDDEN away there in a deep glen, not many miles from Valley Forge, a quaint old farm house rose darkly over a wide waste of snow.

It was a cold dark winter night, and the snow began to fall—when from the broad fireplace of the old farm house, the cheerful blaze of massive logs flashed around a wide and spacious room.

Two persons sat there by that fire, a father and child. The father, who sits yonder, with a soldier's belt thrown over his farmer's dress, is a man of some fifty years, his eyes bloodshot, his hair changed to an untimely grey, his face wrinkled and hallowed by care, and by dissipation more than care.

And the daughter who sits in the full light of the blaze opposite her father—a slenderly formed girl of some seventeen years, clad in the coarse linsey skirt and kerchief, which made up the costume of a farmer's daughter, in the days of the Revolution.

She is not beautiful—ah, no!

Care—perhaps that disease, consumption, which makes the heart grow cold to name—has been busy with that young face, sharpened its outlines, and stamped it with a deathly paleness.

There is no bloom on that young cheek. The brown hair is laid plainly aside from her pale brow. Then tell me, what is it you see, when you gaze in her face?

You look at that young girl, you see nothing but the gleam of two large dark eyes, that burn into your soul.

Yes, those eyes are unnaturally large and dark and bright—perhaps consumption is feeding their flame.

And now as the father sits there, so moody and sullen, as the daughter sits yonder, so sad and silent and pale, tell me, I pray you, the story of their lives.

That farmer, Jacob Manheim, was a peaceful, a happy man, before the Revolution. Since the war, he has become drunken and idle—driven his wife broken-hearted to the grave—and worse than all, joined a band of Tory refugees, who scour the land as dead of night, burning and murdering as they go.

To-night, at the hour of two, this Tory band will lie in wait, in a neighboring pass, to attack and murder the "*Rebel*" Washington, whose starving soldiers are yonder in the huts of Valley Forge.

Washington on his lonely journeys is wont to pass this farm house;—

the cut-throats are there in the next chamber, drinking and feasting, as they wait for two o clock at night.

And the daughter, Mary—for her name was Mary; they loved that name in the good old times—what is the story of her brief young life?

She had been reared by her mother, now dead and *gone home*, to revere this man Washington, who to-night will be attacked and murdered—to revere him next to God. Nay, more: that mother on her death-bed joined the hands of this daughter, in solemn betrothal with the hands of a young partisan leader, Harry Williams, who now shares the crust and the cold of Valley Forge.

Well may that maiden's eye flash with unnatural brightness, well may her pale face gather a single burning flush, in the centre of each cheek!

For yesterday afternoon, she went four miles, over roads of ice and snow, to tell Captain Williams the plot of the refugees. She did not reach Valley Forge until Washington had left on one of his lonely journeys; so this night, at twelve, the partizan captain will occupy the rocks above the neighboring pass, to "trap the trappers" of George Washington.

Yes, that pale slender girl, remembering the words of her dying mother, had broken through her obedience to her father, after a long and bitter struggle. How dark that struggle in a faithful daughter's heart! She had betrayed his plots to his enemies—stipulating first for the life, the safety of her traitor-father.

And now as father and child are sitting there, as the shouts of the Tory refugees echo from the next chamber—as the hand of the old clock is on the hour of eleven—hark! There is the sound of horses' hoofs without the farm house—there is a pause—the door opens—a tall stranger, wrapped in a thick cloak, white with snow, enters, advances to the fire, and in brief words solicits some refreshment and an hour's repose.

Why does the Tory Manheim start aghast at the sight of that stranger's blue and gold uniform—then mumbling something to his daughter about "getting food for the traveller," rush wildly into the next room, where his brother Tories are feasting?

Tell me, why does that young girl stand trembling before the tall stranger, veiling her eyes from that calm face, with its blue eye and kindly smile?

Ah—if we may believe the legends of that time, few men, few warriors, who dared the terror of battle with a smile, could stand unabashed before the solemn presence of Washington.

For it was Washington, exhausted, with a long journey—his limbs stiffened and his face numbed with cold—it was the great "Rebel" of Valley Forge, who returning to camp sooner than his usual hour, was forced by the storm to take refuge in the farmer's house, and claim a little food and an hour's repose at his hands.

In a few moments, behold the Soldier, with his cloak thrown off, sitting

at that oaken table, partaking of the food, spread out there by the hands of the girl, who now stands trembling at his shoulder.

And look! Her hand is extended as if to grasp him by the arm—her lips move as if to warn him of his danger, but make no sound. Why all this silent agony for the man who sits so calmly there?

One moment ago, as the girl, in preparing the hasty supper, opened yonder closet door, adjoining the next room, she heard the low whispers of her father and the Tories; *she heard the dice box rattle, as they were casting lots, who should stab George Washington in his sleep!*

And now, the words: "*Beware, or this night you die!*" trembles half-formed upon her lips, when the father comes hastily from that room and hushes her with a look.

"Show the gentleman to his chamber, Mary!"—(how calmly polite a murderer can be!)—"that chamber at the head of the stairs, on the *left*. On the left, you mind!"

Mary takes the light, trembling and pale. She leads the soldier up the oaken stairs. They stand on the landing, in this wing of the farm-house, composed of two rooms, divided by thick walls from the main body of the mansion. On one side, the *right*, is the door of Mary's chamber; on the other, the *left*, the chamber of the soldier—to him a chamber of death.

For a moment, Mary stands there trembling and confused. Washington gazes upon that pale girl with a look of surprise. Look! She is about to warn him of his danger, when, see there!—her father's rough face appears above the head of the stairs.

"Mary, show the gentleman into the chamber on the left. And look ye, girl—it's late—you'd better go into your own room and go to sleep."

While the Tory watches them from the head of the stairs, Washington enters the chamber on the left, Mary the chamber on the right.

An hour passes. Still the storm beats on the roof—still the snow drifts on the hills. Before the fire, in the dim old hall of that farm-house, are seven half-drunken men, with that tall Tory, Jacob Manheim, sitting in their midst; the murderer's knife in his hand. For the lot had fallen upon him. He is to go up stairs and stab the sleeping man.

Even this half-drunken murderer is pale at the thought—how the knife trembles in his hand—trembles against the pistol barrel. The jeers of his comrades rouse him to the work,—the light in one hand, the knife in the other, he goes up the stairs—he listens!—first at the door of his daughter's chamber on the right, then at the door of the soldier's chamber on the left. All is still. Then he places the light on the floor—he enters the chamber on the left—he is gone a moment—silence!—there is a faint groan! He comes forth again, rushes down the stairs, and stands there before the fire, with the bloody knife in his hand.

"Look!" he shrieks, as he scatters the red drops over his comrades'

faces, over the hearth, into the fire—"Look! it is his blood—the traitor Washington!"

His comrades gather round him with yells of joy: already, in fancy, they count the gold which will be paid for this deed, when lo! that stair door opens, and there, without a wound, without even the stain of a drop of blood, stands George Washington, asking calmly for his horse.

"What!" shrieked the Tory Manheim, "can neither steel nor bullet harm you? Are you a living man? Is there no wound about your heart? no blood upon your uniform?"

That apparition drives him mad. He starts forward—he places his hands tremblingly upon the arms, upon the breast of Washington! Still no wound. Then he looks at the bloody knife, still clutched in his right hand, and stands there quivering as with a death spasm.

While Washington looks on in silent wonder, the door is flung open, the bold troopers from Valley Forge throng the room, with the gallant form and bronzed visage of Captain Williams in their midst. At this moment the clock struck twelve. Then a horrid thought crashes like a thunderbolt upon the brain of the Tory Manheim. He seizes the light—rushes up stairs—rushes into the room of his daughter on the right. Some one had just risen from the bed, but the chamber was vacant. Then towards that room on the left, with steps of leaden heaviness.—Look! how the light quivers in his hand! He pauses at the door; he listens! Not a sound—a stillness like the grave. His blood curdles in his veins! Gathering courage, he pushes open the door. He enters. Towards that bed through whose curtains he struck so blindly a moment ago! Again he pauses—not a sound—a stillness more terrible than the grave. He flings aside the curtains—

There, in the full light of the lamp, her young form but half covered, bathed in her own blood—there lay his daughter, Mary!

Ah, do not look upon the face of the father, as he starts silently back, frozen to stone; but in this pause of horror listen to the mystery of this deed!

After her father had gone down stairs, an hour ago, Mary silently stole from the chamber on the right. Her soul shaken by a thousand fears, she opened the door on the left, and beheld Washington sitting by a table on which were spread a chart and a Bible. Then, though her existence was wound up in the act, she asked him, in a tone of calm politeness to take the chamber on the opposite side. Mary entered the chamber which he left.

Can you imagine the agony of that girl's soul, as lying on the bed intended for the death-couch of Washington, she silently awaited the knife, although that knife might be clenched in a father's hand.

And now that father, frozen to stone, stood there, holding the light in one hand, the other still clutching the red knife.

There lay his child, the blood streaming from that wound in her arm—her eyes covered with a glassy film.

"Mary!" shrieked the guilty father—for robber and Tory as he was, he was still a father. "Mary!" he called to her, but that word was all he could say.

Suddenly, she seemed to wake from that stupor. She sat up in the bed with her glassy eyes. The strong hand of death was upon her. As she sat there, erect and ghastly, the room was thronged with soldiers. Her lover rushed forward, and called her by name. No answer. Called again—spoke to her in the familiar tones of olden time—still no answer. She knew him not.

Yes, it was true—the strong hand of death was upon her.

"Has *he* escaped?" she said, in that husky voice.

"Yes!" shrieked the father. "Live, Mary, only live, and to-morrow I will join the camp at Valley Forge."

Then that girl—that Hero-Woman—dying as she was, not so much from the wound in her arm, as from the deep agony which had broken the last chord of life, spread forth her arms, as though she beheld a form floating there above her bed, beckoning her away. She spread forth her arms as if to enclose that Angel form.

"Mother!" she whispered—while there grouped the soldiers—there, with a speechless agony on his brow stood the lover—there, hiding his face with one hand, while the other grasped the light crouched the father—that light flashing over the dark bed, with the white form in its centre—"Mother, thank God! For with my life I have saved him ——"

Look, even as starting up on that bloody couch, she speaks the half-formed word, her arms stiffen, her eyes wide open, set in death, glare in her father's face!

She is dead! From that dark room her spirit has gone home!

That half-formed word, still quivering on the white lips of the Hero-Woman—that word uttered in a husky whisper, choked by the death-rattle—that word was—"WASHINGTON!"*

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* Will you pardon me, reader, that I have made the Propheteess of Wissahikon, relate various Legends, which do not directly spring from her own soil? The legends of Valley Forge, King George, the Mansion on the Schuylkill, with others included under the general head of "Wissahikon," do not, it is true, relate especially to the soil of this romantic dell, but they are impregnated with the same spirit, which distinguishes her traditions, and illustrate and develope the idea of the previous sketches. I have taken Wissahikon, as the centre of a circle of old-time Romance, whose circumference is described by the storied ground of Paoli, the hills of Valley Forge, the fields of Germantown.—They were written on the banks of the Wissahikon, with her wild scenery before the author's eye, the music of her stream in his ears. It has been his object, to embody in every line, that spirit of mingled light and shade, which is stamped on every rock and tree of the Wissahikon.

IX.—THE MANSION ON THE SCHUYLKILL.

Gliding one summer day over the smooth bosom of the Schuylkill, with the white sail of my boat, swelling with the same breeze that ruffled the pines of Laurel Hill, I slowly emerged from the shadow of an old bridge, and all at once, a prospect of singular beauty lay before me, in the beams of the setting sun.

A fine old mansion crowned the summit of a green hill, which arose on the eastern shore, its grassy breast bared to the sunset glow. A fine old mansion of dark grey stone, with its white pillars looking out from among green trees. From the grassy bosom of the hill, many a white statue arose, many a fountain dashed its glittering drops into light. There was an air of old-time elegance and ease about that mansion, with its green lawn sloping gently down—almost to the river's brink, its encircling grove of magnificent trees, its statues and fountains. It broke on your eye, as you emerged from the arches of the old bridge, like a picture from Italy.

Yet from the porch of that old-time mansion, a fairer view bursts upon your eye. The arches of the bridges—one spanning the river in all the paint and show of modern fancy, the other gloomy as night and the grave—the sombre shades of Laurel Hill, hallowed by the white tombs of the dead, with the Gothic Chapel rising among dark green trees—the Schuylkill, extending far beyond bridge and Cemetry, its broad bosom enclosed on every side by hills and trees, resting like some mountain lake in the last glow of the setting sun—a fairer view does not bless the traveller's eye from the Aroostook to the Rio Grande.

There is a freshness in the verdure—a beauty in that still sheet of water, a grandeur in yonder sombre pines, waving above the rocks of Laurel Hill—a rural magnificence in the opposite shore of the river, rising in one massive hill, green with woods and gay with cottage and mansion,—a beauty, a grandeur, a magnificence that at once marks the Falls of Schuylkill with an ever-renewing novelty, an unfading charm.

The view is beautiful in the morning, when the pillars of the bridge, fling their heavy shadows over the water; when the tree tops of Laurel Hill, undulate to the breeze in masses of green and gold, while the Schuylkill rests in the shade.

Beautiful at noon, when from the thick foliage on the opposite shore, half-way up the massive hill, arises the blue smoke of the hidden "God of Steam," winding slowly upward to the cloudless sky.

Beautiful at twilight, when flashes of purple and gold change the view every moment, and impart a gorgeous beauty, which does not cease when the spires of Laurel Hill glow in the first beam of the uprising moon.

Ah, night, deep and solemn—the great vault above—below, and around,

the river glistening in the moonbeam, the bridges one mingled mass of light and darkness—Laurel Hill a home for the dead in truth, with its white monuments glaring fitfully into light, between the branches of the trees. There is a sad and solemn beauty, resting on this scene at night.

It was at night, that a Legend of this old-time mansion, rushed upon my soul.

I stood on the porch; and the bridge, the Cemetry melted all at once away. I was with the past—back sixty years and more, into the dim arcades of time. Nor bridge, nor cemetry were there, but in place of the cemetry, one sombre mass of wild wood; where the bridge now spans the river, a water-fall dashed and howled among rugged rocks. No blue smoke of steam engine, then wound up from the green trees. A man who would have dreamed of such a thing, would have been imprisoned as a madman.

Yet a strange wild beauty, rested upon this mansion, this river, these hills in the days of the Revolution. A beauty that was born of luxuriant forests, a river dashing tumultuously over its bed of rocks, hills lifting their colossal forms into the sky. A beauty whose fields and flowers were not crushed by the Juggernaut, "Improvement;" whose river all untramelled, went singing on its way until it kissed the Delaware.

It was a night in the olden-time, when Washington held the huts and hills of Valley Forge, while Sir William Howe enjoyed the balls and banquets of Philadelphia.

A solitary light burned in the mansion—a tall, formal wax candle—casting its rays around a quaint old fashioned room. A quaint, old fashioned room, not so much remarkable for its dimensions, as for the air of honest comfort, which hung about the high-backed mahogany chairs, the oaken wainscot, the antique desk, standing in one corner; a look of honest comfort which glowed brightly from the spacious fire-place, where portly logs of hickory sent up their mingled smoke and flame.

In front of that fire were three persons, whose attitude and gestures presented a strange, an effective picture. On the right, in a spacious arm-chair, lined with cushions, sat a man of some seventy years, his spare form wrapped in a silk dressing gown, his grey hair waving over his prominent brow to his shoulders, while his blue eyes, far sunken in their sockets, lighted up a wan and withered face.

At his feet, knelt a beautiful woman, whose form swelling with the full outlines of mature womanhood, was enveloped in a flowing habit of easy folds and snow-white hue. Around that face, glowing with red on the cheek and lip, and marble-white on the brow, locks of golden hair fell in soft undulations, until they floated around the neck and bosom. Her blue eyes—beaming with all a woman's love for a trembling old man, that man her father—were fixed upon his face with a silent anxiety and tenderness.

The old man's gaze was rivetted to the countenance of the third figure in this scene, who sat opposite, on the left side of the fire.

A man of some fifty years, with strongly marked features, thick grey eye-brows, hooked nose like an eagle's beak, thin lips and prominent chin. His head was closely enveloped in a black silk cap, which concealing his hair, threw his wrinkled forehead boldly into the light. A gown or tunic of faded dark velvet, fell from his shoulders to his knees. His head was bent down, while his eyes rested upon the uncouth print of an old volume, which lay open across his knees.

That volume was intituled—"Y^e^ LASTE SECRET OF CORNELIUS AGRIPPA, *now first translated into English. Anno. Dom.* 1516.

The man who perused its pages, was none other than the "ASTROLOGER" or "CONJURER" who at this time of witchcraft and superstition, held a wonderful influence over the minds of the people, in all the country, about Philadelphia.

He had been summoned hither to decide a strange question. Many years ago, while dwelling in the backwoods of Pennsylvania, with his young wife, Gerald Morton—so the old man of seventy was named—had been deprived of his only son, a boy of four years, by some unaccountable accident. The child had suddenly disappeared. Years passed—a daughter was born—the wife died, but no tidings reached the father's ears of his lost son.

To night a strange infatuation had taken possession of his brain.

His son was living! He was assured of this, by a voice that whispered to his soul.

He was doomed to die, ere morning dawned. Ere he gave up the Ghost, he wished to learn something of his child, and so—with a superstition shared by the intelligent as well as the illiterate of that time—he had summoned the Astrologer.

"The child was born before midnight January 12, 1740?" said the Astrologer. "Four years from the night of his birth, he disappeared?"

The old man bowed his head in assent.

"I have cast his Horoscope," said the Astrologer. "By this paper, I know that your son lives, for it threatens his life, with three eras of danger. The first, Jan. 12, 1744. The second, Jan. 12, 1778. The third—*a date unknown*—"

"He is in danger, then to night," said Mr. Morton; "For to night is the Twelfth of January, 1778?"

The Astrologer rose and placed a chafing dish on the carpet, near the antique desk, which was surmounted by an oval mirror. Scattering spices and various unknown compounds upon the dish, the Astrologer applied a light, and in a moment, one portion of the room, was enveloped in rolling clouds of fragrant smoke.

"Now Amable," said he, in a meaning tone, "This charm can be tried

by a pure virgin and by her alone. Would'st thou see thy brother, at this moment? Enter this smoke and look within the mirror: thou shalt behold him!"

A deep silence prevailed. Gerald Morton leaned forward with parted lips. Amable arose; clasping her hands across her bosom, she passed toward the mirror, and her form was lost in the fragrant smoke.

A strange smile passed over the Astrologer's face. Was it of scorn or malice, or merely an expression of no meaning?

"What dost thou see?"

A tremulous voice, from the bosom of the smoke-cloud, gave answer.

"A river! A rock! A mansion!"

"Look again—what seest thou now?"

The old man half-rose from his arm-chair. That strange smile deepened over the Astrologer's face.

A moment passed—no answer!

All was still as the grave.

Amable did not answer, for the sight which she beheld, took from her, for a moment, the power of utterance. She beheld her father's mansion, rising above the Schuylkill, the river and the rocks of Laurel Hill white with snow. The silver moon from a clear cold sky shone over all. Along the ascent to the mansion, came a man of strange costume, with a dark eye and bold countenance. A voice whispered—this is your brother, maiden.

This vision, spreading before, in the smoke-darkened glass, filled the maiden with wonder with awe.

Was it a trick of the Conjurer's art? Or did some Angel of God, lift the veil of flesh, from that pure woman's eyes, enabling her to beheld a sight denied to mortal vision? Did some strange impulse of that angel-like instinct, which in woman, supplies the place of man's boasted, reason, warn Amable of approaching danger?

The sequel of the legend will tell us.

Still the old man, starting from his seat, awaited an answer.

At last the maiden's voice was heard—

"I behold——" she began, but her voice was broken by a shriek.

There was the sound of a hurried struggle, a shriek, a confused tread. In a moment from the clouds of smoke, appeared a man of some thirty years, whose muscular form was clad in the scarlet uniform of a British officer. One arm held Amable by the waist, while the other wound around her neck.

The old man started aghast from his seat. That face, swollen with debauchery, those disclosed eyeballs starting from the purple lids, those lips, stamped with a brutal smile—he knew it well, and knew that it was not the face of his son.

He beheld him, Captain Marcham, a bravo who had persecuted Amable with his addresses and been repulsed with scorn.

He stood there, his laugh of derision, ringing through the chamber, while

Amable looked up in his brutal face, with a terror that hushed her breath.

The Astrologer stood near the hearth, the strange smile which had crossed his face, once or twice before, now deepening into a sneering laugh. One hand, placed within his breast, fondled the heavy purse which he had received for his treachery from the British Captain. He had despatched his servants from the mansion on various errands, left the hall-door unclosed so as to afford secure entrance to the Captain and his bravoes. Amable was lost.

In a moment Gerald Morton, instinctively became aware that his child was in the bravo's power.

"Spare my girl," he said, in a quivering voice. "She never harmed you!"

"O, I will spare the lovely lass," sneered Marcham, "Trust me for that! Old man you need not fear! You old rebels with pretty daughters, should not make your country mansions places of rendezvous for rebels and traitors. Indeed you should'nt. That is, if you wish to keep your pretty girls safe."

"When was my house a rendezvous for a rebel or a traitor?" said the old man, rising with a trembling dignity.

"Have you not given aid, succor, money, provisions, to those rebels who now skulk somewhere about in the fields of White Marsh? Did not the rebel officers meet here for council, not more than a month ago? Has not Mister Washington himself rested here, and received information at your hands? Old man—to be plain with you—Sir William thinks the air of Walnut Street gaol would benefit your health. I am commanded to arrest you as a—SPY!"

The old man buried his face in his white hands.

"There is a way, however," said the Captain, leering at Amable, "Let me marry this pretty girl, and—*presto vesto*! The order for your arrest will disappear!"

With a sudden bound Amable sprang from his arms, and sank crouching near the hearth, her blue eyes fixed on her father, with a look of speechless agony.

The danger, in all its terrible details stared her in the face. On one side, dishonor or the pollution of that coward's embrace—on the other, death to her father by the fever and confinement of Walnut Street gaol.

It is very pretty now-a-days for certain perfumed writers and orators, to prate about the magnanimity of Britain, but could the victims who were murdered within the walls of the old Gaol by British power, rise some fine moonlight night, they would form a ghastly band of witnesses, extending from the prison gate to the doors of Independence Hall.

The old man, Amable, the bravo and Astrologer, all felt the importance of this truth: BRITISH POWER, *means cruelty to the fallen, murder to the unarmed brave.* They all remembered, that Paoli was yet red with the

blood of massacre, while Walnut Street goal, every morning sent its disfigured dead to Potter's field.

Therefore the old man buried his face in his hands, therefore Amable terrified to the heart, sank crouching by the fireplace, while the bravo looked with his brutal sneer, upon both father and child.

"Come girl—no trifling," exclaimed Marcham, as he approached the crouching maiden. "You must go with me, or your good father rests in gaol before daybreak. Take your choice my pretty lass?"

The father raised his face from his hands. He was lividly pale, yet his blue eyes shone with unusual light. His lip quivered, while his teeth, closely clenched, gave a wild and unearthly aspect to his countenance.

All hope was over!

The intellect of the old man was, for a moment, threatened with ruin, utter and withering, as the dark consciousness of his helplessness pressed like lead upon his brain.

At this moment a footstep was heard, and lo! A man of singular costume came through the feathery clouds of smoke, and stood between the bravo and the father.

A man of almost giant height, with a war-blanket folded over his breast, a wampum belt about his waist, glittering with tomahawk and knife, while his folded arms enclosed a rifle.

The aquiline nose, the bold brow, the head destitute of hair, with a single plume rising from the crown, the eagle-nose and clear full eye—there was quiet majesty in the stranger's look. He was an Indian, yet his skin was bronzed, not copper-colored; his eye was sharp and piercing, yet blue as a summer sky.

For a moment he surveyed the scene. The Captain shrank back from his gaze. The old man felt a sudden hope dawning over his soul. The young woman looked up, and gazed upon the Indian's stern visage without a fear.

There was a pause like the silence of the grave.

At last advancing a step, the Indian handed a paper to Gerald Morton. He spoke, not in the forest-tongue, but in clear bold English, with a deep, gutteral accent.

"The American Chief sends this to his father. He bade me deliver it, and I have done his bidding."

Then wheeling on his heel, he confronted the Captain:

"Give me that sword. The sword is for the brave man, not for the coward. A brave man seeks warriors to display his courage: a coward frightens old men and weak women. Will the coward in a red coat give me the sword, or must I take it?"

There was a withering scorn in the Red-Man's tone. The British officer stood as if appalled by a ghost.

"Your brothers are tied, as cowards should be tied, who put on the war-

rior's dress to do a coward's work," exclaimed the Indian. "My warriors came on them, captured them and tied them together like wolves in a pack. Come! We are waiting for you. To-night you must go to Valley Forge."

There was something so strange in the clear English of this stern Indian, that the bravo stood spell-bound, as though it was but the voice of a dream.

At this moment, two savage forms drew near, through the smoke, which rolling away from the door, now hung coiled in wreaths near the ceiling. Without a word, the Briton was led from the room. He made no resistance, for the tomahawk of an Indian has an unpleasant glitter. As he disappeared, his face gathered one impotent scowl of malice, like a snake that hisses when your foot is on its head. The Astrologer skulked slowly at his heels.

The Indian was alone with father and daughter.

He looked from one to the other, while an expression of deep emotion came over his bronzed face.

At last flinging down his rifle, he extended one hand to the old man, one to the crouching woman.

"Father!" he groaned in a husky voice: "Sister! I have come at last!"

As though a strange electric impulse throbbed from their hearts and joined them all together, in a moment the old man, his daughter and the Indian lay clasped in each other's arms.

For some few moments, sobs, tears, broken ejaculations! At last the old man bent back the Indian's head, and with flashing eyes, perused his image in his face. The daughter too, without a fear, clung to his manly arm, and looked tenderly up into his blue eyes.

"Father, sister! It is a long story, but I will tell it in a few words. A white man, whom you had done wrong, stole me from your house thirty-three years ago. He was an outcast from his kind and made his home in the wigwam of the Indian. While the warriors taught me to bend the bow and act a warrior's part, he learned me the tongue of my father. I grew up at once a white man and an Indian. But, two moons ago, the white man, whose name we never knew, but who was called the Grey-hawk, told me the secret of my father's name. Then, he died. I was a warrior; a chief among warriors. I came toward the rising of the sun to see my father and my sister. One day I beheld the huts of Valley Forge—I am now a warrior under the American chief. My band have done him service for many a day; he is a Man. Father, I see you! Sister, I love you! But ask no more; for never will the White Indian forsake his forest to dwell within walls—never will the Chief lay down his blanket, to put on the dress of the white race!"

The Sister looked tenderly into her brother's face. The old man, as if his only wish had been fulfilled, gazed long and earnestly on the bronzed countenance of his child. He murmured the name of the man whom he had darkly, terribly wronged. Then with a prayer on his lips, he sank back in the arm chair.

He was dead.

On his glassy eye and fallen jaw streamed the warmth of the fire, while at his feet knelt the white-Indian, his bronzed face glowing in the same beam, that revealed his sister's face, pale as marble and bathed in tears.

Months passed away. Winter with its ice and snow was gone. Laurel Hill was green and shadowy with summer. The deer browsed quietly along the lawn of the old mansion, and the river, which the Indian called Manayong, went laughing and shouting over its rocky bed.

It was summer, and Sir William Howe had deserted Philadelphia, when one day, there came a messenger to Congress, in the old State House, that a battle had been fought near Monmouth. A battle in which Sir William learned, that Freedom had survived the disease and nakedness and starvation of Valley Forge.

On that summer day, a young woman sat alone in the chamber of the old mansion, where her father had died six months before. Alone by the window, the breeze playing with her golden hair, the sunlight—stealing ray by ray through thick vines—falling in occasional gleams over her young face.

Her blue eye was fixed upon a miniature, which pictured a manly face, with dark eyes and raven hair, relieved by the breast of a manly form, clad in the blue uniform of the Continental Army. It was the Betrothed of Amable; the war once over, freedom won, they were to be married. He was far away with the army, but her voiceless prayers invoked blessings on his head.

While the maiden sat there, contemplating her lover's picture, a form came stealing from the shadows of the room: a face looked over her shoulder.

It was the White-Indian in his war-blanket.

His face became terribly agitated as he beheld that picture.

At last the maiden heard his hard-drawn breath. She turned her head and greeted him at first with a smile, but when she beheld the horror, glooming over his face, she felt her heart grow cold.

"Whence come you, brother?"

"Monmouth!"

"Have you no message for me? No word from ——

The Brother extended his hand, and laid the hilt of a broken sword gently on her bosom.

He said no word, but she knew it all. She saw the blood upon the hilt; she saw her brother's face, she knew that she was Widow and Virgin at once.

It was a dark hour in that old Mansion on the Schuylkill.

A graveyard among the hills, a small space of green earth separated from the forest by a stone wall. In the midst, a wild cherry tree, flinging its shadow over a white tombstone and a new made grave.

Sunset steals through these branches, over the white tombstone, down into the recesses of the new-made grave. What is this we see beside the grave? A man in Indian attire, bending over a coffin, on whose plate is inscried a single word—

AMABLE.

Ah, do not lift the lid, ah, do not uncover that cold face to the light! Ah, do not lift the lid, for then the breeze will play with her tresses; then the air will kiss her cheek. Her marble cheek, now colorless forever.

The White-Indian knelt there, the last of his race, bending over the corse of that fair girl. No tear in his eye, no sob in his bosom. All calm as stone, he bent there above *his* dead. Soon the coffin was lowered; anon the grave was filled. The star-beams looked solemnly down through the trees, upon the grave of that fair girl.

The Indian broke a few leaves from the wild cherry tree, and went on his way.

He was never seen on the banks of the Manayong again.

Long years afterward, in the far wilds of the forest, a brave General who had won a battle over the Indian race, stood beside an oaken tree, contemplating with deep sorrow, the corse of a friendly savage. He lay there, stiff and cold, the wreck of a giant man, his bronzed face, lighter in hue than the visages of his brother Indians. He lay there, with blanket and wampum belt and tomahawk about him, the rifle in his grasp, the plume drooping over his bared brow.

He had died, shielding the brave General from the tomahawk. Yes, with one sudden bound, he sprang before him, receiving on his breast, the blow intended for Mad Antony Wayne.

And Wayne stood over him—his eyes wet with a soldier's tears—sorrowing for him as for a rude Indian.

Little did he think that a white man lay there at his feet!

Ah, who can tell the magic of those forests, the wild enchantment of the chase, the savage witchery of the Indian's life? Here was a man, a white man, who, bred to Indian life, had in his mature manhood, rejected wealth and civilization, for the deep joy of the wigwam and the prairie, and now lay stretched—a cold corse, yet a warrior corse—on the banks of the Miami; AN INDIAN TO THE LAST.

NOTE.—This fine old mansion, at the Falls of the Schuylkill, was formerly the residence of General Mifflin. It is now the country seat of Andrew M'Mackin, Esq., (Editor of the Courier.) The view from the porch of this mansion, is renowned for its beauty. It is proper to mention, that the old bridge was consumed by fire a year or two since. The railroad bridge—a structure in modern style—gives additional beauty to the prospect. The supernatural part of this legend, is not to be laid to the author's invention, but to the superstition of the Era, in which it occurred. This ground—around the Falls, on the shores of the Schuylkill—is rich in legends of the most picturesque and romantic character.

X.—THE GRAVEYARD OF GERMANTOWN.

In Germantown there is an old-time graveyard. No gravelled walks, no delicate sculpturings of marble, no hot-beds planted over corruption are there. It is an old-time graveyard, defended from the highway and encircling fields by a thick stone wall. On the north and west it is shadowed by a range of trees, the sombre verdure of the pine, the leafy magnificence of the maple and horse-chesnut, mingling in one rich mass of foliage. Wild flowers are in that graveyard, and tangled vines. It is white with tombstones. They spring up, like a host of spirits from the green graves; they seem to struggle with each other for space, for room. The lettering on these tombstones, is in itself, a rude history. Some are marked with rude words in Dutch, some in German, one or more in Latin, one in Indian; others in English. Some bend down, as if hiding their rugged faces from the light, some start to one side; here and there, rank grass chokes them from the light and air.

You may talk to me of your *fashionable* graveyards, where Death is made to look pretty and silly and fanciful, but for me, this one old graveyard, with its rank grass and crowded tombstones, has more of God and Immortality in it, than all your elegant cemetries together. I love its soil: its stray wild flowers are omens to me, of a pleasant sleep, taken by weary ones, who were faint with living too long.

It is to me, a holy thought, that here my bones will one day repose. For here, in a lengthening line, extend the tombstones, sacred to the memory of my fathers, far back in to time. They sleep here. The summer day may dawn, the winter storm may howl, and still they sleep on. No careless eye looks over these walls. There is no gaudiness of sculpture to invite the lounger. As for a pic nic party, in an old graveyard like this, it would be blasphemy. None come save those who have friends here. Sisters come to talk quietly with the ghost of sisters; children to invoke the spirit of that Mother *gone home;* I, too sometimes, panting to get free from the city, come here to talk with my sisters—for two of mine are here—with my father—for that clover blooms above his grave.

It seems to me, too, when bending over that grave, that the Mother's form, awakened from her distant grave, beneath the sod of Delaware, is also here!—Here, to commune with the dead, whom she loved while living; here, with the spirits of my fathers!

I cannot get rid of the thought that good spirits love that graveyard. For all at once, when you enter its walls, you feel sadder, better; more satisfied with life, yet less reluctant to die. It is such a pleasant spot, to take a long repose. I have seen it in winter, when there was snow upon the graves, and the sleigh-bells tinkled in the street. Then calmly and tenderly upon the white tombstones, played and lingered the cold moon.

In summer, too, when the leaves were on the trees, and the grass upon the sod, when the chirp of the cricket and katy-did broke shrilly over the graves through the silence of night. In early spring, when there was scarce a blade of grass to struggle against the north wind, and late in fall when November baptizes you with her cloud of gloom, I have been there.

And in winter and summer, in fall and spring, in calm or storm, in sickness or health, in every change of this great play, called life, does my heart go out to that graveyard, as though part of it was already there.

Nor do I love it the less, because on every blade of grass, in every flower, that wildly blooms there, you find written:—"This soil is sacred from creeds. Here rests the Indian and the white man; here sleep in one sod, the Catholic, Presbyterian, Quaker, Methodist, Lutheran, Mennonist, Deist, Infidel. Here, creeds forgotten, all are men and women again, and not one but is a simple child of God."

This graveyard was established by men of all creeds, more than a century ago. May that day be darkness, when creeds shall enter this rude gate. Better had that man never been born, who shall dare pollute this soil with the earthly clamor of sect. But on the man, who shall repair this wall, or keep this graveyard sacred from the hoofs of improvement, who shall do his best to keep our old graveyard what it is, on that man, be the blessings of God; may his daughters be virtuous and beautiful, his sons gifted and brave. In his last hour, may the voices of angels sing hymns to his passing soul. If there was but one flower in the world, I would plant it on that man's grave.

It was in November, not in chill, gloomy November, but in golden November, when Paradise opens her windows to us, and wafts the Indian Summer over the land, that I came to the graveyard.

There was a mellow softness in the air, a golden glow upon the sky, glossy, gorgeous richness of foliage on the trees, when I went in. It was in the afternoon. The sun was half-way down the sky. Everything was still. A religious silence dwelt all about the graveyard.

An aged man, with a rosy countenance, and snow-white hair, sat on a grave. His coat was strait and collarless, his hat broad in the rim. At once I knew him for a Disciple of Saint William, the Patron Saint of Pennsylvania. His eyes were fixed upon something at his feet. I drew nigh, and beheld two skeletons resting on the grass near a new-made grave.

The old Quaker greeted me kindly, and I sat down opposite on a grassy mound. The skeletons presented a strange, a meaning sight. Around their crumbling bones were fluttering the remnants of soldiers' uniform. Buttons, stamped with an eagle, pieces of the breast-belt, fragments of military boots—ah, sad relics of the fight of Germantown! The sunlight streamed slowly over their skulls, lighting up the hollow orbits, where once shone the eyes; and over the bones of the hand, protruding from the crumbling uniform.

We sat for a long while in silence.

At last the Quaker spoke.

"I am trying to remember which is John and which is Jacob?" said he.

"John?—Jacob?"

"Truly so. For I knew them well. I was but a youth then—on the day of the battle, thee minds? The fourth of the tenth month, 1777! Jacob was a fine young man, with light curly hair; he was married. John was dark-haired, something younger than Jacob, but quite as good looking. They were both with Washington at Skippack; with him they came to the battle—"

"Ah, you remember the battle?"

"As well as if it happened last week. Did thee ever see a small, one story house, about half-way down Germantown, with 1713 on its gable? Jacob's wife lived there. On the morning of the battle, about ten o'clock, she was standing in the door, her babe resting on her bosom. There was a thick fog in the air. She was listening to the firing. I stood on the opposite side, thinking what a fine-looking wife she was, for does thee mind, she was comely. Her hair was glossy and brown; her eyes dark. She was not very tall, but a wondrous pleasant woman to look upon. As I stood looking at her, who should come running down the road, but Jacob there, with this same uniform on, and a gun in his hand. I can see him yet; and hear his voice, as plain as I now hear my own.

"'Hannah! Hannah!' he cried, 'we've beat 'em!' And he ran towards her, and she held the babe out to him, but just at that moment, he fell in the middle of the road, torn almost in two by a cannon ball, or some devil's-work of that kind. Young man, it was a very sad sight! To see that poor Jacob, running to kiss his wife and child, and just as the wife calls and the babe holds out its little hands—ah!"

The Quaker rubbed his eye, blaming the road side dust for the tear that glimmered there.

"And John?"

"Poor John! We found him after the battle in Chew's field. He was quite dead—look! Thee can see the bullet hole in his brain."

And with his cane, he pointed to the scull of the soldier.

"We buried them together. They were fine-looking young men, and many of us shed tears, when we put the sod upon their brows."

"Sod? Had you no coffins?"

The old man opened his eyes.

"Had thee seen the village people, taking their barn-doors off their hinges, so that they might carry away the dead bodies by dozens at a time, and bury them in the fields, whenever a big hole was dug—had thee seen this, thee would'nt ask such a question!"

"Was there not a great deal of glory on that day?"

"If thee means, that it was like an election parade, or a fourth of July

gathering, I can tell thee, there was not much glory of that kind. If thee means that it made my blood boil to see the bodies of my neighbors carried by, some dead, some groaning yet, some howling mad with pain; others with legs torn off, others with arms rent at the very shoulder, here one with his jaw broken, there another with his eyes put out;—if thee means that boiling of the blood, caused by sights like these, then I can tell thee, there was plenty of *glory!*"

"The battle was bloody then?"

"Did thee ever see how rich the grass grows on Chew's lawn? How many hearts spent their last blood to fatten that soil?"

"You helped to bury the dead?"

"I remember well, that thy grandfather—he is buried yonder—took hold of one corner of a barn-door, while I and two friends took the others. There were some six or seven bodies piled crosswise, and huddled together on that barn-door. We took them to the fields and buried them in a big pit. I remember one fair-faced British officer; his ruffled shirt was red with blood. He was a fine-looking young man, and doubtless had a wife or sister in England. I pitied him very much."

"Were you near the scene of conflict? I do not wish to imply that you bore arms, for your principles forbid the thought."

"I can remember standing in my father's door, when a wounded soldier pursued by another, fell at my feet crying 'quarter!' I remember that I seized the pursuer's musket, and rapped him over the head, after which he let the wounded soldier be."

"Did you hurt him much?"

"He did'nt move afterward. Some evil people wished to make it appear, that I killed him. But thee sees that was false, for he may have been very tired running and died from the heat. However, I hit him with all my strength."

The Quaker held out his right arm, which was an arm of iron, even in its withered old age.

"What was he? British or American?"

"He was dressed in red," meekly responded the Quaker.

"Did you see General Washington during the fight?"

"I saw a tall man of majestic presence riding a grey horse. I saw him now go in the mist; now come out again; now here, now there. One time I saw him, when he reigned his horse in front of Chew's wall—he looked terrible, for his eyes seemed to frown, his lips were clenched; his forehead was disfigured by a big vein that seemed bursting from the skin. He was covered with dust and blood—his saddle-cloth was torn by bullets. I never forgot the look of that man, nor shall I, to the hour of my death. That man they told me was George Washington."

"Why was he thus moved?"

"An aid-de.camp had just told him that one of his Generals was drunk under a hedge."

"Did you see Cornwallis?"

"That I did. He was riding up the street, as fast as his horse could go —a handsome man, but when I saw him, his face was white as a meal-bag. Thee sees he was a brave man, but friend Washington came on him before day, without *timely notice.*"

There was a curious twitch about the Quaker's mouth. He did not smile, but still it was a suspicious shape for a Quaker's mouth.

XI.—"REMEMBER PAOLI."

Hist!—It is still night; the clear sky arches above; the dim woods are all around the field; and in the centre of the meadow, resting on the grass crisped by the autumnal frosts, sleep the worn veterans of the war, disheartened by want, and wearied by the day's march.

It is still night; and the light of the scanty fire falls on wan faces, hollow eyes, and sunken cheeks; on tattered apparel, muskets unfit for use, and broken arms.

It is still night; and they snatch a feverish sleep beside the scanty fire, and lay them down to dream of a time when the ripe harvest shall no more be trodden down by the blood-stained hoof—when the valley shall no more be haunted by the Traitor-Refugee—when Liberty and Freedom shall walk in broadcloth, instead of wandering about with the unshodden feet, and the tattered rags of want.

It is still night; and Mad Anthony Wayne watches while his soldiers sleep.

He watches beside the camp-fire. You can mark his towering form, his breadth of shoulders, and his prominence of chest. You can see his face by the red light of the fire—that manly face, with the broad forehead, the marked eye-brows, over-arching the deep hazel eye, that lightens and gleams as he gazes upon the men of his band.

You can note the uniform of the Revolution—the wide coat of blue, varied by the buckskin sword-belt, from which depends the sword that Wayne alone can wield,—the facings of buff, the buttons rusted by the dews of night, and the march-worn trooper's boots, reaching above his knees, with the stout iron spurs standing out from each heel.

Hist! The night is still, but there is a sound in yonder thicket.

Look! can you see nothing?

No. The night is still—the defenceless Continentals sleep in the centre of the meadow—all around is dark. The sky above is clear, but the stars give forth no light. The wind sweeps around the meadow—dim and indistinct it sweeps, and is silent and still. I can see nothing.

Place your ear to the earth. Hear you nothing?

Yes—yes. A slight sound—a distant rumbling. There is thunder growling in the bosom of the earth, but it is distant. It is like the murmur on the ocean, ere the terrible white squall sweeps away the commerce of a nation—but it is distant, very distant.

Now look forth on the night. Cast your eye to the thicket—see you nothing?

Yes—there is a gleam like the light of the fire-fly. Ha! It lightens on the night—that quivering gleam! It is the flash of swords—the glittering of arms!

"Charge upon the Rebels! Upon them—over them—no quarter—no quarter!"

Watcher of the night, watcher over the land of the New World, watching over the fortunes of the starved children of Freedom—what see you now?

A band of armed men, mounted on stout steeds, with swords in their uplifted hands. They sweep from the thicket; they encompass the meadow; they surround the Rebel host!

The *gallant* Lord Grey rides at their head. His voice rings out clear and loud upon the frosty air.

"Root and branch, hip and thigh, cut them down. Spare not a man—heed never a cry for quarter. Cut them down! Charge for England and St. George!"

And then there was uplifting of swords, and butchery of defenceless men, and there was a riding over the wounded, and a trampling over the faces of the dying. And then there was a cry for quarter, and the response—

"To your throats take that! We give you quarter, the quarter of the sword, accursed Rebels!"

There was a moment, whose history was written with good sharp swords, on the visages of dying men.

It was the moment when the defenceless Continental sprang up from his hasty sleep, into the arms of the merciless death! It was the moment when Wayne groaned aloud with agony, as the sod of Paoli was flooded with a pool of blood that poured from the corses of the slaughtered soldiers of his band. It was the moment when the cry for quarter was mocked—when the Rebel clung in his despair to the stirrup of the Britisher, and clung in vain; it was the moment when the gallant Lord Grey—that gentleman, nobleman, *Christian*—whose heart only throbbed with generous impulses; who from his boyhood, was schooled in the doctrines of mercy, halloed his war-dogs on to the slaughter, and shouted up to the star-lit Heavens, until the angels might grow sick of the scene—

"Over them—over them—heed never a cry—heed never a voice! Root and branch cut them down!—No quarter!"

It is dark and troubled night; and the Voice of Blood goes up to God, shrieking for vengeance!

It is morning; sad and ghastly morning; and the first sunbeams shine

over the field, which was yesternight a green meadow—the field that is now an Aceldema—a field of blood, strewn with heaps of the dead, arms torn from the body, eyes hollowed from the sockets, faces turned to the earth, and buried in blood, ghastly pictures of death and pain, painted by the hand of the Briton, for the bright sun to shine down upon, for men to applaud, for the King to approve, for God to avenge.

It is a sad and ghastly morning; and Wayne stands looking over the slaughtered heaps, surrounded by the little band of survivors, and as he gazes on this scene of horror, the Voice of Blood goes shrieking up to God for vengeance, and the ghosts of the slain darken the portals of Heaven, with their forms of woe, and their voices mingle with the Voice of Blood.

Was the Voice of Blood answered?

A year passed, and the ghosts of the murdered looked down from the portals of the Unseen, upon the ramparts of Stony Point.

It is still night; the stars look calmly down upon the broad Hudson; and in the dim air of night towers the rock and fort of Stony Point.

The Britishers have retired to rest. They sleep in their warm, quiet beds. They sleep with pleasant dreams of American maidens dishonored, and American fathers, with grey hairs dabbled in blood. They shall have merrier dreams anon, I trow. Aye, aye!

All is quiet around Stony Point: the sentinel leans idly over the wall that bounds his lonely walk; he gazes down the void of darkness, until his glance falls upon the broad and magnificent Hudson. He hears nothing—he sees nothing.

It is a pity for that sentinel, that his eyes are not keen, and his glance piercing. Had his eye-sight been but a little keener, he might have seen Death creeping up that rampart in some hundred shapes—he might have seen the long talon-like fingers of the skeleton-god clutching for his own plump British throat. But his eye-sight was not keen—more's the pity for him.

Pity it was, that the sentinel could not hear a little more keenly. Had his ears been good, he might have heard a little whisper that went from two hundred tongues, around the ramparts of Stony Point.

"General, what shall be the watch-word?"

And then, had the sentinel inclined his ear over the ramparts, and listened very attentively indeed, he might have heard the answer, sweeping up to the Heavens, like a voice of blood—

"Remember Paoli!"

Ho—ho! And so Paoli is to be remembered—and so the Voice of Blood shrieked not in the ears of God in vain.

And so the vengeance for Paoli is creeping up the ramparts of the fort! Ho—ho! Pity Lord Grey were not here to see the sport!

The sentinel was not blessed with supernatural sight or hearing; he did

not see the figures creeping up the ramparts; he did not hear their whispers, until a rude hand clutched him round the throat, and up to the Heavens swept the thunder-shout—

"Remember Paoli!"

And then a rude bayonet pinned him to the wood of the ramparts, and then the esplanade of the fort, and its rooms and its halls were filled with silent avengers, and then came Britishers rushing from their beds, crying for quarter, and then they had it—the quarter of Paoli!

And then, through the smoke, and the gloom, and the bloodshed of that terrible night, with the light of a torch now falling on his face, with the gleam of starlight now giving a spectral appearance to his features, swept on, right on, over heaps of dead, one magnificent form, grasping a stout broad-sword in his right hand, which sternly rose, and sternly fell, cutting a British soldier down at every blow, and laying them along the floor of the fort, in the puddle of their own hireling blood.

Ghosts of Paoli—shout! are you not terribly avenged?

"Spare me—I have a wife—a child—they wait my return to England! Quarter—Quarter!"

"I mind me of a man named Shoelmire—he had a wife and a child—a mother, old and grey-haired, waited his return from the wars. On the night of Paoli, he cried for quarter! Such quarter I give you—Remember Paoli!"

"Save me—quarter!"

How that sword hisses through the air!

"Remember Paoli!"

'I have a grey-haired father! Quarter!"

"So had Daunton at Paoli! Oh, Remember Paoli!"

"Spare me—you see I have no sword!—Quarter!"

"Friend, I would spare thee if I dared. But the Ghosts of Paoli nerve my arm—'We had no swords at Paoli, and ye butchered us!' they shriek."

"Oh, REMEMBER PAOLI!"

And as the beams of the rising moon, streaming through yonder narrow window, for a moment light up the brow of the Avenger—dusky with battle-smoke, red with blood, deformed by passion—behold! That sword describes a fiery circle in the air, it hisses down, sinks into the victim's skull? No!

His arm falls nerveless by his side; the sword, that grim, rough blade, dented with the records of the fight of Brandywine, clatters on the floor.

"It is my duty—the Ghosts of Paoli call to me—but I cannot kill you!" shouts the American Warrior, and his weaponless hands are extended to the trembling Briton.

All around is smoke, and darkness, and blood; the cry for quarter, and the death-sentence, Remember Paoli! but here, in the centre of the scene of slaughter—yes, in the centre of that flood of moonlight, pouring through the solitary window, behold a strange and impressive sight:

The kneeling form—a grey-haired man, who has grown hoary doing murder in the name of Good King George,—his hands uplifted in trembling supplication, his eyes starting from the dilating lids, as he shrieks for the mercy that he never gave!

The figure towering above him, with the Continental uniform fluttering in ribands over his broad chest, his hands and face red with blood and darkened with the stain of powder, the veins swelling from his bared throat, the eye glaring from his compressed brow—

Such were the figures disclosed by the sudden glow of moonlight!

And yet from that brow, dusky with powder, red with blood, there broke the gleam of mercy, and yet those hands, dripping with crimson stains, were extended to lift the cringing Briton from the dust.

"Look ye—old man—at Paoli—" and that hoarse voice, heard amid the roar of midnight conflict, grew tremulous as a child's, when it spoke those fatal words—at Paoli; "even through the darkness of that terrible night, I beheld a boy, only eighteen years old, clinging to the stirrup of Lord Grey; yes, by the light of a pistol-flash, I beheld his eyes glare, his hands quiver over his head, as he shrieked for 'Quarter!'"

"And he spared him?" faltered the Briton.

"Now, mark you, this boy had been consigned to my care by his mother, a brave American woman, who had sent this last hope of her widowed heart forth to battle——"

"And he spared him—" again faltered the Briton.

"The same pistol, which flashed its red light over his pale face, and quivering hands, sent the bullet through his brain. Lord Grey held that pistol, Lord Grey heard the cry for mercy, Lord Grey beheld the young face trampled into mangled flesh by his horse's hoofs! And now, sir—with that terrible memory of Paoli stamped upon my soul—now, while that young face, with the red wound between the eyes, passes before me, I spare your life;—there lies my sword—I will not take it up again! Cling to me, sir, and do not part for an instant from my side, for my good soldiers have keen memories. I may forget, but hark! Do you hear them? They do not massacre defenceless men in cold blood—ah, no! They only—

"REMEMBER PAOLI!"

BOOK THIRD.

BENEDICT ARNOLD.

BENEDICT ARNOLD.

I.—THE MOTHER AND HER BABE.

The angels of God look down from the sky to witness the deep tenderness of a mother's love. The angels of God look down to witness that sight which angels love to see—a mother watching over her sleeping babe.

Yes, if even these awful intelligences, which are but little above man, and yet next to God, circling there, deep after deep, far through the homes of eternity, bend from the sky to witness a scene of human bliss and woe, that sight is the deep agony of a mother's love as she watches o'er her sleeping child!

The deep agony of a mother's love? Yes! For in that moment, when gazing upon the child—smiling upon it as it sleeps—does not a deep agony seize the mother's soul, as she tries to picture the future life of her babe?—whether that child will rise in honor and go down to death in glory, or whether the dishonored life and unwept death will be its heritage?

Ah, the sublimity of the heart is there, in that mother's love, which even angels bend down to look upon.

One hundred years ago, in a far New England town, a mother, with her babe in her arms, stole softly through the opened doors of a quaint old village church, and knelt beside the altar.

Yes, while the stillness of the Sabbath evening gathered like a calm from heaven around her,—while a glimpse of the green graveyard came through the unclosed windows, and the last beam of the setting sun played over the rustic steeple, that mother knelt alone, and placed her sleeping boy upon the sacramental altar.

That mother's face was not beautiful—care had been too busy there—yet there was a beauty in that uplifted countenance, in those upraised eyes of dark deep blue, in that kneeling form, with the clasped hands pressed against the agitated bosom,—a beauty holier than earth, like that of Mary, the Virgin Mother.

And why comes this Mother here to this lonely church, in this twilight hour, to lay her babe upon the altar, and kneel in silence there?

Listen to her prayer.

She prays the Father, yonder, to guide the boy through life, to make him a man of honor, a disciple of the Lord.

While these faltering accents fall from her tongue, behold! There, on the vacancy of the twilight air, she beholds a vision of that boy's life, act

crowding on act, scene on scene, until her eyes burn in their sockets, and the thick sweat stands in beads upon her brow.

First, her pale face is stamped with fear. She beholds her boy, now grown to young manhood, standing upon a vessel's deck, far out upon the deep waters. The waves heave around him, and meet above the mast, and yet that boy is firm. The red lightning from yon dark cloud, comes quivering down the mainmast, and yet his cheek does not pale, his breast does not shrink. Yes, while the stout sailors fall cowering upon the deck, that boy stands firm, and laughs at the storm—as though his spirit rose to meet the lightning in its coming, and grapple with the thunderbolt in its way.

This vision passes.

The mother, kneeling there, beside the sacramental altar, beholds another scene of her boy's life—another and another. At last, with eyes swimming in tears of joy, she beholds a scene, so glorious drawn there upon the twilight air—her boy grown to hardy manhood, riding amid embattled legions, with the victor's laurel upon his brow—the praises of a nation ringing in his ears—a scene so glorious, that her heart is filled to bursting, and that deep "I thank thee, oh my God!" falls tremulously from her lips.

The next scene, right after the scene of glory—it is dark, crushing, horrible! The mother starts appalled to her feet—her shriek quivers through the lonely church—she spreads forth her hands over the sleeping babe—she calls to God!

"Father in Heaven! take, O take this child while he is yet innocent! Let him not live to be a man—a demon in human shape—*a curse to his race!*"

And as she stands there, quivering and pale, and cold with horror—look! That child, laid there on the sacramental altar, opens its clear dark eyes, and claps its tiny hands, and smiles!

That child was BENEDICT ARNOLD.

Near half a century had passed away. It was night in that New England town, where, forty-five years before, that mother, in the calmness of the Sabbath evening, brought her babe and laid it on the altar.

It was midnight. The village girl had bidden her lover a last good-night, that good old father had lifted up his voice in prayer, with his children all around him—it was midnight, and the village people slept soundly in their beds.

All at once, rising from the deep silence, a horrid yell went up to the midnight sky. All at once a blaze of fire burst over the roof. Look yonder!—That father murdered on his own threshhold—that mother stabbed in the midst of her children—that maiden kneeling there, pleading for life, as the sharp steel crashes into her brain!

Then the blood flows in the startled streets—then British troopers flit to and fro in the red light—then, rising in the centre of the town, that quiet village church, with its rustic steeple, towers into the blaze.

And there—oh, Father of Mercy !—there, in that steeple, stands a soldier, with a dark cloak half-wrapped around his red uniform—yes, there he stands, with folded arms, and from that height surveys with a calm joy, the horrid scene of massacre below.

Now, mother of Arnold, look from Heaven and weep ! Forty-five years ago, you laid your child upon the sacramental altar of this church, and now he stands in yonder steeple, drinking in with a calm joy, the terrible cries of old men, and trembling women, and little children, hewn down in hideous murder, before his very eyes.

Look there, and learn what a devil REMORSE can make of such a man !

Here are the faces he has known in Childhood—the friends of his manhood—the matrons, who were little girls when he was a boy—here they are, hacked by British swords, and he looks on and smiles !

At last, the cries are stilled in death ; the last flash of the burning town glares over the steeple, and there, attired in that scarlet uniform, his bronzed face stamped with the conflict of hideous passions—there, smiling still amid the scenes of ruin and blood, stands BENEDICT ARNOLD.

That was the last act of the Traitor on our soil. In a few days he sailed from our shores, and came back no more.

And now, as he goes yonder, on his awful way, while millions curse the echo of his name, in yonder lonely room two orphans bless that name.

What is this you say ? Orphans bless the name of Arnold ? Yes, my friends—for there was a night when those orphans were without a crust of bread, while their father lay mouldering on the sod of Bunker Hill. Yes, the Legislature of Massachusetts had left these children to the cold mercy of the world, and that when they bore his name who fell on Bunker Hill—the immortal WARREN.

While they sate there, hungry and cold, no fire on the hearth, not a crust of bread upon the table, their eyes fixed upon the tearful face of the good woman who gave them the shelter of a roof, a letter came, and in its folds five hundred dollars from Benedict Arnold.

This at the very moment when he was steeling his soul to the guilt of Treason. This at the moment when his fortune had been scattered in banquets and pageants—when assailed by clamorous creditors, he was ready to sell his soul for gold.

From the last wreck of his fortune, all that had been left from the parasites who fed upon him, while they could, and then stung the hand that fed them, he took five hundred dollars and sent them to the children of his comrade, the patriot Warren.

Is it true, that when the curse of all wronged orphans quivers up yonder, the Angels of God shed tears at that sound of woe ? Then, at the awful hour when Arnold's soul went up to judgment, did the prayer's of Warren's orphan children go up there, and like Angels, plead for him with GOD.

II.—THE DRUGGIST OF NEW HAVEN.

Let us look at his life between these periods; let us follow the varied and tumultuous course of forty-five years, and learn how the innocent and smiling babe, became the Outcast of his native land.

The course of this strange history, will lead us to look upon two men:

First, a brave and noble man, whose hand was firm as his heart was true, at once a Knight worthy of the brightest days of chivalry, and a Soldier beloved by his countrymen; honored by the friendship of Washington—— that man,—Benedict Arnold.

Then, a bandit and an outcast, a man panoplied in hideous crimes, so dark, so infamous, that my tongue falters as it speaks his name—Benedict Arnold.

Let me confess, that when I first selected this theme. I only thought of its melo-dramatic contrasts, its strong lights and deep shadows, its incidents of wild romance.

But now, that I have learned the fearful lesson of this life, let me frankly confess, that in the pages of history or fiction, there is no tragedy to compare with the plain history of Benedict Arnold. It is, in one word, a Paradise Lost, brought down to our own times and homes, and told in familiar language of everyday life. Through its every page, aye from the smiling autumnal landscape of Kenebec, from the barren rock of Quebec, or the green heights of Hudson, there glooms one horrid phantom, with a massive forehead and deep-set eyes, the Lucifer of the story——Benedict Arnold.

The man who can read his life, in all its details, without tears, has a heart harder than the roadside flint.

One word in regard to the infancy of Arnold.——

You have doubtless seen, in the streets of our large cities, the painful spectacle of a beggar-women, tramping about with a deformed child in her arms, making a show of its deformity, exciting sympathy by the exhibition of its hideousness? Does the poor child fail to excite sympathy, when attired in a jacket and trowsers, as a little boy? Then, the gipsey conceals its deformed limbs under a frock, covers its wan and sickly face with a bonnet.

And she changes it from to-day, making deformity always new, sickness, rags and ulcers always marketable.

There is a class of men, who always remind me of this crafty beggar-woman. They are the journeymen historians, the petty compilers of pompous falsehood, who prevail in the vincinity of bookseller's kitchens, and acquire corpulence.

As the beggar-woman has her Deformed child, so these Historians who work by the line and yard, have their certain class of Incidents, which they crowd into all their Compilations, whether Histories, Lectures, or Pictorial

abominations, dressing them somewhat variously, in order to suit the changes of time and place.

For example; the first English writers who undertook the history of Napoleon, propagated various stories about his infancy, which, in point of truth and tragic interest, remind us of Blue-beard and Cock-robin. The same stories had been previously told of Alexander, Cæsar, Richlieu, and lately we have seen them revived in a new shape, in order to suit the infantile days of Santa Anna.

These stereotyped fables—the Deformed children of History—are in fact, to be found in every Biography, written by an enemy. They may wear trousers in one history, put on a frock in another, but still cannot altogether hide their original features. Cloak it as you may, the Deformed child of history appears wherever we find it, just what it is, a puny and ridiculous libel.

One of these Deformed children lurks in the current life of Arnold.

It is the grave story of the youth of Benedict, being passed away in various precocious atrocities. He strewed the road with pounded glass, in order that other little boys might cut their feet; he fried frogs upon a bake-iron heated to an incredible intensity; he geared flies in harness, decapitated grasshoppers, impaled "Katy-dids."

So says the history.

Is not this a very dignified, very solemn thing for the Historian's notice?

Why did he not pursue the subject, and state that at the age of two years, Benedict Arnold was deeply occupied in the pursuit of Latin, Sanscript, Hebrew, Moral Philosophy and the Philosopher's stone?

Because the latter part of a man's life is made infamous by his crimes, must your grave Historian ransack Blue-beard and Cock-robin, in order to rake up certain delectable horrors, with which to adorn the history of his childhood?

In our research into Arnold's life, we must bear one important fact in mind. *After he had betrayed his country, it was deemed not only justifiable to chronicle every blot and spec in his character, but highly praiseworthy to tumble the overflowing inkstand of libel upon every vestige of his name.*

That he comes down to our time, with a single good deed adhering to his memory, has always seemed miraculous to me.

With these introductory remarks, let us pursue the history.

It was in the city of New Haven, on a cold day of April, 1775, that a man of some thirty-five years, stood behind a counter, an apron on his manly chest, mixing medicines, pasting labels on phials, and putting poisons in their places.

Look well at this man, as he stands engaged in his occupation. Did you ever see a bolder brow—a deeper, darker, or more intensely brilliant eye—

a more resolute lip or more determined chin? Mark the massy outline of that face from the ear to the chin; a world of iron will is written in that firm outline.

The hair, unclogged with the powder in fashion at this time, falls back from his forehead in harsh masses; its dark hue imparting a strong relief to the bold and warrior-like face.

While this man stands at his counter, busy with pestle and mortar—hark! There is a murmur along the streets of New Haven; a crowd darkens under those aged elms; the murmur deepens; the Druggist became conscious of four deep-muttered words:

"*Battle—Lexington—British—Beaten!*"

With one bound the Druggist leaps over the counter, rushes into the street and pushes his way through the crowd. Listen to that tumultuous murmur! A battle has been fought at Lexington, between the British and the Americans; or in other words, the handsomely attired minions of King George, have been soundly beaten by the plain farmers of New England. That murmur deepens through the crowd, and in a moment the Druggist is in the centre of the scene. Two hundred men group round him, begging to be led against the British.

But there is a difficulty; the Common Council, using a privilege granted to all corporate bodies from immemorial time, to make laughing-stocks of themselves, by a display of petty authority, have locked up all the arms.

"Arnold," cried a patriotic citizen, uncouth in attire and speech: "We are willing to fight the Britishers, but the city council won't let us have any guns!"

"Won't they?" said the Druggist, with that sardonic sneer, which always made his enemies afraid: "Then our remedy is plain. Come; let us take them!"

Five minutes had not passed, before the city Council, knowing this Druggist to be a man of few words and quick deeds, yielded up the guns. That hour the Druggist became a soldier.

——Let us now pass over a month or more.

It is a night in May.

Look yonder, through the night? Do you see that tremendous rock, as it towers up ruggedly sublime, into the deep blue sky? Yes, over the wide range of woods, over the silent fastnesses of the wilderness, over the calm waters of Lake George and the waves of Champlain, that rock towers and swells on the night, like an awful monument, erected by the lost Angels, when they fell from Heaven.

And there, far away in the sky, the moon dwindled away to a slender thread, sheds over the blue vault and the deep woods and the tremendous rock, a light, at once sad, solemn, sepulchral.

Do you see the picture? Does it not stamp itself upon your soul, an image of terrible beauty? Do you not feel the awful silence that broods there?

On the summit of that rock the British garrison are sleeping, aye, slumbering peacefully, under the comfortable influence of beef and ale, in the impregnable fortress of Ticonderoga. From the topmost crag, the broad Banner of the Red Cross swings lazily against the sky.

At this moment, there is a murmur far down in the dark ravine. Let us look there. A multitude of shadows come stealing into the dim light of the moon; they climb that impregnable rock; they darken round that fortress gate. All is still as death.

Two figures stand in the shadows of the fortress gate; in that stern determined visage, you see the first of the green mountain boys, stout ETHAN ALLEN; in that muscular figure, with the marked face and deep-set eye, you recognize the druggist of New Haven, BENEDICT ARNOLD.

A fierce shout, a cry, a crash goes up to Heaven! The British Colonel rushing from his bed, asks what Power is this, which demands the surrender of Ticonderoga?

——For all his spangled coat and waving plumes, this gentleman was behind the age. He had not heard, that a New Nation had lately been born on the sod of Lexington. Nor did he dream of the Eight Years Baptism of blood and tears, which was to prepare this nation for its full communion with the Church of Nations, on the plains of Yorktown.——"In what name do you demand the surrender of this fortress?"

In the name of a King? Or perchance in the name of Benedict Arnold and stout Ethan Allen? No! Hark how that stern response breaks through the silence of night.

"In the name of the Lord Jehovah and the Continental Congress!"

And floating into the blue sky, the PINE TREE banner waved from the summit of Ticonderoga.

——You will remember, that the emblem of the New-born nation, at that time, was a Pine Tree. The Lord had not yet given his stars, to flash from the Banner of Freedom; an emblem of the rights of man all over the world.—

That was the first deed of Benedict Arnold; the initial letter to a long alphabet of glorious deeds, which was to end in the blackness of Treason.

III.—THE MARCH THROUGH THE WILDERNESS.

THERE was a day, my friends, when some Italian peasants, toiling in the vineyards of their cloudless clime, beneath the shadow of those awful Alps, that rise as if to the very Heavens, ran in terror to the village Priest, begging him to pray for them, for the end of the world was coming.

The Priest calmly inquired the cause of all the clamor. Soon the mystery was explained. Looking up into the white ravines of the Alps, the peasants had seen an army coming down—emerging from that awful wilderness of snow and ice, where the avalanche alone had spoken, for ages—

with cannons, and plumes, and banners, and a little man in a grey riding-coat in their midst.

That little man was named Napoleon Bonaparte—a YOUNG MAN, who one day was starving in Paris for the want of a dinner, and the next held France in the palm of his hand.

That was a great deed, the crossing of the Alps, by the young man, Napoleon, but I will now tell you a bolder deed, done by the Patriot, BENEDICT ARNOLD.

In April, 1775, that man Arnold stood behind a counter, mixing medicines, pasting labels on phials, and putting poisons in their places.

In May, the Druggist Arnold, stood beside stout Ethan Allen, in the gate of conquered Ticonderoga.

In September, the soldier Arnold was on his way to Quebec, through an untrodden desert of three hundred miles.

One night, the young Commander Washington sat in his tent at Cambridge, (near Boston,) with his eye fixed on the map of Canada, and his finger laid on that spot marked QUEBEC.

While thus employed a soldier stood by his side.

"Give me two thousand men, General," said he, "and I will take Quebec."

Washington answered this with a look of incredulous surprise.

"Three hundred miles of untrodden wilderness are to be traversed, ere you can obtain even a glimpse of the rock of Quebec."

"Yet I will go!" was the firm response of the soldier.

"But there are rocks, and ravines, and dense forests, and unknown lakes, and impassable cataracts in the way," answered Washington; "and then the cold of winter will come on; your provisions will fail; your men will be starved or frozen to death."

Still that soldier was firm.

"Give me two thousand men, and I will go!"

Do you mark the bold brow—the clear, dark eye—the determined lip of that soldier? Do you behold the face of Washington—utterly unlike your vulgar pictures of the man—each outline moulded by a high resolve, the eye gleaming chivalry, the brow radiant with the light of genius?

That soldier was Benedict Arnold.

Washington took him by the hand, and bade him go!

"Yes, go through the wilderness. Attack and possess Quebec. Then the annexation of Canada will be certain; the American name will embrace a Continent. Go! and God speed you on your journey."

Did that great truth ever strike you? Washington did not fight for a Half-America, or a Piece-America, but for the Continent, the whole CONTINENT. His army was not called the American, but the CONTINENTAL army. The Congress was not entitled American, but CONTINENTAL. The

very currency was CONTINENTAL. In one word, Washington and his compatriots were impressed with the belief that God had given the whole Continent to the Free.—Therefore he gazed upon the map of Canada. Therefore, pressing Arnold's hand, he bade him God speed!

And he did go. Yes, look yonder on the broad ocean. Behold that little fleet of eleven vessels stealing along the coast, toward the mouth of the Kennebec. That fleet, sailing on the 17th of September, 1775, contains eleven hundred brave men, and their leader, Benedict Arnold.

They reach the mouth of the Kennebec—they glide along its cliff-embosomed shores. These brave men are about to traverse an untrodden wilderness of 300 miles, and then attack the Gibralter of America. If that was not a bold idea, then the crossing of the Alps was a mere holiday pastime.

Let us leave this little army to build their canoes near the mouth of the Kennebec; let us hurry into the thick wilderness.

Even in these days of steam and rail-road cars, the Kennebec is beautiful. Some of you have wandered there by its deep waters, and seen the smiles of woman mirrowed in its wave. Some of you have gazed upon those high cliffs, those shadowy glens, now peopled with the hum of busy life.

But in the day when Arnold dared its solitudes, there was a grandeur stamped on these rocks and cliffs—a grandeur fresh from the hands of God.

Yet, even amidst its awful wilds, there was a scene of strange loveliness, a picture which I would stamp upon your souls.

Stretching away from the dark waters of that river—where another stream mingles with its flood—a wide plain, bounded by dense forests, breaks on your eye.

As the glimmering day is seen over the eastern hills, there, in the centre of the plain, stands a solitary figure, a lone Indian, the last of a line of kings; yes, with his arms folded, his war-blanket gathered about his form, the hatchet and knife lying idly at his feet—there stands the last of a long line of forest kings, gazing at the ruins of his race.

The ruins of his race? Yes—look there! In the centre of that plain, a small fabric arises under the shade of centuried oaks—a small fabric, with battered walls and rude windows, stands there like a tomb in the desert, so lonely, even amid this desolation.

Let us enter this rude place. What a sight is there! As the first gleam of day breaks over the eastern hills, it trembles through those rude windows, it trembles upon that shattered altar, that fallen cross.

Altar and cross? What do they here in the wilderness? And why does that lone Indian—that last of the kings—who could be burned without a murmur—why does he mutter wildly to himself as he gazes upon this ruin?

Listen. Here, many years ago, dwelt a powerful Indian tribe, and here, from afar over the waters, came a peaceful man, clad in a long coarse robe,

with a rude cross hanging on his breast. That peaceful man built the church, reared the altar, planted the cross. Here, in the calmness of the summer evening, you might see the red warrior with blunted war-knife, come to worship; the little Indian child kneeling there, clasping its tiny hands, as it learned, in its rude dialect, to lisp the name of Jesus; and here the dark brown Indian maiden, with her raven hair falling over her bending form, listened with dilating eyes, to that story of the virgin-mother.

Here, that man with the cross on his breast, lived and taught for twenty-five years. Forsaking the delights of Parisian civilization, the altars and monuments of the eternal city, he came here to teach the rude Indian that he had a soul, that God cared for him, that a great Being, in a far distant land, wept, prayed, and died for *him*, the dusky savage of the woods. When he first came here, his hair was dark as night: here he lived until it matched the winter's snow.

One Sabbath morn, just as the day broke over these hills, while man and woman and child knelt before the altar, while the aged Priest stood yonder, lifting the sacramental cup above his head, yes—my blood chill, as I write it—on a Sabbath morning, as the worship of Almighty God was celebrated in the church, all at once a horrid cry broke on the silent air! A cry, a yell, a wild hurrah!

The cry of women, as they knelt for mercy, and in answer to their prayer the clubbed rifle came crushing down—the yell of warriors shot like dogs upon the chapel floor—the wild hurrah of the murderers, who fired through these windows upon the worshippers of Jehovah!

There was a flame rising into that Sabbath sky—there were the horrid shrieks of massacre ringing on the air, as men and women plunged into the flood—while from yonder walls of rocks, the murderers picked them one by one! The lonely plain ran with blood, down to the Kenebec, and the dying who struggled in its waves, left but a bloody track on the waters, to tell of their last fatal plunge!

And yonder, yes, in the church of God, kneeling beside that altar, clasping that cross with his trembling hands, there crouched the old man as the death-blow sank into his brain!

His white hair was dyed blood-red, even as the name of the Saviour quivered from his lips.

Even, came—where a Nation had been, was now only a harvest of dead bodies: where Religion had been, was now only an old man, murdered beside his altar.

Yet still, in death, his right hand uplifted, clung to the fallen cross.

And who were the murderers?

I will not say that they were Christians, but they were white men, and the children of white parents. They had been reared in the knowledge of a Saviour; they had been taught the existence of a God. They were soldiers, too, right brave men, withal, for they came with knife and rifle, skulk-

ing like wolves along these rocks, to murder a congregation in the act of worshipping their Maker.

Do you ask me for my opinion of such men? I cannot tell you. But were this tongue mute, this hand palsied, I would only ask the power of speech to say one word—the power of pen, to write that word in letters of fire—and the word would be—SCORN!—SCORN UPON THE MURDERERS OF FATHER RALLE!

And now, as the light of morning broke over the desolate plain, there stood the lone Indian, gazing upon the ruins of his race. Natanis, the last of the Norridgewocks, among the graves of his people!

But now he gazes far down the dark river—ha! what strange vision comes here?

Yonder, gliding from the shelter of the deep woods, comes a fleet of canoes, carrying strange warriors over the waters. Strange warriors, clad in the blue hunting-frock, faced with fur; strange warriors, with powder-horn, knife and rifle. Far ahead of the main body of the fleet, a solitary canoe skims over the waters. That canoe contains the oarsmen, and another form, wrapped in a rough cloak, with his head drooped on the breast, while the eye flashes with deep thoughts—the form of the Napoleon of the wilderness, BENEDICT ARNOLD.

Look! He rises in the canoe—he stands erect—he flings the cloak from his form—he lifts the rough fur cap from his brow. Do you mark each outline of that warrior-form? Do you note the bold thought now struggling into birth over that prominent forehead, along that compressed lip, in the gleam of those dark grey eyes, sunken deep beneath the brow?

He stands there, erect in the canoe, with outspread arms, as though he would say—

"Wilderness, I claim ye as my own! Rocks, ye cannot daunt me; cataracts, ye cannot appal! Starvation, death, and cold—I will conquer ye all!"

Look! As he stands there, erect in the canoe, the Indian, Natanis, beholds him, springs into the river and soon stands by his side.

"The Dark-Eagle comes to claim the wilderness," he speaks in the wild Indian tongue, which Arnold knows so well. "The wilderness will yield to the Dark-Eagle, but the Rock will defy him. The Dark-Eagle will soar aloft to the sun. Nations will behold him, and shout his praises. Yet when he soars highest, his fall is most certain. When his wing brushes the sky, then the arrow will pierce his heart!"

It was a Prophecy. In joy or sorrow, in battle or council, in honor or treason, Arnold never forgot the words of Natanis.

He joins that little fleet; he advances with Arnold into the Wilderness. Let us follow him there!

Now dashing down boiling rapids, now carrying their canoes through miles of forest, over hills of rock, now wading for long leagues, through

water that freezes to their limbs as they go, the little army of Arnold advance.

On, brave Arnold, on! For you the awful mountain has no terrors, the cold that stops the blood in its flowing, no fear. Not even the dark night when the straggler falls dying by the way, and unknown ravines yawn far below your path, not even the darker day when the little store of parched corn fails, and your famished soldiers feed on the flesh of dogs—when even the snake is a dainty meal—not even terrors like these can scare your iron soul! On, brave Arnold, on!

Look, at last, after dangers too horrible to tell, the little fleet is floating down that stream, whose awful solitude gained it this name, THE RIVER OF THE DEAD. Far over the waters, look! A tremendous mountain rises there from the waters above all other mountains into the blue sky; white, lonely and magnificent, an alabaster altar, to which the Angels may come to worship.

Under the shadow of this mountain the little army of Arnold encamped for three days. A single, bold soldier, ascends the colossal steep; stands there, far above, amid the snow and sunbeams, and at last comes rushing down with a shriek of joy.

"Arnold!" he cries, "I have seen the rock and spires of Quebec!"

What a burst of joy rises from that little host! Quebec! the object of all their hopes, for which they starve, and toil, and freeze! Hark! to that deep-mouthed hurrah!

Benedict Arnold then takes from his breast,—where wrapped in close folds he had carried it, through all his dreary march—a blue banner gleaming with thirteen stars. He hoists it in the air. For the first time the Banner of the Rights of Man, to which God has given his stars, floats over the waters of the Wilderness.

On, brave Arnold, on! On over the deep rapids and the mountain rock; on again in hunger and cold, until desertion and disease have thinned your band of eleven hundred down to nine hundred men of iron; on, brave hero —Napoleon on the Alps, Cortez in Mexico, Pizarro in Peru, never did a bolder deed than yours!

Let us for a moment pause to look upon a picture of beauty, even in this terrible march.

Do you see that dark lake, spreading away there under the shadow of tall pines? Look up—a faint glimpse of starlight is seen there through the intervals of the sombre boughs. The stars look down upon the deeps; solitude is there in all its stillness, so like the grave.

Suddenly a red light flares over the waters. The gleam of fires redden the boughs of these pines, flashes around the trunks of these stout oaks. The men of Arnold are here, encamped around yonder deserted Indian wigwam, whose rude timbers you may behold among the trees, near the brink of the waters.

For an hour these iron men are merry! Yes, encamped by the wave of Lake CHAUDIERE. They roast the ox amid the huge logs; they draw the rich salmon and the speckled trout from these waters. Forgive them if the drinking horn passes from lip to lip; forgive them if the laugh and song go round!—Forgive them—for to-morrow they must go on their dread march again; to-morrow they must feed on the bark of trees, and freeze in cold waters again—forgive them for this hour of joy.

Now let us follow them again; let us speak to brave Arnold, and bid him on!

O, these forests are dark and dense, these rocks are too terrible for us to climb, the cold chills our blood, this want of bread maddens our brain—but still brave Arnold points toward Quebec, and bids them on!

Hark! That cry, so deep, prolonged, maddening, hark, it swells up into the silence of night; it stops the heart in its beating. On, my braves! It is but the cry of a comrade who has missed his footing, and been dashed to pieces against the rocks below.

It is day again. The sun streams over the desolate waste of pines and snow. It is day; but the corn is gone—we hunger, Arnold! The dog is slain, the snake killed; they feast, these iron men. Then, with canoes on their shoulders, they wade the stream, they climb the mountain, they crawl along the sides of dark ravines. Upon the waters again! Behold the stream boiling and foaming over its rocky bed. Listen to the roaring of the torrent. Now guide the boat with care, or we are lost; swerve not a hair's breadth, or we are dashed to pieces. Suddenly a crash—a shout—and lo! Those men are struggling for their lives amid the wrecks of their canoes.

But still that voice speaks out: "Do not fear my iron men; gather the wrecks, and leap into your comrades' canoes. Do not fear, for Quebec is there!"

At last two long months of cold, starvation and death are past; Arnold stands on Point Levy, and there, over the waters, sees rising into light the rock and spires of Quebec!

Napoleon gazing on the plains of Italy, Cortez on the Halls of Montezuma, never felt such joy as throbbed in Arnold's bosom then!

It was there, there in the light, no dream, no fancy; but a thing of substance and form, it was there above the waters, the object of bright hopes and fears; that massive rock, that glittering town.

At last he beheld—QUEBEC!

IV.—THE ATTACK ON QUEBEC.

IT was the last day of the year 1775.

Yonder, on the awful cliffs of Abraham, in the darkness of the daybreak, while the leaden sky grooms above, a band of brave men are gathered; yes, while the British are banquetting in Quebec, here, on this tremendous rock,

in silent array, stand the Heroes of the Wilderness, joined with their brothers, the Continentals from Montreal.

That little army of one thousand have determined to attack the Gibralter of America, with its rocks, its fortifications, its two thousand British soldiers. Here, on the very rock, where, sixteen years ago, Montcalm and Wolfe poured forth their blood, now are gathered a band of brave men, who are seen in the darkness of this hour, extending like dim shadow-forms, around two figures, standing alone in the centre of the host.

It is silent, and sad as death. The roaring of the St. Lawrence alone is heard. Above the leaden sky, around the rock extending like a plain—yonder, far through the gloom, a misty light struggles into the sky, that light gleams from the firesides of Quebec.

Who are these, that stand side by side in the centre of the band?

That muscular form, with a hunting shirt thrown over his breast, that form standing there, with folded arms and head drooped low, while the eye glares out from beneath the fanning brow, that is the Patriot Hero of the Wilderness, Benedict Arnold.

By his side stands a graceful form, with strength and beauty mingled in its outlines, clad in the uniform of a General, while that chivalrous countenance with its eye of summer blue, turns anxiously from face to face. In that form you behold the doomed MONTGOMERY. He has come from Montreal, he has joined his little band with the Iron Men of Benedict Arnold.

Who are these that gather round, with fur caps upon each brow, moccasins upon each foot; who are these wild men, that now await the signal-word?—You may know them by their leader, who, with his iron form, stands leaning on his rifle—the brave DANIEL MORGAN.

The daybreak wears on; the sky grows darker; the snow begins to fall. Arnold turns to his brothers in arms. They clasp each other by the hand.—Their lips move but you hear no sound.

"Arnold!" whispers Montgomery, "I will lead my division along the St. Lawrence, under the rocks of Cape Diamond. I will meet you in the centre of Quebec—or die!"

"Montgomery, I will attack the barrier on the opposite side. There is my hand! I will meet you yonder—yonder in the centre of Quebec—or perish!"

It is an oath: the word is given.—Look there, and behold the two divisions, separating over the rocks: this, with Montgomery towards the St. Lawrence, that with Arnold and Morgan, towards the St. Charles.

All is still. The rocks grow white with snow. All is still and dark, but grim shadows are moving on every side.

Silence along the lines. Not a word on the peril of your lives! Do you behold this narrow pass, leading to the first barrier, yonder? That barrier, grim with cannon, commands every inch of the pass. On one side, the St. Charles heaps up its rocks of ice; on the other, are piled the rocks of granite.

Silence along the lines! The night is dark, the way is difficult, but Quebec is yonder! Soldier, beware of those piles of rock—a single misplaced footstep may arouse the sleeping soldier on yonder barrier. If he awake, we are lost! On, brave band, on with stealthy footstep, and rifle to each shoulder; on, men of the wilderness, in your shirts of blue and fur!

At the head of the column, with his drawn sword gleaming through the night, Benedict Arnold silently advances.

Then a single cannon, mounted on a sled, and dragged forward, by stout arms.

Last of all, Daniel Morgan with the riflemen of the Wilderness.

In this order along the narrow pass, with ice on one side and rocks on the other, the hero-band advance. The pass grows narrower—the battery nearer. Arnold can now count the cannon—nay, the soldiers who are watching there. Terrible suspense! Every breath is hushed—stout hearts now swell within the manly chest.

Lips compressed, eyes glaring, rifles clenched—the Iron Men move softly on.

Arnold silently turns to his men.

And yonder through the gloom, over the suburb of that city, over the rocks of that city's first barrier—there frowned the battery grim with cannon.

There wait the sentinel and his brother soldiers. They hear no sound; the falling snow echoes no footstep, and yet there are dim shadows moving along the rocks, moving on without a sound.

Look! Those shadows move up the rocks, to the very muzzles of the cannon. Now the sentinel starts up from his reclining posture; he hears that stealthy tread. He springs to his cannon—look! how that flash glares out upon the night.

Is this magic? There disclosed by that cannon flash, long lines of bold riflemen start into view, and there—

Standing in front of the cannon, his tall form rising in the red glare, with a sword in one hand, the Banner of the Stars in the other—there, with that wild look which he ever wore in battle, gleaming from his eye—there stands the patriot, Benedict Arnold!

On either side there is a mangled corse—but he stands firm. Before him yawns the cannon, but he springs upon those cannon—he turns to his men—he bids them on!

"To-night we will feast in Quebec!"

And the hail of the rifle balls lays the British dead upon their own cannon.—Now the crisis of the conflict comes.

Now behold this horrid scene of blood and death.

While the snow falls over the faces of the dead, while the blood of the dying turns that snow to scarlet, gather round your leader, load and fire,

dash these British hirelings upon the barrier's rocks—ye heroes of the Wilderness!

Now Arnold is in his glory!

Now he knows nothing, sees nothing but that grim barrier frowning yonder! Those fires flashing from the houses—that rattling hail of bullets pattering on the snow—he sees, he feels them not!

His eye is fixed upon the second barrier. He glances around that mass of rifles, now glittering in the red light—he floats the Banner of the Stars on high—Hark to his shout!

"Never fear, my men of the Wilderness! We have not come three hundred miles to fail now! Have I not sworn to meet Montgomery there, to meet him in the centre of the town, or die?"

And then on, across the rocks and cannon of the barrier! Hark—that crash, that yell! The British soldiers are driven back over the dead bodies of comrades—the first barrier is won!

Arnold stands victorious upon that barrier—stands there, with blood upon his face, his uniform—dripping from his sword—stands there with the Banner of the Stars in his hand!

Oh! sainted mother of Arnold, who on that calm summer night, near forty years ago, laid your child upon the sacramental altar, now look from Heaven, and—if saints pray for the children of earth—then pray that your son may die here upon the bloody barrier of Quebec! For then his name will be enshrined with Warrens and Washingtons of all time!

Even as Arnold stood there, brandishing that starry banner, a soldier rushed up to his side, and with horror quivering on his lip, told that the gallant Montgomery had fallen.

Fallen at the head of his men, covered with wounds; the noble heart, that beat so high an hour ago, was now cold as the winter snow, on which his form was laid.

Leaving Arnold for a moment, on the first barrier of Quebec, let us trace the footsteps of his brother-hero.

Do you behold that massive rock, which arises from the dark river into the darker sky? Along that rock of Cape diamond, while the St. Lawrence dashes the ice in huge masses against its base, along that rock, over a path that leads beneath a shelf of granite, with but room for the foot of a single man, Richard Montgomery leads his band.

Stealthily, silently, my comrades!—Not a word—let us climb this narrow path. Take care; a misplaced footstep, and you will be hurled down upon the ice of the dark river. Up, my men, and on! Yonder it is at last, the block-house, and beyond it, at the distance of two hundred paces, the battery, dark with cannon!

With words like these, Montgomery led on his men. The terrible path was ascended. He stood before the block-house. Now, comrades!

How that rifle-blaze flashed far over the rocks down to the St. Lawrence! An axe! an axe! by all that is brave! He seizes the axe, the brave Montgomery; with his own arm he hews the palisades.—The way is clear for his men. A charge with blazing rifles, a shout, the block-house is won!

Talk of your British bayonets—ha, ha! Where did they ever stand the blaze of American rifles? Where? Oh, perfumed gentlemen, who in gaudy uniforms, strut Chesnut street—talk to me of your charge of bayonets, and your rules of discipline, and your system of tactics, and I will reply by a single word—one American rifleman, in his rude hunting shirt, was worth a thousand such as you. Who mocked the charge of bayonets on Bunker Hill? Who captured Burgoyne? Who—at Brandywine—kept back all the panoply of British arms from morning till night?—The Riflemen.

One shout the block-house is won.—Now on toward the battery—load and advance! Montgomery still in the front. With a yell, the British behold them approach; they flee from their cannon.—Montgomery mounts the walls of rocks and iron; his sword gleams on high, like a beacon for his men. At this moment, hush your breath and look!—While Montgomery clings to the rocks of the battery, a single British soldier turns from his flight, and fires one of those grim cannon, and then is gone again.

A blaze upon the right, a smoke, a chorus of groans!

Montgomery lays mangled upon the rock, while around him are scattered four other corses. Their blood mingles in one stream.

A rude rifleman advances, bends down, and looks upon that form, quivering for an instant only, and then cold—upon that face, torn and mangled, as with the print of a horse's hoof, that face, but a moment before glowing with a hero's soul. He looks for a moment and then, with panic in his face, turns to his comrades.

"Montgomery is dead!" he shrieks; and with one accord tney retreat—they fly from that fatal rock.

But one form lingers. It is that boyish form, graceful almost to womanly beauty, with the brow of a genius, the eye of an eagle. That boy ran away from college, bore Washington's commands 300 miles, and now—covered with the blood of the fight—stands beside the mangled body of Montgomery, his dark eye wet with tears. In that form behold the man who was *almost* President of the United States, and Emperor of Mexico—the enigma of our history, Aaron Burr.

They are gone. Montgomery is left alone, with no friend to compose limbs or close those glaring eyes. And at this moment, while the snow falls over his face, while the warm blood of his heart pours out upon the rock, yonder in his far-off home, his young wife kneels by her bed, and prays God to hasten his return!

He died in the flush of heroism, in the prime of early manhood, leaving

his country the rich legacy of his fame, leaving his blood upon the rock of Quebec.

The day is coming when an army of Free Canadians will encamp on that very rock, their rifles pointed at the British battery, their Republican flag waving in the forlorn hope against the British banner! Then perhaps, some true American heart will wash out the blood of Montgomery from the rock of Quebec.

Arnold stood upon the first barrier, while his heart throbbed at the story of Montgomery's fate.

Then that expression of desperation, which few men could look upon without fear, came over Arnold's face. Now look at him, as with his form swelling with rage he rushes on! He springs from that barrier, he shouts to the iron men, he rings the name of Morgan on the air.

He points to the narrow street, over which the second barrier is thrown.

"Montgomery is there," he shouts, in a voice of thunder, "there waiting for us!"

Hurrah! How the iron men leap at the word! There is the quick clang of ramrods; each rifle is loaded. They rush on!

At their head, his whole form convulsed, his lips writhing, his chest heaving unconscious of danger, as though the ghost of Montgomery was there before him, Benedict Arnold rushes on!

Even as he rushes, he falls. Even as you look upon him, in his battle rage with his right leg shattered, he falls.

But does he give up the contest?

By the ghost of Montgomery—No!

No! He lifts his face from the snow now crimsoned with his blood, he follows with his startling eyes, the path of Morgan, he shouts with his thunder tones, his well-known battle-cry.

He beholds his men rush on amid light and flame, he hears the crack of the rifle, the roar of cannon, the tread of men, rushing forward to the conflict.

Then he endeavors to rise. A gallant soldier offers his arm to the wounded hero.

He rises, stands for a moment, and then falls. But still his soul is firm. —Still his eye glares upon the distant flight. Not until he makes his bed, there on the cold snow, in a pool of his own blood, until his eyes fail and his right leg stiffens, does his soul cease to beat with the pulsations of battle. Then and then only, the Hero of the Wilderness is carried back to yonder rock.

Would to God that he had died there!

Would to God that he had died there with all his honorable wounds about him. O, for a stray bullet, a chance shot, to still his proud heart forever. O, that he had laid side by side with Montgomery, hallowed forever by his

death of glory. Then the names of Arnold and Montgomery, mingled in one breath, would have been joined forever, in one song of immortality.

But Montgomery died alone; his blood stains the rock of Quebec. Arnold lived; his ashes accursed by his countrymen, rest in an unknown grave.

When the news of the gallant attack on Quebec—gallant though unsuccessful—reached Philadelphia, the Congress rewarded Benedict Arnold with the commission of a Brigadier General.

The same mob, who, afterwards—while Arnold was yet true to his country—stoned him in the streets, and stoned the very arm that had fought for them, now cracked their throats in shouting his name.

The very city, which afterwards was the scene of his Dishonorable Persecution, now flashed out from its illuminated casements, glory of the Hero of Quebec, BENEDICT ARNOLD.

V.—THE WAR-HORSE LUCIFER.

Now let us pass with one bold flight over the movements of the Continental army in Canada; let us hasten at once, to that dark night when the legions under Sullivan, embarked on the River Sorel, on their way to Lake Champlain and Crown Point.

Let us go yonder to the darkened shore, as the shades of night come down. A solitary man with his horse, yet lingers on the strand. Yes, as the gleam of the advancing bayonets of Bourgoyne, is seen there through the northern woods—as the last of the American boats ripples the river, far to the south, while the gathering twilight casts the shadow of the forest along the waters, here on this deserted strand, a single warrior lingers with his war-horse.

There is the light canoe waiting by the shore, to bear him over the waters; for he must leave that gallant steed with skin black as night, and a mane like an inky wave.

He cannot leave him for the advancing foe; he must kill him.

Kill the noble horse that has borne him scatheless through many a fight! Kill—LUCIFER—so the warrior named him—that brave horse, whose heart in battle beats with a fire like his own? Ah, then the stout heart of Arnold quailed. Ah, then as the noble horse stooped his arching neck, as if to invite his master to mount him once again, and rush on to meet the foe, then Arnold who never turned his face away from foe, turned his face away from the large speaking eye of that horse, Lucifer.

He drew his pistol; the horse laid his head against his breast, floating his dark mane over his shoulders. Arnold who never shed a tear for the dead men in battle, felt his eyes grow wet. He was about to shoot that friend, who had served him so well, and never betrayed him.

There was the report of a pistol—the sound of a heavy body falling on the sand—the motion of a light canoe speeding over the waters.

And Arnold looked back, and beheld the dying head of his horse faintly upraised; he beheld that large eye rolling in death.

Ah, little can you guess the love that the true warrior feels for his steed! Ah, many a time in after life, when the friend of his heart betrayed, and the beloved one on whose bosom he reposed, whispered Treason in his ear, did he remember the last look of that dying war-horse, LUCIFER.

VI.—THE APE-AND-VIPER GOD.

LET us now pass rapidly on, in this our strange history. At first a glorious landscape bursts upon our view, and Courage and Patriotism walk before us in forms of God-like beauty. Let us leave this landscape, let us on to the dim horizon, where the dark cloud towers and glooms, bearing in its breast the lightnings of Treason.

Let us pass over those brilliant exploits on Lake Champlain, which made the Continent ring with the name of Arnold.

Let us see that man rising in renown as a soldier, who was always—*First on the forlorn hope, last on the field of battle.*

Let us behold certain men, in Camp and Congress, growing jealous of his renown.

They do not hesitate to charge him with appropriating to his own use, certain goods, which he seized when in command at Montreal. The records of history give the lie to this charge of mercenary business, for when Arnold seized the goods, he wrote to his commanding general and to Congress, that he was about to seize certain stores in Montreal for the public benefit. Those goods were left to waste on the river shore, through the reckless negligence of an inferior officer.

We will then go to Congress, and behold the rise of that thing, which the ancient sculptors would have impersonated under the mingled form of an ape and a viper—THE SPIRIT OF PARTY.

It is the same in all ages. Without the courage or the talent, to project one original measure, it is always found barking and snarling at the heels of Genius. To-day it receives Napoleon, crowned with the bloody laurel of Waterloo, and instead of calling upon France, to support her Deliverer, this spirit of Party truckles to foreign bayonets, and requests—his abdication. To-morrow, it meets the victor of the south, in a New Orleans' court of justice, and while the shouts of thousands protected from British bayonets, rings in his ears, this spirit of Party in the shape of a solemn Judge, attempts to brand the hero with dishonor, by the infliction of a thousand dollar fine. In the Revolution, Washington held the serenity of his soul amid the hills of Valley Forge, combating pestilence and starvation, with an unshrinking will. All the while in the hall of the Continental Congress, the Spirit of Party was at work, planning a mean deed, with mean men for

its instruments; the overthrow of the Hero by a cabal, that was as formidable then, as it is contemptable now.

In all ages, to speak plainly, this spirit of party, this effervescence of faction, is the voice of those weak and wicked creatures, who spring into life from the fermenting compost of social dissension. It never shows a bold front, never speaks a plain truth, never does a brave deed. Its element is intrigue, more particularly called low cunning; its atmosphere darkness; its triumph the orgie of diseased debauchery, its revenge as remorseless as the malice of an ape, or the sting of a viper.

A great man may be a Republican, or even a King-worshipper, willing to write, or speak, or fight for his principles, with a fearless pen and voice and sword. But he never can be a—Party Man. The very idea of faction, pre-supposes intrigue, and intrigue indicates a cold heart, and a dwarfed brain. It is the weapon of a monkey, not of a man.

This Spirit of Party, this manifestation of all the meanness and malice which may exist in a nation, even as the most beautiful tropical flower shelters the most venomous snake, has destroyed more republics, than all the Tyrants of the world together, were their deeds multiplied by thousands. Indeed, in nine cases out of ten, it has been by playing on the frothy passions of contending factions, that Tyrants have been suffered to trample their way to power, over the bodies of freemen.

Let us go to the hall of Congress, and see this Spirit of Party, the Ape-and-Viper God, which burdened the heart of Washington, more than all the terror of British bayonets or scaffolds, first manifested in the case of Arnold.

Let a single fact attest its blindness and malignity.

——In February, 1777, Congress created five Major Generals, over the head of Benedict Arnold. All of these were his juniors; one of them was from the militia.

Was that the way to treat the Hero of the Wilderness, of Quebec, of Ticonderoga and of Champlain?

Even the well-governed spirit of Washington, started at such neglect. He wrote a manly and soothing letter to Arnold. He knew him to be a man of many good and some evil qualities, all marked and prominent. He believed that with fair treatment, the Evil might be crushed, the Good strengthened. Therefore, Washington, the Father of his Country, wrote a letter, at once high-toned and conciliating, to the Patriot, Benedict Arnold.

What was the course of Arnold?

He expostulated with the party in Congress, who wished to drive him mad.

How did he expostulate? In his own fiery way. Like many stout souls of that Iron time, he spoke a better language with his sword than with his pen. Let us look at the expostulation of Arnold.

——It is night around the town of Danbury. Two thousand British hirelings attack and burn that town. Yes, surrounded by his hirelings, as-

sassins in the shape of British soldiers, and assassins in the shape of American Tories, brave General Tryon holds his Communion of Blood, by the light of blazing homes.

In the dimness of the daybreak hour, these gallant men, whose trophies are dishonored virgins, and blasted homes, are returning to their camp.

Yonder on those high rocks, near the town of Ridgefield, Arnold, with only 500 men, disputes the path of the Destroyer. The Continentals are driven back after much carnage, but Arnold is the last man to leave the rock.

His horse is shot under him; the British surround him, secure of their prey; the dismounted General sits calmly on his dying steed, his arms folded, his eye sunk beneath the compressed brow. A burly British soldier approaches to secure the rebel—look! He is sure of his prisoner. Arnold beholds him, beholds the wall of bayonets and faces that encircle him. The soldier extends his hand to grasp the prisoner, when Arnold, smiling calmly, draws his pistol and shoots the hireling through the heart. Follow him yonder, as he fights his way down the rock, through the breasts of his foes.

That was the right kind of Expostulation!

When a faction, nestling in the breast of your country, wrong you, then only fight for that country with more determined zeal. Right will come at last.

Had Arnold always expostulated thus, his name would not now be the Hyperbole of scorn. His name could at this hour, rank second, and only second to—WASHINGTON.

When Congress received the news of this Expostulation, Arnold was raised to the rank of Major General. Yet still, they left the date of his commission, below the date of the commissions of the other five Major Generals. This—to use the homely expression of a brave Revolutionary soldier —'was breaking his head and giving him a plaster,' with a vengeance.

Ere we pass on to the Battle-Day of Saratoga, let me tell you an incident of strange interest, which took place in 1777, during Arnold's command near Fort Edward, on the Hudson River.

VII.—THE BRIDAL EVE.

One summer night, the blaze of many lights streaming from the windows of an old mansion, perched yonder among the rocks and woods, flashed far over the dark waters of Lake Champlain.

In a quiet and comfortable chamber of that mansion, a party of British officers, sitting around a table spread with wines and viands, discussed a topic of some interest, if it was not the most important in the world, while the tread of the dancers shook the floor of the adjoining room.

Yes, while all gaiety and dance and music in the largest hall of the old mansion, whose hundred lights glanced far over the waters of Champlain—

here in this quiet room, with the cool evening breeze blowing in their faces thro' the opened windows, here this party of British officers had assembled to discuss their wines and their favorite topic.

That topic was—the comparative beauty of the women of the world.

"As for me," said a handsome young Ensign, "I will match the voluptuous forms and dark eyes of Italy, against the beauties of all the world!"

"And I," said a bronzed old veteran, who had risen to the Colonelcy by his long service and hard fighting; "and I have a pretty lass of a daughter there in England, whose blue eyes and flaxen hair would shame your tragic beauties of Italy into very ugliness."

"I have served in India, as you all must know," said the Major, who sat next to the veteran, "and I never saw painting or statue, much less living woman, half so lovely as some of those Hindoo maidens, bending down with water-lillies in their hands; bending down by the light of torches, over the dark waves of the Ganges."

And thus, one after another, Ensign, Colonel, and Major, had given their opinion, until that young American Refugee, yonder at the foot of the table, is left to decide the argument. That American—for I blush to say it—handsome young fellow as he is, with a face full of manly beauty, blue deep eyes, ruddy cheeks, and glossy brown hair, that American is a Refugee, and a Captain in the British army.—He wore the handsome scarlet coat, the glittering epaulette, lace ruffles on his bosom and around his wrists.

"Come, Captain, pass the wine this way!" shouted the Ensign; "pass the wine and decide this great question! Which are the most beautiful: the red cheeks of Merry England, the dark eyes of Italy, or the graceful forms of Hindoostan?"

The Captain hesitated for a moment, and then tossing off a bumper of old Madeira, somewhat flushed as he was with wine, replied:

"Mould your three models of beauty, your English lass, your Italian queen, your Hindoo nymph, into one, and add to their charms a thousand graces of color and form and feature, and I would not compare this perfection of loveliness for a single moment, with the wild and artless beauty of—*an American girl.*"

The laugh of the three officers, for a moment, drowned the echo of the dance in the next room.

"Compare his American milk-maid with the woman of Italy!"

"Or the lass of England!"

"Or the graceful Hindoo girl!"

This laughing scorn of the British officers, stung the handsome Refugee to the quick.

"Hark ye!" he cried, half rising from his seat, with a flushed brow, but a deep and deliberate voice: "To-morrow, I marry a wife: an *American* girl?—To-night, at midnight too, that American girl will join the dance in

the next room. You shall see her—you shall judge for yourselves! Whether the American woman is not the most beautiful in the world!"

There was something in the manner of the young Refugee, more than in the nature of his information, that arrested the attention of his brother officers.—For a moment they were silent.

"We have heard something of your marriage, Captain," said the gay Ensign, "but we did not think it would occur so suddenly? Only think of it! To-morrow you will be gone—settled—verdict brought in—sentence passed—*a married man!*—But tell me? How will your lady-love be brought to this house to night? I thought she resided within the rebel lines?"

"She does reside there! But I have sent a messenger—a friendly Indian chief, on whom I can place the utmost dependence—to bring her from her present home, at dead of night thro' the forest, to this mansion. He is to return by twelve; it is now half-past eleven!"

"Friendly Indian!" echoed the veteran Colonel; "Rather an odd guardian for a pretty woman!—Quite an original idea of a *Duenna*, I vow!"

"And you will match this lady against all the world, for beauty?" said the Major.

"Yes, and if you do not agree with me, this hundred guineas which I lay upon the table, shall serve our mess, for wines, for a month to come! But if you do agree with me—as without a doubt you will—then you are to replace this gold with a hundred guineas of your own."

"Agreed! It is a wager!" chorussed the Colonel and the two other officers.

And in that moment—while the door-way was thronged by fair ladies and gay officers, attracted from the next room by the debate—as the Refugee stood, with one hand resting upon the little pile of gold, his ruddy face grew suddenly pale as a shroud, his blue eyes dilated, until they were encircled by a line of white enamel, he remained standing there, as if frozen to stone.

"Why, captain, what is the matter?" cried the Colonel, starting up in alarm, "do you see a ghost, that you stand gazing there, at the blank wall?"

The other officers also started up in alarm, also asked the cause of this singular demeanor, but still, for the space of a minute or more, the Refugee Captain stood there, more like a dead man suddenly recalled to life, than a living being.

That moment passed, he sat down with a cold shiver; made a strong effort as if to command his reason; and then gave utterance to a forced laugh.

"Ha, ha! See how I've frightened you!" he said—and then laughed that cold, unnatural, hollow laugh again.

And yet, half an hour from that time, he freely confessed the nature of the horrid picture which he had seen drawn upon that blank, wainscotted wall, as if by some supernatural hand.

But now, with the wine cup in his hand, he turned from one comrade to another, uttering some forced jest, or looking towards the doorway, crowded by officers and ladies, he gaily invited them to share in this remarkable argument: Which were the most beautiful women in the world?

As he spoke, the hour struck.

Twelve o'clock was there, and with it a footstep, and then a bold Indian form came urging through the crowd of ladies, thronging yonder doorway.

Silently, his arms folded on his war-blanket, a look of calm stoicism on his dusky brow, the Indian advanced along the room, and stood at the head of the table. There was no lady with him!

Where is the fair girl? She who it is to be the Bride to-morrow? Perhaps the Indian has left her in the next room, or in one of the other halls of the old mansion, or perhaps—but the thought is a foolish one—she has refused to obey her lover's request—refused to come to meet him!

There was something awful in the deep silence that reigned through the room, as the solitary Indian stood there, at the head of the table, gazing silently in the lover's face.

"*Where is she?*" at last gasped the Refugee. "She has not refused to come? Tell me—has any accident befallen her by the way? I know the forest is dark, and the wild path most difficult—tell me: where is the lady for whom I sent you into the Rebel lines?"

For a moment, as the strange horror of that lover's face was before him, the Indian was silent. Then as his answer seemed trembling on his lips, the ladies in yonder doorway, the officers from the ball-room, and the party round the table, formed a group around the two central figures—the Indian, standing at the head of the table, his arms folded in his war-blanket—that young officer, half rising from his seat, his lips parted, his face ashy, his clenched hands resting on the dark mahogony of the table.

The Indian answered first by an action, then by a word.

First the action: Slowly drawing his right hand from his war-blanket, he held it in the light. That right hand clutched with blood-stained fingers, a bleeding scalp, and long and glossy locks of beautiful dark hair!

Then the word: "Young warrior sent the red man for the scalp of the pale-faced squaw! Here it is!"

Yes—the rude savage had mistaken his message! Instead of bringing the bride to her lover's arms, he had gone on his way, determined to bring the scalp of the victim to the grasp of her pale face enemy.

Not even a groan disturbed the silence of that dreadful moment. Look there! The lover rises, presses that long hair—so black, so glossy, so beautiful—to his heart, and then—as though a huge weight, falling on his brain, had crushed him, fell with one dead sound on the hard floor.

He lay there—stiff, and pale, and cold—his clenched right hand still clutching the bloody scalp, and the long dark hair falling in glossy tresses over the floor!

This was his bridal eve!

Now tell me, my friends, you who have heard some silly and ignorant pretender, pitifully complain of the destitution of Legend, Poetry, Romance, which characterises our National History—tell me, did you ever read a tradition of England, or France or Italy, or Spain, or any land under the Heavens, that might, in point of awful tragedy, compare with the simple History of David Jones and John M'Crea? For it is but a scene from this narrative, with which you have all been familiar from childhood, that I have given you.

When the bridegroom, flung there on the floor, with the bloody scalp and long dark tresses in his hands, arose again to the terrible consciousness of life—those words trembled from his lips, in a faint and husky whisper:

"Do you remember how, half an hour ago—I stood there—by the table—silent, and pale, and horror-stricken—while you all started up round me, asking me what horrid sight I saw? Then, oh then, I beheld the horrid scene—that home, yonder by the Hudson river, mounting to Heaven in the smoke and flames! The red forms of Indians going to and fro, amid flame and smoke—tomahawk and torch in hand! There, amid dead bodies and smoking embers, I beheld her form—my bride—for whom I had sent the messenger—kneeling, pleading for mercy, even as the tomahawk crashed into her brain!"

As the horrid picture again came o'er his mind, he sank senseless again, still clutching that terrible memorial—the bloody scalp and long black hair!

That was an awful BRIDAL EVE.

VIII.

THE BLACK HORSE AND HIS RIDER; OR "WHO WAS THE HERO OF SARATOGA?"

THERE was a day my friends, when the nation rung with the glory of the victor of Saratoga.

The name of Horatio Gates was painted on banner, sung in hymns, flashed from transparencies, as the Captor of Burgoyne.

Benedict Arnold was not in the battle at all, if we may believe in the bulletin of Gates, for his name is not even mentioned there.

Yet I have a strange story to tell you, concerning the very battle, which supported as it is, by the solemn details of history, throws a strange light on the career of Benedict Arnold.

It was the Seventh of October, 1777.

Horatio Gates stood before his tent, gazing steadfastly upon the two armies, now arrayed in order of battle. It was a clear bracing day, mellow with the richness of Autumn; the sky was cloudless, the foliage of the woods scarce tinged with purple and gold; the buckwheat on yonder fields, frosted into snowy ripeness.

It was a calm, clear day, but the tread of legions shook the ground. From

every bush shot the glimmer of the rifle barrel, on every hillside blazed the sharpened bayonet. Flags were there, too, tossing in the breeze; here the Banner of the Stars—yonder the Red Cross gonfalon.

Here in solid lines were arrayed the Continental soldiers, pausing on their arms, their homely costume looking but poor and humble, when compared with the blaze of scarlet uniforms, reddening along yonder hills and over the distant fields. Ah, that hunting shirt of blue was but a rude dress, yet on the 19th of September, scarce two weeks ago, on these very hills, it taught the scarlet-coated Briton a severe lesson of repentance and humility.

Here, then, on the morning of this eventful day, which was to decide the fate of America, whether Gates should flee before Burgoyne, or Burgoyne lay down his arms at the feet of Gates, here at the door of his tent stood the American General, his countenance manifesting deep anxiety.

Now he gazed upon the glittering array of Burgoyne, as it shone over yonder fields, and now his eye roved over those hardy men in hunting shirts, with rifles in their hands. He remembered the contest of the 19th, when Benedict Arnold, at the head of certain bold riflemen, carried the day, before all the glitter of British arms; and now—perchance—a fear seized him, that this 7th of October might be a dark day, for Arnold was not there. They had quarrelled, Arnold and Gates, about some matter of military courtesy; the former was now without a commission; the latter commanded, alone, and now would have to win glory for himself with his own hands.

Gates was sad and thoughtful, as in all the array of his uniform, he stood before his tent, watching the evolutions of the armies, but all at once a smoke arose, a thunder shook the ground, a chorus of shouts and groans, yelled along the darkened air. The play of death was begun. The two flags—this of Stars, that of the Red Cross—tossed amid the smoke of battle, while the sky was clouded in leaden folds, and the earth throbbed as with the pulsation of a mighty heart.

Suddenly Gates and his officers started with surprise. Along the gentle height on which they stood, there came a Warrior on a Black Horse, rushing toward the distant battle. There was something in the appearance of this Horse and his Rider, to strike them with surprise. The Horse was a noble animal; do you mark that expanse of chest, those slender yet sinewy limbs, that waving mane and tail? Do you mark the head erect, those nostrils quivering, that eye glaring with terrible light? Then his color—the raven is not darker than his skin, or maiden's cheek more glossy than his spotless hide.*

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* There have been certain learned critics, who object to this similie. They state, with commendable gravity, that the idea of a horse—even a war-horse, who ranks, in the scale of being, next to man—having a hide 'glossy as a maiden's cheek,' hurts their delicate perceptions. Their experience teaches them, that the word 'glossy,' coupled with 'black,' must refer to a '*glossy black maiden.*' Had my ideas ran in that direction, I never would have penned the sentence; but as I do not possess the large experience of these critics, in relation to 'African maidens,' I must even let

Look upon that gallant steed, and remember the words of Job—

Hast thou given the horse strength? hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?
Cans't thou make him afraid as a grasshopper. The glory of his nostrils is terrible!
He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength; he goeth on to meet the armed men.
He mocketh at fear and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the sword.
The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield.
He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage; neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet.
He saith among the trumpets, Ha! ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains and the shouting.

But the Rider presents also a sight of strange and peculiar interest. He is a man of muscular form, with a dark brow gathered in a frown, a darker eye, shooting its glance from beneath the projecting forehead. His lip is compressed—his cravat, unloosened, exposes the veins of his bared throat, now writhing like serpents. It is plain that his spirit is with the distant battle, for neither looking to the right or left, not even casting a glance aside to Gates, he glares over his horse's head toward the smoke of conflict.

No sword waves in his grasp, but while the rein hangs on his horse's neck, his hands rest by his side, the fingers quivering with the same agitation that blazes over his face.

Altogether it is a magnificent sight, that warrior in the blue uniform on his Black Horse, who moves along the sod at a brisk walk, his tail and mane tossing on the breeze. And as the noble horse moves on, the soldier speaks to him, and calls him by name, and lays his right hand on his glossy neck.

"Ho! WARREN—forward!"

Then that Black Horse—named after the friend of the soldier, a friend who now is sleeping near Bunker Hill, where he fell—darts forward, with one sudden bound, and is gone like a flash toward the distant battle.

This brief scene, this vision of the Horse and his Rider, struck Gates with unfeigned chagrin, his officers with unmingled surprise.

"Armstrong!" shouted Gates, turning to a brave man by his side, "Pursue that man! Tell him it is my command that he returns from the field. Away! Do not lose a minute, for *he will do something rash, if left to himself!*"

Armstrong springs to his steed, and while the heaven above, and the broad sweeps of woods and fields yonder, are darkened by the smoke of conflict, he pursues the Black Horse and his Rider.

But that Rider looks over his shoulder with a smile of scorn on his lip, a scowl of defiance on his brow. Look! He draws his sword—the sharp

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the sentence stand as it is. They also object to the horse; saying piteously—"You make him a hero!" I have no doubt they would prefer for a hero, an excellent animal, noted for his deep throat and long ears. My taste inclines in a different direction.

blade quivers in the air. He points to the battle, and lo! he is gone—gone through yonder clouds—while his shout echoes over the fields.

Wherever the fight is thickest, through the intervals of battle smoke and cannon glare, you may see, riding madly forward, that strange soldier, mounted on his steed, black as death.

Look at him, as with his face red with British blood, he waves his sword, and shouts to the legions. Now you see him fighting in that cannon's glare, the next moment he is away off yonder, leading the forlorn hope up the steep cliff.

Is it not a magnificent sight, to see that nameless soldier, and that noble Black Steed, dashing like a meteor through the long columns of battle?

And all the while, Major Armstrong, spurring his steed to the utmost, pursues him, but in vain. He shouts to him, but the warrior cannot hear. He can see the Black Horse, through the lifted folds of battle-smoke, now and then he hears the Rider's shout.

"Warren! Ho! Warren! Upon them—charge!"

Let us look in for a moment through these clouds of battle. Here, over this thick hedge, bursts a band of American militia men—their rude farmer's coats stained with their blood—while, scattering their arms by the way, they flee before yonder company of red-coat hirelings, who come rushing forward, their solid front of bayonets gleaming in the battle-light.

In the moment of their flight, a Black Horse crashes over the field. The unknown warrior reins his steed back on his haunches, right in the path of this broad-shouldered militia man.

"Now, coward, advance another step, and I will shoot you to the heart!" shouts the rider, extending a pistol in either hand. "What! are you Americans—*men*—and fly before these British soldiers? Back and face them once more—seize your arms—face the foe, or I myself will ride you down!"

That appeal, uttered with deep, indignant tones, and a face convulsed with passion, is not without its effect. The militia man turns, seizes his gun; his comrades as if by one impulse, follow his example. They form in solid order along the field, and silently load their pieces; they wait the onset of those British bayonets.

"Reserve your fire until you can touch the point of their bayonets!" was the whispered command of the Unknown. Those militia-men, so lately panic-stricken, now regard the approach of the red-coats in silence, yet calmly and without a tremor. The British came on—nearer and nearer yet—you can see their eyes gleam, you can count the buttons on their scarlet coats. They seek to terrify the militia-men with shouts; but those plain farmers do not move an inch.

In one line—but twenty men in all—they confront thirty sharp bayonets.

The British advance—they are within two yards.

"Now upon the rebels—charge bayonet!" shouted the red-coat officer.

They spring forward, with the same bound—look! Their bayonets almost touch the muzzles of these rifles!

At this moment the voice of the Rider was heard.

"Now let them have it—*fire!*"

A sound is heard—a smoke is seen—twenty Britons are down, some writhing in death, some crawling along the sod, some speechless as stone. The remaining ten start back—but then is no time for surprise.

"Club your rifles, and charge them home!" shouts the Unknown, and the Black Horse springs forward, followed by the militia-men. Then a confused conflict—a cry of "quarter!"—a vision of the twenty farmers grouped around the Rider of the Black Horse, greeting him with hearty cheers.

Thus it was all the day long.

Wherever that Black Horse and his Rider went, there followed victory. The soldiers in every part of the field seemed to know that Rider, for they hailed him with shouts, they obeyed his commands, they rushed after him, over yonder cannon, through yonder line of bayonets. His appearance in any quarter of the field was succeeded by a desperate onset, a terrible charge, or a struggle hand to hand with the soldiers of Burgoyne.

Was this not a strange thing? This unknown man, without a command was obeyed by all the soldiers, as though they recognized their General. They acknowledged him for a Leader, wherever he rode; they followed him to death wherever he gave the word.

Now look for him again!

On the summit of yonder hill, the Black Horse stands erect on his haunches, his fore-legs pawing the air, while the rider bends over his neck, and looks toward the clouded valley. The hat has fallen from that Rider's brow; his face is covered with sweat and blood; his right-hand grasps that battered sword. How impressive that sight, as an occasional sun-gleam lights the Rider's brow, or a red flash of battle-light, bathes his face, as in rays of blood!

At this moment, as the black steed rears on the summit of the hill, look yonder from the opposite valley, dashes Major Armstrong, in search of that Unknown Rider, who sees him coming, turns his horse's head and disappears with a laugh of scorn. Still the gallant Major keeps on his way, in search of this man, who excites the fears of General Gates—this brave Rider, who was about to do "*something rash.*"

At last, toward the setting of the sun, the crisis of the conflict came.

That fortress yonder on Behmus Height, was to be won, or the American cause was lost.

That fortress was to be gained, or Gates was a dishonored man; Burgoyne a triumphant General.

That fortress yonder—you can see it through the battle-clouds—with its wall of red-coats, its lines of British cannon, its forest of bayonets.

Even those bold riflemen, who were in the wilderness with one Benedict Arnold, who stormed the walls of Quebec, with this Arnold and Montgomery, on that cold daybreak of December thirty-first, 1775, even those men of iron fell back, terrified at the sight.

That cliff is too steep—that death is too certain. Their officers cannot persuade them to advance. The Americans have lost the field. Even Morgan—that Iron Man among Iron Men—leans on his rifle, and despairs of the field.

But look yonder! In this moment, while all is dismay and horror, here, crashing on, comes the Black Horse and his Rider.

That Rider bends from his steed; you can see his phrenzied face, now covered with sweat, and dust, and blood. He lays his hand on that bold rifleman's shoulder.

"Come on!" he cries; "*you* will not fail me now!"

The rifleman knows that face, that voice. As though living fire had been poured into his veins, he grasps his rifle, and starts toward the rock.

"Come on!" cries the Rider of the Black Horse, turning from one scarred face to another. "Come on! *you* will not fail me now!"

He speaks in that voice which thrills their blood.

"*You* were with me in the Wilderness!" he cries to one; "and *you* at Quebec!" he shouts to another; "do you remember?"

"And *you* at Montreal!"——

"And you, there on Lake Champlain! You know me—you have known me long! Have I ever spoken to you in vain? I speak to you now—do you see that Rock? Come on!"

And now look, and now hold your breath as that black steed crashes up the steep rock! Ah, that steed quivers—he totters—he falls! No, no! Still on, still up the rock, still on toward the fortress!

Now look again—his Rider turns his face——

"Come on, Men of Quebec, where I lead, you will follow!"

But that cry is needless. Already the bold riflemen are on the rock. And up and onward, one fierce bolt of battle, with that Warrior on his Black Steed, leading the dread way, sweep the Men of the Wilderness, the Heroes of Quebec.

Now pour your fires, British cannon. Now lay the dead upon the rock, in tens and twenties. Now—hirelings—shout your British battle-cry if you can!

For look, as the battle-smoke clears away, look there, in the gate of the fortress for the Black Steed and his Rider!

That Steed falls dead, pierced by an hundred balls, but there his Rider waves the Banner of the Stars, there—as the British cry for quarter, he lifts

up his voice, and shouts afar to Horatio Gates, waiting yonder in his tent; he tells him that—

"SARATOGA IS WON!"

And look! As that shout goes up to heaven, he falls upon his Steed, with his leg shattered by a cannon ball.

He lays there, on his dead Steed, bleeding and insensible, while his hand, laid over the neck of the gallant Horse, still grasps the Banner of the Stars.

Who was the Rider of the Black Horse? Do you not guess his name? Then bend down and gaze upon that shattered limb, and you will see that it bears the scars of a former wound—a hideous wound it must have been. Now, do you not guess his name? That wound was received at the Storming of Quebec; that Rider of the Black Horse was BENEDICT ARNOLD.

In this hour, while the sun was setting over the field of the Seventh of October—while the mists of battle lay piled in heavy clouds above the walls of the conquered fortress,—here, up the steep rock came Major Armstrong, seeking for the man who "*might do something rash!*"

He found him at last, but it was in the gate of the fortress, on the body of the dead steed, bleeding from his wound, that he discovered the face of Benedict Arnold, the Victor of Behmus Heights.

This was not the moment to deliver the message of Gates. No! for this Rash Man had won laurels for his brow, defeated Burgoyne for him, rescued the army from disgrace and defeat. He *had* done something—RASH.

Therefore, Armstrong, brave and generous as he was, bent over the wounded man, lifted him from among the heaps of dead, and bore him to a place of repose.

Would it be credited by persons unacquainted with our history—would the fact which I record with blushes and shame for the pettiness of human nature, be believed, unless supported by evidence that cannot lie?

General Gates, in his bulletin of the battle, did not mention the name of BENEDICT ARNOLD!

Methinks, even now, I see the same Horatio flying from the bloody field of Camden—where an army was annihilated—his hair turning white as snow, as he pursues his terrible flight, without once resting for eighty miles—methinks I hear him call for another Arnold, to WIN THIS BATTLE, AS SARATOGA WAS WON!

The conduct of Arnold in this battle became known, in spite of the dastardly opposition of his enemies, and—says a distinguished and honest historian—Congress relented at this late hour with an ill-grace, and sent him a commission, giving him the full rank which he claimed.

He was now in truth, crowned as he stood, with the laurels of the Wil-

derness, Quebec and Saratoga, MAJOR GENERAL ARNOLD, of the Continental Army.

At the same time that George Washington received the account of Arnold's daring at Saratoga, he also received from a Nobleman of France, three splendid sets of epaulettes and sword-knots, with the request to retain one for himself, and bestow the others on the two bravest men of his army.

George Washington sent one set of epaulettes with a sword-knot to Benedict Arnold.

When we next look for Arnold, we find him confined to his room, with a painful wound. For the entire winter the limb which had been first broken at Quebec, broken again at Saratoga, kept him a prisoner in the close confinement of his chamber.

Then let us behold him entering New Haven, in triumph as the Hero of Saratoga. There are troops of soldiers, the thunder of cannon, little children strewing the way with flowers.

Was it not a glorious welcome for the Druggist, who two years ago, was pasting labels on phials in yonder drug store?

—A glorious welcome for the little boy, who used to strew the road with pounded glass, so that other little boys might cut their feet?—

In this hour of Arnold's triumph, when covered with renown, he comes back to his childhood's home, may we not imagine his Mother looking from Heaven upon the glory of her child? Yes, sainted Mother of Arnold, who long years ago, laid your babe upon the sacramental altar, baptized with the tears and prayers of a Mother's agony, now look from heaven, and pray to God that he may die, with all his honorable wounds about him!

IX.—ARNOLD, THE MILITARY COMMANDER OF PHILADELPHIA.

LET us look for Arnold again!

We will find him passing through the streets of old Philadelphia, in his glittering coach, with six splendid horses, and liveried outriders; riding in state as the Governor of Philadelphia.

Then we look for him again. In the dim and solemn aisle of Christ Church, at the sunset hour, behold a new and touching scene in the life of Benedict Arnold.

It is the sunset hour, and through the shadows of the range of pillars, which support the venerable roof of the church, the light of the declining day, streams in belts of golden sunshine.

As you look, the sound of the organ fills the church, and a passing ray streams over the holy letters, I H S.

There beside the altar are grouped the guests, there you behold the Priest of God, arrayed in his sacerdotal robe, and there—O, look upon them well, in this last hour of the summer day—the centre of the circle, stand the Bridegroom and Bride.

A lovely girl, scarce eighteen years in age, with golden hair and eyes of deep clear blue, rests her small hand upon a warrior's arm, and looks up lovingly into his battle-worn face. She is clad in silks, and pearls, and gold. He in the glorious uniform of the Revolution, the blue coat, faced with buff and fringed with gold. The sword that hangs by his side, has a story all its own to tell. Look! As the sunshine gleams upon its hilt of gold, does it not speak of Ticonderoga, Quebec, and Saratoga?

And in the deep serenity of this evening hour—while the same glow of sunshine gilds the white monuments in yonder graveyard, and reveals the faces of the wedding guests—Benedict Arnold, in the prime of a renowned manhood, having seen thirty-eight years of life, in all its phases—on the ocean, in battle, amid scenes of blood and death—links his fate forever with that queenly girl, whose romance and passion in love of power, are written in two emphatic words—*beautiful and eighteen!*

Yes, in the aisle of Christ Church, the Hero of Quebec, hears the word —husband—whispered by this young girl, who combines the witchery of a syren, with the intellect of a genius; the Tory daughter of a Tory father.

And as the last note of the organ dies away, along the aisles, tell me, can you not see the eye of that young wife, gleam with a light that is too intense for love, too vivid for hope? That deep and steady gleam looks to me like a fire, kindled at the altar of Ambition. The compression of that parting lip, the proud arch of that white neck, the queenly tread of that small foot, all bespeak the consciousness of power.

Does the the wife of Benedict Arnold, looking through a dark and troubled future, behold the darkness dissipated by the sunshine of a Royal Court? Does she—with that young breast heaving with impatient ambition—already behold Arnold the Patriot, transformed into Arnold the Courtier—and Traitor?

Future pages of this strange history, alone can solve these questions.

We must look at Arnold now, as by this marriage and his important position—the Military Commander of the greatest city on the Continent—he is brought into contact with a proud and treacherous aristocracy—as he feasts, as he drinks, as he revels with them.

From that hour, date his ruin.

That profligate and treacherous aristocracy, would ruin an angel from heaven, if an angel could ever sink so low, as to be touched by the poison of its atmosphere.

We can form our estimate of the character of this Aristocracy in the Revolution, from the remnant which survives among us, at the present hour. Yes, we have it among us yet, existing in an organized band of pretenders, whose political and religious creed is comprised in one word—England—lovers of monarchy and every thing that looks like monarchy, in the shape of privileged orders, and chartered infamies; Tory in heart now, as they were Tories in speech, in the days of the Revolution.

I never think of this Aristocracy, without being reminded of those Italian mendicants, who are seen in your streets, clad in shabby tinsel, too proud to work the work of honest toil, and yet not too proud to obtain a livelihood by the tricks of a juggler and mountebank.

—I do not mean the aristocracy of worth, or beauty, or intellect, which gets its title-deeds from God, and wears its coat of arms in the heart, and which if ever man saw, I see before me now——*

But I do mean that aristocracy, whose heraldry is written in the same ledger of a broken bank, that chronicles the wholesale robbery of the widow and the orphan, by privileged theft and chartered fraud.

If we must have an Aristocracy, or in other words a privileged class, entitled by law to trample on those who toil, eat their bread, and strip from them one by one, the holy rights for which their fathers fought in the Revolution, let us I pray you, have a Nobility, like that of England, made respectable by the lineage of a few hundred years. Let us—if we must have an Aristocracy—constitute by law, every survivor of the Revolution, every child of a hero of the Past, a Noble of the Land. This will at least bear some historical justice on its face.

But to make these Tory children of Tory fathers, a privileged order, is it not a very contemptable thing? As laughable as the act of the Holy Alliance, who established the Restoration of the Bourbons, on the foundation laid by Napoleon.

We have all seen the deeds of the Tory Aristocracy of Philadelphia. To-day, it starves some poor child of genius—whom it has deluded with hopes of patronage—and suffers him to go starving and mad, from the quiet of his studio, to the darkness of the Insane Asylum. To-morrow, it parades in its parties, and soirees some pitiful foreign vagrant, who calls himself a Count or Duke, and wears a fierce beard, and speaks distressing English. This aristocracy never listens to a lecture on science, or history, much less a play from Shakspeare, but at the same time, will overflow a theatre, to hear a foreign mountebank do something which is called singing, or to witness the indecent postures of some poor creature, who belies the sacred name of Woman, which obscene display is entitled dancing.

There is nothing which this aristocracy hates so fervently, as Genius, native to the soil. It starved and neglected that great original mind, Charles Brockden Brown, and left him to die in his solitary room, while all Europe was ringing with his praise.

It never reads an American book, unless highly perfumed and sweetened with soft words, and tricked out in pretty pictures. It takes its history, literature, religion, second-hand from England, and bitterly regrets that the plainness of our Presidential office, is so strong contrasted with the impe-

* On the occasion of the third lecture, before the Wirt Institute.

rial grandeur of Great Britain's hereditary sovereign—a Queen, who imports a husband from the poverty of some German Kingdom, three miles square, and saddles her People with an annual Prince or Princess, whose advent costs one hundred thousand yellow guineas.

This aristocracy never can tolerate native Genius. Because, in its fermenting corruption, it resembles a hot-bed, it plausibly fancies that everything which springs from such a soil, must be at once worthless and ephemeral.

In one word, when we survey its varied phrases of pretension and meanness, we must regret, that some bold Lexicographer had not poured into one syllable, the whole vocabulary of scorn, in order to coin a word to be applied to this thing, which always creeps when it attempts to fly, crawls when it would soar—this Aristocracy of the Quaker City.

This Tory aristocracy existed in full vigor, at the time Arnold assumed the command in Philadelphia.

You will observe that his position was one of singular difficulty; Washington himself would not have given general satisfaction, had he been in Arnold's place. In after time, Jackson at New Orleans, excited the enmity of a bitter faction, because he held the same power, which Arnold once exercised—that of a Military Governor, who commands in the same town with a Civil Magistracy.

You will remember, that the very Aristocracy, who yesterday had been feasting General Howe, sharing the orgies of the British soldiery, swimming in the intoxication of the Meschianza, were now patriots of the first water. The moment the last British boat pushed from the wharf, these gentlemen changed their politics. The sound of the first American trooper's horse, echoing through the streets of the city, accomplished their conversion. Yesterday, Monarchists, Tories; to-day, Patriots, Whigs, these gentlemen, with dexterity peculiar to their race, soon crept into positions of power and trust.

From their prominence, as well as from his marriage with Miss Shippen, Arnold was thrown into constant intimacy with these pliable politicians.

Having grounded these facts well in your minds, you will be prepared to hear the grumbling of these newly-pledged patriots, when Arnold—who yesterday was such a splendid fellow, sprinkling his gold in banquets and festivals—obeyed a Resolution of the Continental Congress, and by proclamation, prohibited the sale of all goods, in the city, until it was ascertained whether any of the property belonged to the King of Great Britain or his subjects.

This touched the Tory-Whigs on the tenderest point. Patriotism was a beautiful thing with them, so long as it vented itself in fine words; but when it touched King George's property, or the property of King George's friends, they began to change their opinion.

Their indignation knew no bounds. They dared not attack Washington,

they dared not assail the Congress. Therefore, they opened their batteries of malignancy and calumniation against Arnold.

Where that brave man had one fault, they magnified it into ten. Where he was guilty of one wrong act, they charged him with a thousand.

Not seven months of Arnold's command had transpired, before Congress and Washington were harrassed with letters asking for the trial and disgrace of Arnold.

At last the matter was brought before Congress, and a Committee of that body, after a thorough examination, gave to Benedict Arnold, "a vindication from any criminalty in the matters charged against him."

Then the war was opened against Arnold anew; then the Mob—not the mechanics or men of toil—but the Rabble who do no work, and yet have time to do all the riots in your large cities, were taught to hoot his name in scorn, to stone him in the streets, him, the Hero of Quebec. Yes, the outcasts of the city, were taught to cover him with filth, to wound with their missiles, the very limb that had been broken by a cannon ball, on the barrier of Quebec.

Congress did not act upon the Report of the Committee. Why was this? That report was referred to a joint Committe of Congress and the Assembly. At last General Washington was harrassed into appointing a Court Martial. It was done, the day fixed, but the accusers of Arnold were not ready for trial. Yes, loud as they were in their clamors, they asked delay after delay, and a year passed.

All the while, these men were darkening the character of Arnold, all the while he stood before the world in the light of an untried CRIMINAL. The Hero of Quebec was denied a right, which is granted to the vilest felon. Accused of a crime, he was refused the reasonable justice of a speedy trial.

At last, after his accusers had delayed the trial, on various pretences, after the sword of the 'unconvicted criminal,' resigned on the 18th of March, 1779, had been taken up again by him, on the 1st of June, the day appointed for his trial, in order to defend his country once again, at last, on the 20th of December, 1779, the Court Martial was assembled at the headquarters of Washington, near Morristown.

At last the day came—Arnold was tried—and after a month consumed in the careful examination of witnesses and papers, was found guilty of two colossal enormities. Before we look at them, let us remember, that his accusers, on this occasion, were General Joseph Reed, and other members of the Supreme Executive council of Pennsylvania.

Here are the offences:

I. *An irregularity, without criminal intention, in granting a written protection to a vessel, before his command in Philadelphia, while at Valley Forge.*

II, USING THE PUBLIC WAGONS OF PENNSYLVANIA, FOR THE TRANSPORTATION OF PRIVATE PROPERTY FROM EGG HARBOR.

Those were his colossal crimes!

The other two charges were passed aside by the court.

It was upon these charges that the whole prosecution rested—a military irregularity in granting a written protection, before he assumed command in Philadelphia, and—O, the enormity of the crime almost exceeds the power of belief—a sacriligious use of the baggage wagons of Pennsylvania!

For this Benedict Arnold had been pursued for at least thirteen months, with a malignity insatiable as the blood-hounds thirst. For this he had been held up to all the world as a criminal, for this pelted in the streets, and for this, the Hero of Quebec and Saratoga and Champlain, was to be publicly disgraced, REPRIMANDED by GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Let us hear what that honest man, Jared Sparks, says of the matter:

"*It was proved to the court, that although the wagons had been employed for transporting private property, they were nevertheless used at private expense, without a design to defraud the public, or impede the military service.*"

And the man who had poured out his blood like water, on the frozen ground of Quebec, was to be stamped with eternal infamy for "USING THE PUBLIC WAGONS OF PENNSYLVANIA!"

You will pardon the italics and capitals. These words ought to be inscribed in letters of fire on a column of adamant!

Is it possible for an honest man to read this part of the tragedy, without feeling the blood boil in his veins?

My friends, here is the only belief we can entertain in relation to this matter. At the same time that we admit that Arnold was betrayed into serious faults through his intimacy with the Tory aristocracy of Philadelphia, as well as from the inherent rashness of his character—that very rashness forming one of the elements of his iron-souled bravery—we must also admit, that among the most prominent of his accusers or persecutors, as you please,—was "*a man whose foot had once been lifted to take the step which Arnold afterwards took.*"

Before large and respectable audiences of my countrymen, assembled in at least three States of this Union, I have repeatedly stated that I was "prepared to prove this fact, from evidence that cannot lie." No answer was ever made to the assertion. In the public papers I have repeated the statement, expressing my readiness to meet any person, in a frank and searching discussion of the question—*Was Arnold's chief accuser in heart a Traitor?* Still no answer!

It is true, that other and unimportant points of my history have been fiercely attacked. For example, when following the finger of history, I awarded to Arnold the glory of Saratoga, a very respectable but decidedly anonymous critic, brought all his artillery to bear upon a line, which had a reference to the *preparation of buckwheat cakes!*

So, when I expressed my readiness to examine the character of Arnold's

chief accuser, a very prominent individual, who has made that accuser's deeds the subject of laborious and filial panegyric, instead of meeting the question like a man, crept away into some dark corner of history, and called a sincere patriot by the portentous name of—Infidel! This was very much like the case of the patriot John Bull, who, hearing a Frenchman examine the character of George the Third, in no very measured terms, replied by a bitter attack on the Emperor of Timbuctoo!

Having therefore, repeatedly stated that I was ready to give a careful and impartial investigation of the history of Arnold's chief accuser, I will now enter upon the subject as a question comprised within the limits of legitimate history.

Is it not reasonable to suppose, that the man who took upon himself the work of crushing Benedict Arnold, must have been a very good citizen, a very sincere patriot, and if not a great warrior, at least a very honest statesman?

Have we not a right to examine the character of this accuser? Remember—this trial and disgrace of Arnold, was the main cause of his treason—and then dispute our right to search the character of his Accuser, if you can.

Let us then, summon a solemn Court of history. Let us invoke the Ghost of Washington to preside over its deliberations. Yes, approaching that Ghost, with an awful reverence, let us ask this important question.

"Was not General John Cadwallader your bosom friend, O, Washington, the man whose heart and hand you implicitly trusted? Did he not defend you from the calumniation of your enemies? Was he not, in one word, a Knight of the Revolution, without fear and without reproach?"

And the word that answers our question, swelling from the lips of Washington, is—"YES!"

We will ask another question.

"In the dark days of December, 1776, when with a handful of half-clad men, you opposed the entire force of the British army, on the banks of the Delaware, who then, O, Washington, stood by your side, shared in your counsels, and received your confidence?"

"Benedict Arnold!"

If these answers, which the Ghost of Washington whispers from every page of history, be true, it follows that General John Cadwallader is an impartial witness in this case, and that Benedict Arnold was a sincere Patriot in the winter of 1776.

Then let us listen to the details of facts, stated by General Cadwallader, and by him published to the world, attested by his proper signature.

X.—WHO WAS THIS ACCUSER?

In December, 1776, a few days before the battle of Trenton, in the darkest hour of the Revolution, when Washington and his army were menaced with immediate destruction, an important conversation took place at Bristol, on the banks of the Delaware.

The interlocutors were John Cadwallader and the Adjutant General of the Continental Army.

The conversation was explicit; no disguise about its meaning, not a doubt in the sound or purport of its every word.

The adjutant general of the Continental army, to whom Washington had entrusted duties, involving, in their faithful performance, the well-being, perchance the existence of that army, remarked to General Cadwallader:

"*That he did not understand following the fortunes of a broken-down and shattered army*——"

At the very moment that he said this, Benedict Arnold was out yonder, on the brink of the ice-bound river, assisting with his heart and hand, the movements of George Washington.

But sheltered by the convenient silence of a comfortable chamber, the Adjutant General continued:

"*That the time allowed by General Howe, for offering pardons and protections to persons who would come in, before the 1st of January, 1777, had nearly expired*——"

The philosophical nature of this remark becomes evident, when you remember that at the very hour when the Adjutant General spoke, there was a price set upon the head of the Rebel Washington.

"*And*—" continued this Adjutant General—"*I have advised the Lieutenant Colonel, my brother, now at Burlington, to remain there, and take protection and swear allegiance, and in so doing he will be perfectly justifiable.*"

You will all admit, that this was beautiful and refreshing language from any one, especially from the Adjutant General of the Continental army.

Much more was said of similar import, but the amount of the whole conversation was in one word, *that the Adjutant General, tired and sick of the Rebel cause, was about to swear allegiance to his Majesty, King George.*

General Cadwallader, the bosom friend of Washington, heard these remarks with surprise, with deep sorrow. From pity to the Adjutant General, he locked them within the silence of his own breast, until the brilliant attack at Trenton, which took place a few days afterwards, made it a safe as well as comfortable thing, for the trembling patriot to remain true to his country's flag.

Time passed, and General Cadwallader communicated this conversation to certain prominent men of the time, thinking it better from motives of kindness, to avoid a public exposure of the Adjutant General's intended Treason.

But in the year 1778, a circumstance took place which forced the truth from the lips of this memorable witness.

It was in a Court of Justice. A young man charged with Treason, was on trial for his life. The Adjutant General, now transformed into an Attorney General, urged his conviction with all the vehemence of which he was capable. There may have been some extenuating circumstances in the young man's case, or perhaps, the manner of the Attorney General, betrayed more than patriotic zeal, for General Cadwallader a spectator in the Court, filled with indignation that he could not master, uttered these memorable words:

"*It argues the effrontery of baseness*—" said the brave officer, directing his eagle eye toward the Attorney General—"*in one man to pursue another man to death, for taking a step which his own foot had once been raised to take.*"

These were hard words. The steady look and pointed finger, and deep voice of Cadwallader, made them intelligible to the entire Court.

The Adjutant General never forgot them.

In the course of some four or five years, a discussion was provoked, fact after fact came out in its proper colors, and General Cadwallader accused the Adjutant General before the whole world, of the painful dereliction stated in the previous pages.

He did not merely accuse, but supported his accusation by such evidence that we are forced to the conclusion in plain words, that either the Adjutant General was a Traitor in heart, speech and purpose, or General Cadwallader was a gross calumniator.

The evidence which he produced in his published pamphlet, was a thousand times stronger than that which stripped the laurel from Arnold's brow.

As a part of this evidence, we find a letter from Alexander Hamilton, dated Philada. March 14, 1783, in which that distinguished statesman affirms his remembrance of a conversation, which occurred between him and General Cadwallader, in '77, and which embraced a distinct narrative of the dereliction of the Adjutant General in December, '76.

Benjamin Rush, and other eminent men of that time, by letters dated 5th Oct. 1782, March 12, 1783, and March 3, 1783, either record their remembrance of a conversation, with General Cadwallader, in which he narrated the treasonable sentiments of the Adjutant General, or distinctly affirm a conversation with that individual himself, had before the battle of Trenton, and full of Disloyalty to the Continental cause.

Alexander Hamilton and Benjamin Rush, were never given to falsehood.

And then comes a statement from Major Wm. Bradford, which dated

March 15, 1783, strips the Adjutant General of every vestige of patriotism. This brave officer states, that while he was at Bristol, in command of the Philadelphia militia, in 1776, *the Adjutant General went over to Burlington, where the enemy were, and was gone three days and nights. It was the opinion of Col. Bayard, that he had gone over to swear allegiance to King George.*

Such is but a portion of the testimony, presented in the memorable pamphlet, signed by the bosom friend of Washington, John Cadwallader.

This case demands no elaborate argument, no expenditure of invective. Either the Adjutant General was a Traitor, or John Cadwallader a * * * *.

There is no skulking away from the question. One way or other it must be decided by every honest man, who peruses the evidence.

You will remember that I give no opinion about the matter. There are the facts; judge every honest man for himself. That John Cadwallader was no base calumniator, is attested by the records of history, by the friendship of Washington.

To what fearful conclusion then, are we led?

That the Adjutant General in the dark days of 1776, not only avowed his intention of deserting the Continental army, but was in fact, three days and nights in the camp of the enemy.

Was this the conduct of a Patriot, or—it is a dark word, and burns the forehead on which it is branded—A TRAITOR!

This adjutant general, was General JOSEPH REED, President of the Supreme Council of Pennsylvania, and the prominent accuser of BENEDICT ARNOLD.

In his defence before the Court Martial, Arnold used these words:

—"I can with boldness say to my persecutors in general, and to the chief of them in particular—that in the hour of danger, when the affairs of America wore a gloomy aspect, when our illustrious general was retreating through America, with a handful of men, I did not propose to my associates basely to quit the General, and sacrifice the cause of my country to my personal safety, by going over to the enemy, and making my peace."—

Can you see his eye flash, as he looks upon the "Chief of his Persecutors?"

XI.—THE DISGRACE OF ARNOLD.

AT last the day of the Reprimand came—Father of Mercy what a scene!

That man Arnold, brave and proud as Lucifer, standing among the generals, beside whom he had fought and bled—standing the centre of all eyes, in the place of the Criminal, with the eye of Washington fixed upon him in reproof—with a throng of the meaner things of the Revolution, wh m the British King might have bought, had he thought them worth the

buying, grouped about him; these petty men—who had been warming themselves at comfortable fires, while the hands of Arnold were freezing on the ramparts of Quebec—exulting at his disgrace, glorying in his shame, chuckling at his fall——

It was too much for Arnold. That moment the iron entered his soul, and festered there.

From that moment he stood resolved in his work of treason. From that moment his country lost a soldier, history one of her brightest names, Washington his right-hand man, the Revolution its bravest Knight. In one word, from that moment John Andre lost his life, Benedict Arnold his honor; Sir Henry Clinton gained a—Traitor.

He could have borne reproof from the lips of Washington, but to be rebuked while the dwarf-patriots were standing by, while the little 'great men' were lookers on!—It was indeed, too much for Arnold.

It is true, that the reprimand of Washington was the softest thing that might bear the name—"*I reprimand you for having forgotten, that in proportion as you have rendered yourself formidable to our enemies, you should have shown moderation towards our citizens. Exhibit again those splendid qualities, which have placed you in the rank of our most distinguished generals.*"—

These were the words of Washington, worthy of his hero-heart, but from that moment, Arnold the Patriot was dead.

At that instant from the terrible chaos of dark thoughts, wounded pride, lacerated honor, sprung into birth a hideous phantom, known by history as —Arnold the Traitor.

Had he but taken the advice of Washington, had he but looked derision upon his foes! Raising himself in all his proud height, his eye blazing with that stern fire which lighted up his bronzed face on the ramparts of Quebec, his voice deep, hollow, ringing with the accents of scorn, he should have spoken to his enemies words like these:

"Look! Pitiful creatures of an hour, how your poisoned arrows fall harmless from this bosom, like water from the rock! Things of an hour, creatures of falsehood, who 'trafficked to be bought,' while I served my country in hunger and blood and cold, I hurl my defiance to your very hearts! I will yet live down your persecution. In the name of Washington and the Revolution, I swear it! I will yet write my name there—on the zenith of my country's fame,—there, where the vulture beak of slander the hyena fang of malice, cannot taint nor touch it!"

But he failed to do this. Unlike Jackson, who covered with the glory of New Orleans, rested patiently for thirty years, under the odium of an unjust fine, Arnold did not possess the power—*to live down persecution.* He was lost.

In order to understand the scene of his reprimand in all its details, we must wander back through the shadows of seventy years.

That fine old mansion of Morristown rises before us, in the calm light of a winter's day. There is snow upon the ground, but it is frozen, until it resembles an immense mirror, which flashes back to the sky the light of the sun. Yonder we behold the mansion, standing on a gentle eminence. Those poplars before the door, or rather beside the fence at the foot of the elevation, are stripped of their foliage. The elm yonder, bared of its green leaves, shines with a thousand limbs of ice and snow. All is cold, serene, desolate.

We enter this mansion. Without pausing to survey its massive front, or steep roof or projecting eves, we ascend the range of steps, give the word to the sentinels, and pass beneath these pillars which guard the hall door.

Step gently along this hall— nter with uncovered brow, into this large room, where the light of a cheerful hickory fire glowing upon the hearth, mingles with the winter-sunshine, softened as it is by the thick curtains along yonder windows.

Gaze with reverence, for great men are gathered here. Do not let your eye wander to those antique chairs, fashioned of walnut, and carved into various fantastic forms, nor to the heavy mouldings of the mantle-piece, nor to the oval mirror encircled by a wreath of gold flowers.

But by the hearty glow of the hearthside flame, gaze I beseech, upon this company of heroes, who dressed in blue and buff stand side by side, leaving an open space before the fire.

A large table is there, on whose green cloth, are laid various papers, burdened with seals, and traced with celebrated signatures. In the midst, you behold a sword resting in its sheath, its handle carved in the shape of an eagle's beak. That sword has seen brave days in the Wilderness and at Quebec.

Three figures arrest your attention.

Neither the knightly visage of Wayne, nor the open countenance of the Boy-General, La Fayette, nor the bluff hearty good-humor of Knox, command your gaze. They are all there. There too, Cadwallader the bosom friend of Washington, and Greene so calmly sagacious, and all the heroes of that time of trial. Yet it is not upon these you gaze, though their faces are all darkened by an expression of sincere sorrow.

It is upon those three figures near the fire that you look, and hush each whisper as you gaze.

The first standing with his face to the light, his form rising above the others, superior to them all in calm majesty of look and bearing. The sunshine streaming through the closed curtains reveals that face, which a crown could not adorn, nor the title of King ennoble. It is the face of Washington, revealing in every calm, fixed outline, a heart too high for the empty bauble of a crown, a soul too pure for the anointed disgrace of Royal Power. He is very calm, but still you can trace upon his countenance a look of deep, aye, poignant regret.

His eye is fixed upon the figure opposite.

Standing with his back to the window, a man of some thirty-nine years, vigorous in each muscular limb, majestic in his breadth of chest, and in the erect bearing of his neck and head, rests one hand upon the table and gazes upon Washington with a settled look. His brow is bathed in the light of the hearth. Do you see the red glare that flashes over each rigid feature? Does it not impart to that bold brow and firm lips and massive chin, an expression almost—supernatural?

As he stands there, you see him move one foot uneasily. The limb broken once at Quebec, shattered once at Saratoga pains him. That of course, is Arnold.

You hear the words of the Reprimand pass from the lips of Washington. You listen with painful intensity. Not a whisper in this thronged room, scarcely a breath! You hear the flame crackle, and the crumbling wood fall in hot coals along the hearth.

Arnold hears it, all—every word of that solemn Reprimand.

Does his cheek blench? His eye change its fixed glance? His lip quiver? No! As those words fall from the lips of Washington, he merely suffers his head to droop slowly downward, until his eyes seem glaring upward, from compressrd brows. But the light of those eyes is strange, yes,—vivid, deadly.

—Meanwhile, looking between Washington and Arnold, do you see that figure, resting one arm upon the mantel-piece, while his face is turned away, and his eyes seem earnestly perusing the hot coals of the fire? That is a very singular face, with parchment skin, and cold stony eyes, and thin, pinched lips. The form—by no means commanding, or peculiar, either for height or dignity—is attired in the glorious blue and buff uniform. Who is this person?

Behold that glance of Arnold, shooting its scorn from the woven eyebrows, and answer the question, every heart for itself. That glance surveys the figure near the fire, and pours a volume of derision in a single look. Who is this gentlemen? Ask the Secret records of the Revolution, and ask quickly, for the day comes, when they will be secret no longer.

At last this scene—which saddens you, without your knowing why—is over. The reprimand is spoken. Arnold raises his head, surveys the whole company, first, Washington, with a look of deep respect, then the warrior faces of his brothers in arms, and last of all, that figure by the fireside.

O, the withering scorn of that momentary gaze!

The flame light falls upon Arnold's brow, and reveals him, very calm, somewhat pale, but utterly Resolved.

——So, do I imagine the scene of the Reprimand. So, taking for granted, that his enemies, who had hunted him for thirteen months, were present at the scene of his disgrace—do I, in my own mind, delineate this picture of the Past.—

XII.—ARNOLD AT LANDSDOWNE.

Aged persons, survivors of the Revolution, have told me singular and impressive stories of Arnold's appearance and demeanor, while in Philadelphia, after this trial.

He wandered from place to place, with an even and steady gait, neither looking to one side nor to the other, scarcely even speaking to any one, either in courtesy or in anger, but preserving a settled calm of look and manner.

And when the Mob stoned him, he never looked back, but patiently received their missiles in his face, and on his wounded limb. He had grown *patient*.

They tell me, that his features, swarthy and battle-worn, lost every trace of vivacity: they were rigidly fixed; the lips compressed, the brow calm and unfrowning, wore an expression that no one could read, while his eyes had a wildness in their gleam, a fire in their glance, that told somewhat of the supernatural struggle at work within him, the Battle between Arnold's Revenge and Arnold's Pride.

Who shall tell the horrors of that mental combat?

At this time, he brings to mind the Hebrew Giant, Sampson. Yes, Arnold imagined that his pursuers had put out the eyes of his honor, and shorn off the locks of his strength. He fancied himself brought forth before all America, to make sport for the tricksters and trimmers, in Camp and Congress—the cowardly Philistines of that heroic time.

His fall had been determined with himself, but he also, resolved that the ruins which were to crush him should neither be small nor insignificant. He was to fall, but he would drag down the temple with him.

The Ruin should be great and everlasting. He would carve out for himself, a monument of eternal infamy, from the rock of his patriot greatness.

Look yonder, my friends, into the retirement of Arnold's home.

Not the home in the city, amid the crowded haunts of life, but this mansion, rising from the summit of a hill, that slopes gently away for a mile, until its grassy breast melts into the embrace of the Schuylkill.

It is almost a Palace, this beautiful place of Landsdowne, which once occupied by the Penn family, is now the retreat of Benedict Arnold. Here, amid these beautiful woods, he hides his sorrow. Here, along these gravelled walks, beneath the shade of overhanging trees, he paces all day long. Sometimes he gazes on the distant rocks of Laurel Hill. Sometimes he strays by the Schuylkill, and its clear waters mirror his face, lowering with fearful passions. At times, secluding himself in these silent chambers, he utters certain words in a low voice.

—Fancy the lion of the forest, captured, tied, his limbs, severed one by one, and you have the case of Benedict Arnold.—

This proud mansion, once rung with the clamor of a Three day's festival. It was when Arnold, recently appointed General in command of Philadelphia, received the French Minister, Monsieur Gerard. For three days, liveries, uniforms, gold, jewels and laces, fluttered and shone, over the wide sweep of this beautiful lawn. The wine ran, day and night, free as the Schuylkill's waves. The mansion, luxuriously furnished, displayed in every room the gaiety of the French Court, combined with the glitter and show of an oriental Divan. Beneath the trees banquets were spread; on the river, boats, shapen like Venetian gondolas, glided softly, freighted with a precious treasure of voluptuous beauty.

At night, the wood and the mansion, and the river broke out, all at once with a blaze of light. It was like a scene of enchantment.

And amid all these scenes, one Woman, pre-eminently beautiful, glided along, her young form, swelling in every vein, with a sense of life, her eyes gleaming passion, pride, fascination. Her long hair waved to her half bared bosom. Her small foot, encased in delicate slipper, bounded in the dance like a feather blown by a gentle wind, so light, so easy, so undulating. Every eye was centred on her form. How often Arnold would stand in the shadow, gazing upon her as she went to and fro, and thinking that all this treasure of warm loveliness, this world of enticing beauty, was his own! His wife, his newly-married Bride!

—But those glorious days were now changed. The guests were gone; long since gone. Gone the honor, the gold, the friends. Then, the celebrated Arnold, surrounded by parasites; now the disgraced Arnold, living alone in these shades, in company with his wife.

It is of that wife and of her influence that I would speak.—Do you see that lovely woman, clinging to the breast of the stern-browed warrior? It is the evening hour. Through the window pours the red flush of sunset, bathing both forms in rosy light. Those tresses fall over her white shoulders, and along the manly arms which gird her to his heart.

Do you think he loves her? Look at his eye, blazing from the shadow of his brow; that glance surveys her form, and gathers a softened fire from her look. And she rests in his arms, just as you have seen a solitary white lily repose on the bosom of a broad green leaf, which the waves urged gently to and fro.

She is indeed a beautiful woman—but listen? What words are these, that she whispers in his ear?

Does she tell him how much nobler will be Arnold the Patriot, enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen, than Arnold the Courtier, dancing attendance in the ante-chamber of King George?

Does she—following the example of many an humble country-woman, clad not like her, in satins and gold, but in plain homespun—place in her Husband's hand, the patriot's sword? Do those mild blue eyes, looking

up into his stern face, gleam with the holy flame of patriotism or with a base love for the baubles of a Court?

Let History answer.

I make no charge against the wife of Arnold. May the sod lay lightly on her beautiful frame, which has long since mouldered into dust. Peace to her ashes—if we invoke her memory, it is only for the sake of the terrible lesson which it teaches.

Had she, instead of a King-worshipper, a lover of titles and courts and shows, been a Hero-woman, Arnold might have been saved. But he loved her. She clung to him in his disgrace. When the world frowned, her bosom received his burning brow, and pillowed his torn heart. She was with him in his loneliness. Was it strange, that her voice whispering to him at all hours, should sway his soul with a powerful, nay, an irresistable influence?

Imagine him neglected by Congress, disgraced in the camp, pelted in the streets, striding to his home, his heart beating against his breast, like a lion in its cage. There, in his Home, a beautiful girl welcomes him. She, at least, is true. She may have married him because he was so renowned, because he bore his honors with so proud a grace, but *now*, she is Home, Friend, World to him.

—That single fact should make the flowers grow more beautifully above her grave.—

She is ambitious. Perchance, when sleeping on his breast, she dreams of a royal court, and there, attired in coronet and star, she beholds,—EARL ARNOLD! Then when she wakes, bending her lips to his ear, she whispers her dream, and not only a dream, but lays the plan of—Treason. Is it improbable that Arnold was fatally swayed by the words of this bewitching wife?

Again I repeat, had this wife, instead of a lover of courts and pomps and names, been a Hero-Woman, her heart true to the cause of freedom, her soul beating warmly for Washington and his cause, there would never have been written, on the adamantine column which towers from history—dedicated to the memory of Infamous Men——the name of—BENEDICT ARNOLD.

Let Woman learn this lesson, and get it by heart.

The influence of his wife was one of the main causes of Arnold's treason.

A terrible lesson, to be remembered and told again, when this hand is dust!

How did she influence his life? By forcing herself into the rostrum or the pulpit? By sharing in the debates of the Congress, the broils of the camp? No? These women who write big books and mount high pulpits, talking theology and science by the hour, never influence anybody. They are admired for the same reason that the mob rushes to see a Mermaid or link from the Sea Serpent's tail. Not on account of the usefulness, but merely for the curiosity of the thing; for the sake of the show.

It was in the Home, at the Fireside, that the wife of Arnold exercised her bewitching and fatal power!

And, O, let the Woman of our country, unheeding the silly philanthropy which would force her into the pulpit, or the rostrum, into the clamor of wordy debates, or the broils of political life, remember this great truth: Her influence is by the Fireside. Her world is Home. By the light of that Fireside, she stands a Queen upon her Throne. From that Throne, she can mould man to good or evil—from the Sanctity of her home, she can rule the world.

—Let us now, in one historical picture, condense three important points of Arnold's career.—

XII.—ARNOLD, THE TRAITOR.

THERE was a night, when an awful agony was passing in the breast of Arnold; the struggle between Arnold's revenge and Arnold's pride.

You have all seen that old house, in Second near Walnut street, which once the Home of William Penn, once the Palace of Benedict Arnold, is now used as a manufactory of Venus De Medicis, and sugar candies. That old house, picturesque in ruins, with battlemented walls and deep-gabled roofs?

One night a gorgeously furnished chamber, in that mansion, was illuminated by the glare of a bright wood fire. And there, with his back to that fire,—there, looking out upon the western sky, gleaming in deep starlight, stood Benedict Arnold. One hand was laid upon his breast, which throbbed in long deep gasps; the other held two letters.

Read the superscription of those letters, by the light of the stars; one is directed to General Washington, the other to Sir Henry Clinton. One announces his acceptance of the command of West Point, the other offers to sell West Point to the British.

And now look at that massive face, quivering with revenge, pride and patriotism; look at that dark eye, gleaming with the horror of a lost soul; look at that bared throat with the veins swelling like cords!

That is the struggle between Arnold the Patriot, and Arnold the Traitor.

And there, far back in the room, half hidden among silken curtains, silent and thoughtful, sits a lovely woman, her hands clasped, her unbound hair showering down over her shoulders, her large blue eyes glaring wildly upon the fire! Well may that bosom heave, that eye glare! For now the wife of Arnold is waiting for the determination of her husband's fate; now, the darkest shadow is passing over the Dial-plate of his destiny.

While Arnold stands brooding there, while his wife sits trembling by the fire—without, in the ante-chamber, three persons wait for him.

One is a base-browed man clad in the blue uniform of the Continentals.

Turn that uniform and it is scarlet. That is a British Spy. He is waiting to bear the letter to Sir Henry Clinton.

That handsome cavalier, dressed in the extreme of fashion, with embroidered coat, red heeled shoes and powdered hair, is a nobleman of France; the Ambassador of the French King, the Chevalier De Luzerne. *He* has come here to listen to the offer of Arnold, who wishes to enter the service of the French King.

The third—look! A silent and moody red-man of the forest; an Indian chief; wrapped up in his blanket, standing there, proud as a king on his throne.

He has come from the wilds of the forest in the far northwest, to hearken to the answer of Arnold (the DEATH EAGLE, as the Indians call him,) to their proposition, by which they agree to make him chief of their tribes.

Now look: the door opens; the three enter; Arnold turns and beholds them.

Then occurs a hurried and a deeply-interesting scene.

While the wife of Arnold sits trembling by the fire, he advances, and greets the Chevalier De Luzerne:

"Look ye," he mutters in quick tones, "Your king can have my sword, but mark! I am in debt; the mob hoot me in the streets; my creditors are clamorous. I must have money!"

This bold tone of one used to command, little suits the polite Ambassador.

"My King never *buys* soldiers!" he whispers with a sneer, and then bowing, politely retires.

Stung to the quick with this cool insult, Arnold—turning his eyes away from the British Spy—salutes the Indian chief—hark! They converse in the wild, musical Indian tongue.

"My brothers are willing to own the Death Eagle as their chief," exclaims the Indian. "Yet are they afraid, that he loves the pale faces too well ——"

"Try my love for the pale faces,"—mutters Arnold with a look and a sneer that makes even the red Indian start.

The chief resumes: "My brothers who are many—their numbers are as the leaves of the forest—my brothers who sharpen their war-hatchets for the scalp of the pale-face, will ask the Death Eagle to lead them on the towns of the pale-face; to burn, to kill, till not a single pale-face is left in the land."

"TRY ME!" was the hoarse response of Arnold, given with knit brows, and clenched hands.

"Then shall the Death Eagle become the chief of the red men"—said the Indian—"But his pale face squaw there! He must leave her; she can never dwell in the tents of the red men."

Then it was that Arnold—who had embraced with a gleam of savage de-

light, the proposition, to become the chief of a murderous tribe of wild Indians—felt his heart grow cold!

Ah! how he loved that wife!

Arnold who in his mad revenge, was willing to sweep the towns of the whites with torch and knife, quailed at the idea of leaving that fair young wife.

"'The Death Eagle cannot be your chief!" he said as he turned from the Indian. The red man went from the room with a sneer on his dark face, for the man who could not sacrifice his wife—the loved one of his heart—to that revenge, which was about to stamp his name with eternal scorn.

'Now take this letter to Sir Henry Clinton!" gasped Arnold, placing the fatal letter in the hands of the British Spy. And then Arnold and his wife were alone.

Then that wife—gazing on the noble countenance of her husband, now livid as ashes,—gazing in that dark eye, now wild and rolling in its glance,—gazing on that white lip, that quivered like a dry leaf—then that wife of Arnold trembled as she felt that the dread Rubicon was passed, that Arnold, the Patriot, *dead*, she sat in the presence of ARNOLD, THE TRAITOR.

XIV.—THE FALL OF LUCIFER.

How often in the lower world, does the tragedy of life, walk side by side with the Common-place!

A dark cavern, where no light shines, save the taper flashing from the eyes of hollow skull—a lonely waste where rude granite rocks tossed in fantastic forms, deepen the midnight horror of the hour—the crash of battle, where ten thousand living men in one moment, are crushed into clay—such are the scenes which the Romancer chooses for the illustration of his Tragedy, the Historian for his storied page, every line full of breathing interest and life.

But that the development of a horrible tragedy, should be enacted amid the familiar scenes of Home? What *is* more common, what *appears* more natural?

That the awful tragedy of Arnold's treason, should find its development at a—Breakfast-table!—Does it not make you laugh?

TREASON comes to us in history, hooded in a cowl, dagger in hand, the dim light of a taper trembling over its pallid skull. But TREASON calmly sitting down to a quiet breakfast, the pleasant smile upon his face, hiding the canker of his heart, the coffee—that fragrant intensifier of the brain—smoking like sweet incense, as it imparts its magnetism from the lip to the soul—Treason with a wife on one side, a baby laughing on his knee! Does it not seem to mingle the ridiculous with the sublime, or worse, the dull Common-place with the Demoniac?

And yet, there is nothing under Heaven more terribly true! Search

history, and you will find a thousand instances, where the most terrible events—things that your blood congeals but to read—were mingled with the dullest facts of every-day life.

—While the head of Mary Queen of Scots, falls bleeding on the sawdust of the scaffold, every vein of that white neck, which Kings had deemed it Paradise to touch, pouring forth its separate stream of blood, in yonder chamber Queen Elizabeth, the sweet Jezebel of the English throne, is adding another tint to the red paint on her cheek, and breaking her looking glass, because it cannot make her beautiful!

Napoleon, flying from the field of Waterloo, where he had lost a World, pauses in his flight to drink some miserable soup, made by a peasant, in the hollow of a battered helmet!

General Nash, riding to the bloody surprise of Germantown, from which he was to come back a mangled corse, turns to Washington, and gravely apologizes for the absence of powder from his hair, cambric ruffles from his wrists!

We might multiply our illustrations of the fact, by a thousand other instances.

Yet among them all, that Development of Arnold's Treason, which took place at a Breakfast-table, has ever seemed to us most terrible.

Yonder in Robinson's House, which you behold among the trees, on the sublime heights of the Hudson, opposite the cliffs of West Point, the Breakfast-party are assembled.

The blessed sunshine of an autumnal morning, which turns the Hudson's waves to molten gold, and lights the rugged rocks of West Point with a smile of glory, also shines through these windows, and reveals the equipage of the breakfast-table, the faces of the guests.

Why need I tell you of the antique furniture of that comfortable room, or describe the white cloth, the cups of transparent porcelain, or the cumbrously carved coffee urn, fashioned of solid silver? These things are very common-place, and yet even the coffee urn becomes somewhat interesting, when we remember that its polished silver reflects the bronzed features of a TRAITOR?

That traitor sits near the head of the table, his imposing form attired in a blue coat, glittering with buttons and epaulettes of gold, a buff vest, ruffles, and neckcloth of cambric. That face whose massive features have glowed with demoniac passions, is now calm as marble. The hand which has grasped the Sword of Quebec and Saratoga, now lifts a porcelain cup. And yet looking very closely you may see the hand tremble, the features shadowed by a gloom, not the less impressive, because it is almost imperceptible.

Near the General are seated two young officers, his aids-de-camp, whose

slender form do not conceal a coward thought. Their eyes wander from the form of the General, to the figure by his side.

That figure, the most beautiful thing out of Paradise—a young wife, with a baby nestling on her bosom!

At the head of the table she is seen; her form now ripened into its perfect bloom, negligently attired in a loose robe, whose careless folds cannot hide the whiteness of her neck, or the faultless contour of that half-bared arm.

And the child that sleeps upon her full bosom, its tiny hands wound among the tresses of her golden hair, is very beautiful. The Darkness of its Father's Crime, has not yet shadowed its cherub face.

Arnold is silent. Ever and again from the shadows of his deep drawn brows, he gazes upon her, his wife! Upon the burden of her breast, that smiling child.

How much has he risked for them!

Her eye of deep melting blue, first trembles over the face of the infant, and then surveys her husband's visage. O, the fearful anxiety of that momentary gaze! Does she fear for the future of her babe? Shall he be the heir of Arnold the Earl? Does she the child of wealth and luxury, lapped from her birth in soft attire, for a moment fancy that Arnold himself, was once a friendless babe, pressed to the agonized bosom of a poor and pious woman? —Ere we listen to the conversation of the Breakfast-table, let us approach these windows, and behold the scene without.

Not upon the beautiful river, nor the far extending mountains, will we gaze. No! There are certain sights which at once strike our eye.

A warrior's horse stands saddled by the door.

Yonder far down the river, the British Flag streams from the British Ship, Vulture. To the north-west, we behold the rocks and cliffs of West Point.

Let us traverse this northern road, until having passed many a quiet nook we stand upon the point, where a narrow path descends to the river.

From the green trees, a brilliant cavalcade bursts into view. Yonder rock arises from the red earth of the road, overshadowed by a clump of chesnut trees. A General and his retinue mounted on gallant steeds come swiftly on, their uniforms glittering, their plumes waving in the light.

It is Washington, attended by La Fayette and Knox, with the other heroes of his band. In this gallant company, need you ask which is the form of the American Chief?

He rides at the head of his Generals, his chivalric face glowing with the freshness of the morning air. By his side a slender youth with a high forehead and red hair—La Fayette! Then a bluff General, with somewhat corpulent form and round good-humored face—General Knox. And on the right hand of Washington, mounted on a splendid black horse, whose dark sides are whitened by snowy flakes of foam, rides a young man, not remarkable for heighth or majesty of figure, but his bold high forehead awes,

his deep-set eyes, flashing with genius, win and enchain you. It is young Alexander Hamilton.

As we look at this gallant cavalcade, so gloriously bursting into view from the shadows of these green trees, let us listen to La Fayette, who gently lays his hand on the arm of Washington.

—"General, you are taking the wrong way," he says, in his broken accent —"That path leads us to the river. This is the road to Robinson's House. You know we are engaged to breakfast at General Arnold's head-quarters?"

A cheerful smile overspread Washington's face—

"Ah, I see how it is!" he said, alternately surveying La Fayette and Hamilton—"You young men, ha, ha! are all in love with Mrs. Arnold, and wish to get where she is, as soon as possible. You may go and take breakfast with her, and tell her not to wait for me. I must ride down and examine the redoubts on this side of the river, and will be there in a short time!"

The officers however, refuse to take advantage of their General's kind permission. Two aids-de-camp are sent forward to announce Washington's return from Hartford, where he had been absent for some days, on a visit to Count De Rochambeau.—In the meantime, the Chief and his retinue disappear in the shadows of the narrow path leading to the river.

The aids-de-camp arrive, announce the return of Washington, and take their seats beside Mrs. Arnold, at the breakfast-table.

"The General is well?" asked that beautiful woman, with a smile that revealed the ivory whiteness of her teeth.

"Never in better spirits in his life. Our visit to Hartford, was a remarkably pleasant one—By the bye, General,"—turning abruptly to Arnold —"What think you of the rumor now afloat, in reference to West Point?"

The porcelain cup, about to touch Arnold's lip, was suddenly stopped in its progress. As the sunlight pours in uncertain gleams over his forehead, you can see a strange gloom overshadow his face.

"Rumor? West Point?" he echoed in his deep voice.

"Yes—" hesitated the aid-de-camp—"On our way home, we heard something of an intended attack on West Point, by Sir Henry Clinton—"

The smile that came over Arnold's face, was remembered for many a day, by those who saw it.

"Pshaw! What nonsense! These floating rumors are utterly ridiculous! Sir Henry Clinton meditate an attack on West Point? He may be weak, or crazy, but not altogether so mad as that!"

The General sipped his coffee, and the conversation took another turn.

The latest fashion of a lady's dress—whether the ponderous head-gear of that time, would be succeeded by a plainer style—the amusements of

the British in New York, their balls, banquets and gala days—such were the subjects of conversation.

Never had the wife of Arnold appeared so beautiful. Her eyes beaming in liquid light, her white hand and arm moving in graceful gesture, her hair now floating gently over her cheek, now waving back in all its glossy loveliness, from her stainless neck her bosom heaving softly beneath its beloved burden, that peerless woman gave utterance to all the treasures of her musical voice, her bold and vivacious intellect.

Arnold was silent all the while.

Suddenly the sound of horses' hoofs—the door flung rudely open—a soldier appears, covered from head to foot with dust and mud, and holding a letter in his hand.

"Whence come you?" said Arnold, quietly sipping his coffee, while his eye assumed a deeper light, and the muscles of his face suddenly contracted, —"From whom is that letter?"

"I came from North Castle—that letter 's from Colonel Jamison."—The Messenger sank heavily in a chair, as though tired almost to death.

Arnold took the letter, broke the seal, and calmly read it. Calmly, although every word was fire, although the truth which it contained, was like a voice from the grave, denouncing eternal woe upon his head.

You can see the wife centre her anxious gaze upon his face. Still he is calm. There is one deep respiration heaving his broad chest, beneath his General's uniform, one dark shadow upon his face,—as terrible as it is brief—and then, arising with composed dignity, he announces, that sudden intelligence required his immediate attendance at West Point.

"'Tell General Washington when he arrives, that I am unexpectedly called to West Point, but will return very soon."

He left the room.

In an instant a servant in livery entered, and whispered in Mrs. Arnold's ear—"The General desires to see you, in your chamber."

She rose, with her babe upon her bosom, she slowly passed from the room. Slowly, for her knees bent beneath her, and the heart within her breast contracted, as though crushed by a vice. Now on the wide stairway, she toils towards her chamber, her face glowing no longer with roses, but pale as death, her fingers convulsively clutching her child.

O, how that simple message thrills her blood! "The General desires to see you, in your chamber!"

She stands before the door, afraid to enter. She hears her husband pace the room with heavy strides. At last gathering courage, she enters.

Arnold stands by the window, with the morning light upon his brow. From a face, darkened by all the passions of a fiend, two burning eyes, deep set, beneath overhanging brows, glare in her face.

She totters towards him.

For a moment he gazes upon her in silence.

She does not breathe a word, but trembling to him, as though unconscious of the action, lifts her babe before his eyes.

"Wife—" he exclaimed, in a voice that was torn from his very heart—"All is lost!"

He flung his manly arms about her form—one pressure of his bosom, one kiss upon her lips—he seizes the babe, kisses it with wild frenzy, flings it upon the bed, and rushes from the room.

Then the wife of Arnold spread forth her arms, as though she stood on the verge of an awful abyss, and with her eyes swimming in wild light, fell heavily to the floor.

She laid there, motionless as death; the last fierce pulsation which swelled from her heart, had burst the fastening of her robe, and her white bosom gleamed like cold marble, in the morning light.

Arnold hurries down the stairs, passes through the drawing room, mounts the saddled horse at the door, and dashes toward the river.

Awaking from her swoon, after the lapse of many minutes, the wife arises, seeks her babe again. Still it sleeps! What knows it, the sinless child, of the fearful Tragedy of that hour? The Mother passes her hand over her brow, now hot as molten lead; she endeavors to recal the memory of that scene! All is dim, confused, dark, She approaches the window. Far down the river, the British Flag floating from the Vulture, waves in the light.

There is a barge upon the waters, propelled by the steady arms of six oarsmen. How beautifully it glides along, now in the shadow of the mountains, now over the sunshiny waves! In the stern stands a figure, holding a white flag above his head. Yes, as the boat moves toward the British ship, the white flag defends it from the fire of American cannon, at Verplanck's point. As you look the barge glides on, it passes the point, it nears the Vulture, while the ripples break around its prow.

Did the eye of the wife once wander from that erect figure in the stern?

Ah, far over the waters, she gazes on that figure; she cannot distinguish the features of that distant face, but her heart tells her that it is—ARNOLD!

—In the history of ages, I know no picture so full of interest, as this—

The Wife of Arnold, gazing from the window of her home, upon the barge, which bears her Husband to the shelter of the British flag!

It was now ten o'clock, on the morning of the 25th of September, 1780.

Soon Washington approached Robinson's house, and sat down with Hamilton and La Fayette, to the Breakfast table. He was told that Arnold had been called suddenly to West Point. After a hurried breakfast, he resolved to cross the river, and meet his General at the fortress. After this interview it was his purpose to return to dinner. Leaving Hamilton at the house, he hastened to the river.

In a few moments the barge rippled gently over the waves. Washington gazed upon the sublime cliffs all around him, upon the smooth expanse of water, which rested like a mirror, in its mountain frame, and then gaily exclaimed:

"I am glad that General Arnold has preceded us. He will receive us with a salute. The roar of cannon is always delightful, but never so grand as when it is re-echoed among the gorges of these mountains."

The boat glided on toward the opposite shore. No sound of cannon awoke the silence of the hills. Doubtles, Arnold was preparing some pleasant surprise. Nearer and nearer to the beach glided the barge. Still no salute.

"What!" exclaimed Washington—"Do they not intend to salute us?"

As the barge grated on the yellow sand, an officer in the Continental uniform, was seen on the rocks above:

He was not prepared for the reception of such visitors, and hoped that he would be excused for any apparent neglect, in not having placed the garrison in proper condition for a military inspection and review.

"What? Is Arnold not here?" exclaimed Washington, as he leaped upon the beach.

"He has not been here within two days, nor have I heard from him within that time!" replied the officer.

Washington uttered an exclamation of surprise, and then for a moment stood wrapped in thought, the sheath of his sword sinking in the sand as he unconsciously pressed his hand upon the hilt.

Did the possibility of a Treason, so dark in its details, so tremendous in its general outline, burst upon him, in that moment of thought?

Soon he took his way up the rocks, and followed by his officers, devoted some three hours to an examination of the works of West Point.

It was near 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when he returned to Robinson's house.

As the company pursued the path leading from the river to the house, an officer appeared, his countenance stamped with deep anxiety, his step quickened into irregular footsteps. There was an unimaginable horror written on his face.

That officer was Alexander Hamilton.

As Washington paused in the roadside, he approached and whispered a few words, inaudible to the rest of the party.

Neither La Fayette or Knox heard these words, but they saw that expression of horror reflected from Hamilton's visage to the face of Washington, and felt their hearts impressed with a strange awe. As a dim, vague forboding thrilled from heart to heart, the party approached the house.

Washington beckons La Fayette and Knox to his side:

"These letters and papers, despatched to me two days since, by Colonel Jamison of North Castle reveal a strange truth, gentlemen.—We journeyed

to Hartford by the lower road, but returned by the upper. Therefore, the messenger has been chasing us for two days, and the information has not reached me until this morning.—The truth gentlemen, is plain—General Arnold is a TRAITOR. Adjutant General Andre—of the British army—a —SPY !"

La Fayette sank into a chair, as though the blood had forsaken his heart. Knox uttered an involuntary oath.

Then the agony which was silently working its way through the soul of Washington—leaving his face calm as marble—manifested itself in these words:

"Whom," he whispered, quietly folding the papers,—"WHOM CAN WE TRUST NOW ?"

Hamilton immediately started, on the fleetest horse, for Verplanck's, point his intention being to intercept the Traitor. He returned in the course of an hour, not with the Traitor, but with a letter headed "His Majesty's Ship, Vulture, Sept. 25, 1780," directed to Washington, and signed "BENEDICT ARNOLD."

Meanwhile a strange, aye, we may well say it, a terrible interview took place at Robinson's house.

The actors—Washington and the wife of Arnold.

The General ascended the stairs leading to her chamber. He was met at the threshhold by a strange apparition. A beautiful woman, with her dishevelled hair floating over her bared bosom, her dress flowing round her form in disordered folds, her white arms convulsively clutching her frightened babe.

The tears streamed down her cheeks.

"Do not harm my child !" she said, in a voice that brought tears to the eyes of Washington—"He has done no wrong ! The father may be guilty, but the child is innocent ! O, I beseech you, wreak your vengeance on me, but do not harm my babe !"

"Madam, there is no one that dares lay the finger of harm, on yourself or your child !" replied Washington.

You can see this lovely woman turn; she places the babe upon the bed; she confronts Washington with heaving breast and flashing eyes:

"Murderer !" she cried, "Do not advance ! You shall not touch the babe ! I know you—know your plot to tear that child from a Mother's breast, but I defy you !"

Strange words these, but a glance convinced Washington, that the wife of Arnold stood before him, not calm and collected, but with the light of madness glaring from her blue eyes.

She stood erect, regarding him with that blazing eye, that defiant look.

"O, shame !" she cried, curling her proud lip in scorn—"A warrior like you, to harm an innocent babe ! Wreak your vengeance on me. I am ready to bear it all. But the child—what has he ever done ?"

Her voice softened as she spoke these last words: she bent forward with a look of beseeching eloquence.

"On my word, I will protect you and your babe!" said Washington, and his voice grew tremulous with emotion.

For a moment, she stood before him calm and beautiful, even with her disordered robes and loosened tresses, but that moment gone, the light of madness blazed again from her eyes.

"Murderer!" she exclaimed, again, and grasped his arm, with a clutch like the last effort of the dying; but as she spoke, her face grew paler, her bosom ceased to beat; she dashed the thickly clustered tresses from her face, and fell to the floor.

The only signs of life which she exhibited, were a tremulous motion of the fingers, a slight quivering of the nether lip. Her eyes wide open, glared in the face of Washington. Then, from those lips, whose beauty had been sung by poets, celebrated by warriors, pressed by the Traitor, started a white foam, spotted with drops of blood.

And the babe upon the bed, with its face baptized in the light of the setting sun, smiled playfully as it clapped its tiny hands and tried to grasp the fleeting beams.

Washington stood beside the unconscious woman: his face was convulsed with feeling. The tears started from his eyes.

"May God help you, and protect your babe!" he said, and hurried from the room.

What mean these strange scenes, occurring on this 25th of Sept., 1780? What were the contents of the letter which Arnold received at the Breakfast table? Can you tell what Revelations were those comprised in the letters and papers which Washington perused, on the afternoon of this interesting day?

Who was John Andre?

Was the Wife of Arnold a Partner in the work of Treason?

The first question must be answered by another picture, painted on the shadows of the Past.

Ere we survey this picture, let us glance for a moment, at the last scene of that fatal day.

While the Wife lay cold and senseless, there, in the chamber of her desolated home, the State Room of the Vulture presented a scene of some interest.

The British ship was gliding over the Hudson, its dishonored flag tinted by the last beam of the setting sun. On the soft cushions of the State room sofa, was seated a man, with his throat bared, his brow darkened, every line of his face distorted by passion. His eyes were fixed upon an object, which rested on the Turkish carpet at his feet.

That man, the Hero of the Wilderness, whose glory had burst upon his

country, with the bewildering splendor of the Aurora, which flushes the northern sky with dies of matchless beauty—Benedict Arnold.

That object was an unsheathed sword—the sword of Quebec and Saratoga.

XV—THE TULIP-POPLAR;
OR
THE POOR MEN HEROES OF THE REVOLUTION.

One fine morning in the fall of 1780, seven men went out by the roadside to watch for robbers!

It was two days before the scene of the Breakfast table.

Four of these men concealed themselves in the bushes on the summit of a high hill.

Three of their comrades sat down under a large poplar tree—some hundred yards to the northward—for a pleasant game at cards.

These are plain sentences, telling simple facts, yet on these simple facts hinged the destiny of George Washington, the Continental Army, and the cause of freedom.

Let us go yonder into the hollow, where the highway, descending a hill, crosses a gentle brook, ascends the opposite hill, and is lost to view among the trees to the south. On either side of the road, darkens the foliage of the forest trees, scarcely tinged by the breath of autumn.

This gentle brook, tossing and murmuring on its way, is surmounted by a bridge of rude pine planks, defended on either side by a slender railing.

A dark-brown horse stands champing the bit and tossing his black mane in the centre of the bridge, while his dismounted rider bends over yonder railing, and gazes down into the brooklet with a vacant stare.

Let us look well upon that traveller. The manly form, enveloped in a blue overcoat, the young brow, surmounted by a farmer's round hat, the undercoat of a rich scarlet hue, with gold buttons and tinselled trinkets, the well polished boots, all display the mingled costume of a yeoman and a soldier.

His rich brown hair tosses aside from his brow: his dark hazel eye grows glassy with thought: his cheek is white and red by turns. Now his lip is compressed, and now it quivers. Look! He no longer leans upon the railing, no longer gazes down into the dark waters, but pacing hurriedly up and down the rustic bridge, displaying the elegance of his form, the beauty of his manly face, to the light of day.

The sun is seen by intervals through the tops of these eastern trees; the song of birds is in the woods; the air comes freighted with the rich odours of fall. It is a beautiful morning. Light, feathery clouds floating overhead, only serve to relieve the clear blue of the autumnal sky.

It is a beautiful morning, but the young traveller feels not the breeze, cares not for the joyous beam. Nor do those wreaths of autumnal mist,

hanging in graceful festoons among the tall forest trees, arrest the glance of his hazel eye.

He paces along the bridge. Now he lays his hand upon the mane of his horse; now hastily buttons his overcoat, as if to conceal the undercoat of claret, with its handsome gold buttons; and at last, pausing in the centre of the bridge, he clasps his hands, and gazes absently upon the rough planks.

Well may that man that paces the bridge, thus clasping his hands, thus stand like marble, with his dark hazel eyes glassy with thought.

For he is a Gambler.

He has matched his life against a glittering boon—the sword of a General. The game he plays is—Treason—if he wins, an army is betrayed, a General captured, a Continent lost. If he loses, he dies on the gallows, with the rope about his neck, and the bandage over his eyes.

Was he not a bold Gambler?

He has been far into the enemy's country. Over the river, up the rocks, and into the secret chamber. With the TRAITOR he has planned the Treason. Now he is on his way home again to the city, where his General awaits him, trembling with suspense.

Is that not a handsome boot on his right foot? I do not allude so much to the heavy tops, nor to the polished surface, but to the glove-like nicety with which it envelopes the manly leg. That boot contains the fortress of West Point, the liberty of George Washington, the safety of the Continental Army! An important boot, you will admit, and well adapted to create fever in his mind who wears it.

One question is there before the mind of that young traveller: *Can he pass unmolested to the city of New York?*

He has come far on his journey; he has passed through perils that chilled his blood, and now thirty miles alone remain. But thirty miles of neutral ground, ravaged by robbers from both armies, who plunder the American because he is not a Briton, and rob the Briton because he is not an American.

This is a thrilling question.

Those papers in his boot, once transferred to Sir Henry Clinton, this young gentleman will be rewarded with a General's commission.

As this brilliant thought passes over his mind, there comes another thought, sad, sweet, tender.

The little sitting room yonder in England, where his fair-haired sister, and his sister with the flowing dark tresses, are seated by the mother's knee, talking of him, their absent brother! O, it is sweet to dream by night, but sweeter far, to dream by day, with the eyes wide open. A beautiful dream! That old familiar room, with oaken wainscot and antique furniture; the mother, with her placid face, venerable with grey hair; the fair girls now blushing and ripening into women!

He will return home; yes, they shall hear his manly step. They shall

look from the door, and instead of the untitled Cadet, behold the renowned General. The thought fires his soul.

He gives his fears to the wind. For he is a brave man, but now he is afraid, for he is doing a coward's work, and feels a coward's pangs.

He springs on his horse, and with Washington, West Point, and the Continental Army in his right boot, he passes on his way.

Let us go up yonder hill before him. What is this we see?

Three men seated beneath a tree playing cards! Alone and magnificent stands that Tulip-Poplar, its broad limbs extending at least forty feet from the trunk, and that trunk six feet in diameter. Such a tree you may not see in a life-time. A trunk, like the column of some Druid Temple, hewn of granite rock, a shade like the shelter of some colossal war-tent. How the broad green leaves toss to and fro to the impulse of the breeze!

It stands somewhat aside from the road, separated from the trees of yonder wood.

While these men pass the cards and fill the air with the song and laugh, let us draw near.

That small man, leaning forward, with the smile on his lips, is named WILLIAMS. He is near forty years of age, as you can see by the intricate wrinkles on his face. His costume, a plain farmer's dress, with belt and powder horn. By his side, reclining on the ground, a man of large frame, stalward arms, broad chest, also leans forward, his eyes fixed upon the game. He is named VAN WERT. His face, dogged and resolute in its expression, gives you an idea of his character. The third, a tall, well-formed man of some twenty years, with an intelligent countenance and dark eye, is dressed in a faded British uniform. He is at once the most intelligent and soldier-like man of the company. His name is PAULDING.

Their rifles are laid against the trunk of the tulip-poplar. Here we have them, intent upon their game, laughing in careless glee, now and then singing a camp song, while the cards move briskly in their fingers.

All at once the party turned their faces to the north. The sound of a horse's hoof struck on their ears.

"Here comes a stranger!" exclaimed Van Wert, with a marked Dutch accent, "A fine, gentleman-like man. Hey, Paulding? Had not we better stop him?"

Paulding sprang to his feet. He beheld our young traveller riding slowly toward the tree. In a moment he was in the highway, intently regarding the stranger, whom he surveyed with a meaning glance.

As his horse reached the poplar tree, Williams sprang forward and seized the reins, while Paulding presented his rifle to the breast of the young man.

"Stand!" he exclaimed, in a deep, sonorous voice, "Which way?"

For a moment the stranger gazed in the face of the soldier, who stood before him, clad in a British uniform. A shade of doubt, inquiry, fear passed over his handsome face.

"Gentlemen," said he, in a voice which struck their ears with its tones of music, "I hope you belong to our party?"

"Which party?" ashed Paulding.

"*The Lower Party!*" returned the traveller.

A smile darted over Paulding's face.

"So do I," said he, still keeping his rifle at the breast of the unknown.

'I am a British officer!" exclaimed the young man, rising proudly in his stirrups, as he displayed a gold watch in his extended hand. "I trust that you will know better than to detain me, when you learn that I am out of the country on particular business."

The three soldiers started. The athletic Van Wert advanced to the side of Williams, and seized the other bridle rein. Paulding smiled grimly.

"Dismount!" he said, pointing the rifle at the very heart of the stranger, who gazed from face to face with a look of wonder.

"My God!" said he, gaily, with a faint laugh, "I suppose I must do anything to pass."

He drew from his breast a paper, which he extended to Paulding. The other soldiers look over their comrade's shoulder as he read it aloud:

Head Quarters, Robinson's House, Sept'r 22d, 1780.

Permit Mr. John Anderson to pass the Guards to the White Plains, or below if he chooses. He being on Public Business by my Direction.

B. ARNOLD, M. Gen.

"Now," said the bearer of this passport, as he dismounted, "I hope you will permit me to pass. You will risk a great deal by detaining me. General Arnold will not lightly overlook my detention, I assure you!"

Paulding, with the paper in his hand, turned to his comrades, who, with surprise in their faces, uttered some hurried words, inaudible to the stranger.

"You see, sir, I'd let you pass," said Paulding, "but there's so many bad people about, I'm afeerd you might be one of them. Besides, *Mister* Anderson, how came you, a *British officer*, in possession of this pass from an *American General?*"

For the first time the face of the stranger was clouded. His lip was tightly compressed, as though he was collecting all the resources of his mind.

"Why do you wear a British uniform?" he exclaimed, pointing to Paulding's dress.

"Why you see, the tories and robbers belongin' to your army, would not let me live a peaceable life until I enlisted under your king. I staid in New York until I could escape, which I did one fine day, with this uniform on my back. Here I am, on neutral ground, but an American to the backbone!"

"Come, Mister," exclaimed Williams, "You may as well walk into the bushes; we want to sarch you."

Without a word, the stranger suffered them to lead him under the shade

of yonder wood. In a moment he stood on a mossy sod, with a leafy canopy overhead. Around him, with suspicion, wonder, curiosity, stamped on their faces, stood Paulding, Williams, and Van Wert.

He was calm, that unknown man; not a flush was on his face, not a frown upon his brow. Yet his hazel eye glanced from face to face with a look of deep anxiety.

They took the overcoat, the coat of claret hue, glittering with tinsel, the nankin and flannel waistcoats, nay, the ruffled shirt itself, from his form, and yet no evidence of his character in the shape of written or printed paper met their eyes. At last his boots, his under-garments, all save his stockings, were removed; yet still no paper, no sign of mystery or treason was revealed.

He stood in that silent recess, with all the proud beauty of that form—which, in its manliness of chest, grace of limb, elegance of outline, rivalled the Apollo of the Sculptor's dream—laid bare to the light. His brown curls, tossed to the impulse of the breeze, about his face and brow. His arms were folded across his breast, as he gazed in the soldier's faces.

"Your stockings, if you please," said Paulding, bending down at the officer's feet. The stocking of the right foot was drawn, and lo! three carefully folded papers, placed next the sole of the foot, were disclosed. In a moment the other stocking, and three papers more.

The young man shook with a sudden tremor.

One burst of surprise echoed from the soldiers as they opened the papers.

The stranger had one hope! They were but rude men; they might not be able to read the papers, but that hope was vain, for in a clear, bold voice, Paulding gave their fatal secret to the air.

Artillery orders, showing how the garrison of West Point should be disposed of in case of an alarm; an estimate of the force of the fortress; an estimate of the number of men, requisite to man the works; a return of the ordnance; remarks on the strength and weakness of the various works, a report of a council of war lately at head quarters, concerning the campaign, which Washington had sent to Arnold—such were the secrets of these papers, all in the undisguised hand writing of Benedict Arnold.

It is in vain to picture the dismay which was stamped upon each soldier's face, as word by word, they spelled out and guessed out the terrible treachery, which, to their plain minds, seemed to hang over these letters.

The young man—now their prisoner—stood silent, but pale as death. For a moment all his fortitude seemed to have forsaken him.

At last, laying his hands on Paulding's arms, he said, in tremulous tones

"Take my watch, my horse, my purse—all I have—only let me go!"

This was a terrible temptation for three poor men, who, living in a land demoralized by war, where neither property nor life was safe for an hour, had never, in all their lives, owned such a fine horse, elegant gold watch, or purse of yellow guineas.

For a moment Paulding was silent, his manly face wore a hesitating look.

"Will you gif us any ting else?" said Van Wert, with a strong Dutch accent.

"Yes, I will make each man of you rich for life," repeated the young man, his manner growing more urgent, while his face was agitated with emotion.—"Lands—dry-goods—money, to enable you to live independent of the world—anything you like, only let me go!"

Poor fellow! His tones were tremulous. He was only pleading not for a free passage, but for life, and a—Generalship. A terribly distinct vision of his mother and sisters flashed over his soul.

"But, Mister," exclaimed Williams, "How are we to know that you'll keep your word?"

"I will stay here until you go into the city and return!" was the response of the prisoner.

Paulding was yet silent, with a shade of gloom on his brow, while Van Wert and Williams looked in one another's face. The prisoner, with agony quivering in every feature, awaited their reply.

"Dress yourself," muttered Paulding, in a rough voice.

"Then you consent,you will let me go?" eagerly exclaimed the diguised officer.

Paulding made no reply.

Slowly he resumed his apparel.

He then looked around, as if to read his doom in the faces of these rude men.

For they were rude men. It was an awful time of fear, doubt, murder, that era of 1780. No man could trust his neighbor. This thirty miles of neutral ground was as much under the control of law as the Desert of Arabia. These men had felt the hand of British wrong; they had been robbed, ill-treated, trampled under foot by British power.

Here was a chance to make them all rich men. The young man's words were fair. He would remain a prisoner until they had tested his truth, by going to New York. They knew that some strange mystery hung about his path; they guessed that his escape would bring danger to Washington. But more than this, they could neither know nor guess.

Admit, as some have urged, that these men were robbers, who came out this fine morning of September, to try their fortune on the highway, and the case becomes more difficult. If poor men, they would scarcely refuse his offer; if robbers, they would at once take watch, and horse, and gold, and bid him go!

For some moments deep silence prevailed.

"Will you accept my offer, gentlemen?"

Paulding turned and faced him.

"No!" said he, in a voice which chilled the young man's blood; "If

you were to offer me ten thousand guineas I could not—I would not, let you go!"

The prisoner said not a word, but his face grew paler.

They went slowly forth from the wood, and stood once more beneath the Tulip-Poplar.

The young stranger looked upon his horse, which was to bear him away a prisoner, and his heart thrilled with a pang like death.

At this moment, turning to the west, he beheld a sight which chilled his blood. The British ship VULTURE,—which he had missed near West Point, by some accident never yet explained—rode there, upon the calm Hudson, within a mile from the spot where he stood. Escape, safety, honor, so near, and yet he was a prisoner.

Once more he turned, once more in piercing tones, with hurried gestures, he besought them to take all; he promised them fortune, only that he might depart.

But still that stern answer:

"FOR TEN THOUSAND GUINEAS WE WOULD NOT LET YOU GO!"

The sun was up in the heavens. The breeze tossed the magnificent limbs of the Tulip-Poplar. Grouped under its shadow were the captors and their prisoner. Here, the manly Paulding, with an expression of pity stealing over his face; there, Williams, his countenance expressing a dull, apathetic wonder; farther on, Van Wert, his form raising above his comrades, while his arms were folded across his breast. The cards were littered over the grass, but each man grasped his rifle.

O, silken people, in fine robes, who read your perfumed volumes, detailing the virtues of the rich and great, can you see no virtue under those rude waistcoats, no greatness in those peasant faces? It has been my task again and again, to portray the grandeur of a Washington, the chivalry of Lafayette, the glorious deeds of Wayne; but here, in these half-robber, half-soldier forms, methinks is found a SELF-DENIAL, that will match the brightest of them all. Honor to Washington, and Lafayette, and Wayne, and honor to Paulding, Williams, and Van Wert, the POOR MEN HEROES OF THE REVOLUTION.

They stood grouped under the Tulip-Poplar; but their prisoner?

He laid his arms upon his horse's neck, and hid his face on its dark mane.

Long ago the bones of that young traveller crumbled to dust, in a felon's grave, beneath a gibbet's foot.

Long ago, on a stormy night, the lightnings of God descended upon the Tulip-Poplar, and rent its trunk to the roots, and scattered its branches to the air.

And Paulding, Williams, and Van Wert, are also gone, but their names

are remembered forevermore. Let us look for a moment at the class to which they belonged, let us take one of these humble men and paint the picture of a Poor Man Hero,——

——He crouches beside the trunk of the giant oak, on the wild wood side. He sweeps the overhanging leaves aside with his brawny hand—the light falls suddenly over his swarthy and sunburnt face, over his fur cap, with its bucktail plume, over the blue hunting shirt, over his forest moccasins, and huntsman's attire. He raises the glittering rifle to his eye, that keen, grey eye, looking from beneath the bushy eyebrow, and fixed upon the distant foeman—he raises his rifle, he aims at the star on the heart—he fires. The wood rings with the sound—the Britisher has taken the measure of his grave.

And thus speeding along from tree to rock, from the fence to the secure ambush of the buckwheat field—speeding along with his stealthy footsteps, and his keen eye ever on the watch, the bold rifleman heeds not the battle raging in the valley below; he cares not for the noise, the roar of cannon, the mechanical march of the drilled columns; he cares for naught but his own true rifle, that bears a death in every ball—that shrieks a death-knell at every fire. A free man was the old rifleman. His home was the wild wood, his companions the beasts of the ravine, and the birds of the cliff; his friend, true and unfailing, was his rifle, and his joy was to wander along the lonely pathway of the wilderness, to track the Indian to his camp-fire, the panther to his lair.

A free man was the old rifleman. At the close of the day's hard chase, what king so happy as he? He seats himself on the green sward, at the foot of the ancient oak, in the depths of the eternal woods, while the setting sunbeams fling their lines of gold athward the mossy carpet, and between the quivering leaves of the twilight foliage.

He rears the booth of forest branches, with its walls and roof of leaves, he spreads his couch of buffalo robes, and then gathering the limbs of decayed trees, he lights his fire, and the rosy gleam flares over the darkening woods, a sign of home built in the wilderness.

The victim of the day's chase, the gallant deer, is then dragged to the fireside, divested of his skin, and anon the savory steak smokes in the blaze, and the tree hermit of the woods, the free old backwoodsman, rubs his bony hands with glee, and chuckles with all a hunter's delight.

Such were the men that thronged the woods and peopled the solitudes of this, our glorious land of the New World, in the year of grace, SEVENTY-SIX,—in the year of freedom—One. To this class belong the captors of Andre, who refused a fortune, rather than aid the enemy of Washington. Such were the men whom the British were sent to conquer: such were the men who knew nothing of pretty uniforms, mechanical drills, or regular lines of march, whom the stout red-coats were to annihilate.

The huntsman's frock of blue was not very handsome, his rough leggings

were not quite as pretty as the grenadier's well polished boots, his cap of fur was a shapeless thing altogether, and yet he had two things that sometimes troubled his enemies not a little—*a sure rifle and a keen eye.*

Let us be just to their memories. While we honor Paulding, Williams, and Van Wert, let us remember that ten thousand such as these, rest unknown, unnamed, beneath the graves of the Past, while the grass grows more beautiful above, moistened with their blood, the unhonored Poor Men Heroes of the Revolution.*

It now becomes our task to examine the contents of the letter which Arnold received at the Breakfast table.

Andre, when captured, was taken to the nearest military post at North Castle, where Colonel Jamison was stationed with a regiment of dragoons. This brave officer was utterly confounded by the revelations of the papers, which had been concealed in the boot of the Conspirator. He could not imagine, that a General so renowned as Arnold was a Traitor. His confusion may be imagined when it is known, that the letter perused by the traitor at the breakfast table, was a hasty note from Jamison, announcing the capture of a man named Anderson, who "*had a passport signed in your name and papers of a very dangerous tendency.*"

At the same time, he announced that he had sent these dangerous papers to Washington.—You have seen the agitation of the Ameriean General, when after two day's delay, he received these documents at Robinson's House.—The honest blunder of Jamison saved the Traitor's neck.

Next comes the question—Was Arnold's wife a Partner in the work of Treason? Again let us question the shadows of the past for an answer. Was her fate, in any manner, connected with the destiny of John Andre? Let these scenes, which break upon us from the theatre of the Revolution, solve the question,

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NOTE.—There is a strange mystery connected with this capture. Like other prominent incidents of the Revolution, it has been described in at least twenty different ways. The distinguished historian, Sparks, presents a plain, straightforward account, which in its turn is contradicted by a late article in a western paper, purporting to be reminiscences of a gentlemen named Hudson, who professes to be conversant with the facts, from an actual acquaintance with Paulding, Williams, and Van Wert. Mr. H. states that Paulding wore a British uniform; that Williams was despatched with a note to Arnold; and that the prisoner was taken to Sing Sing, and from thence to Tappan, where *Washington arrived in a few minutes.* Sparks, the FIRST Historian of our country, makes no mention of the uniform, and by the evidence of the three heroes, directly contradicts the other statements. Andre was taken to North Castle, while *Washington was absent on a journey to Hartford.* Not a word (on the trial of Andre,) was said by either Paulding or his comrades, in relation to the *departure of Williams with a note to Arnold.* There is an evident ambiguity here, which should be removed. Mr. Hudson's statement, plain and decided as it is, contradicts the evidence of the men from whom he received it. If correct, then they uttered falsehoods on the trial of Andre,—if untrue, they are guilty of wilful or involuntary misrepresentation. The mention of the British uniform places a new construction upon the whole affair, and is, in my opinion, the only satisfactory explanation of the conduct of Andre, ever yet published.

XVI.—THE KNIGHT OF THE MESCHIANZA.

Two scenes from the past; two scenes from the dim shadows of Revolutionary Romance. One is a scene of Light—the other, of Gloom.

The first scene took place when the British Army was in Philadelphia; and while Benedict Arnold was confined to his room, in the city of New Haven, with the wounds of Saratoga.

The other scene occurred more than two years afterwards, when Benedict Arnold was in command at West Point.

Yonder, on the outskirts of Philadelphia, stands an old house, with the marks of decay about its roofs, its windows and walls. An old house, with scattered tenements and broken commons all around it. Not long ago, fallen into utter neglect, it was occupied as a coach-shop; now it is crowded with the young faces, the busy hum of a common school.

There was a time, when that old house was a lordly palace, with one wide green lawn stretching away from the hall-door for half a mile, away to the brink of the broad Delaware.

There was a night when that house shook to the tread of warriors, and the steps of dancers—when every tree along that wide lawn shone with lights on every bough. Yes, a night, a banquet was given there by the officers of Sir William Howe, in honor of his glorious victory! Victory? Yes, in honor of the fact that he hadn't been worse beaten, by Mister Washington.

Ah, it was a glorious night. A midnight sky above, and light and glitter below. Then gondolas, freighted with beauty, glided over the waters, flashing streams of light along the dark waves. Then the gallant officers put off their red coats to put on armor and helmet, like knights of old, and a gay tournament, with heralds, and plumes, and steeds, and banners, flashed over the wide lawn.

Let us for a moment look upon this tournament.

In yonder balcony, on the southern side of the lawn—that balcony, overhung with the blood-red banner, festooned with flowers—is crowded one living mass of womanly beauty. Blue eyes and hazel, eyes dark as midnight, or soft and languishing as June, there mingle these glances in one blaze of light. There you behold the tender forms of girlhood, the mature bust of womanhood, there crowded into one view, you see all that is like the ruby or the rose on woman's lip, like the summer dawn on her cheek, like the deep stars of night in her eye.

These are the flowers of the aristocracy, assembled in one group of loveliness, to grace the Meschianza of Sir William Howe.

Meschianza? That is a strange word, what does it mean? I cannot tell you, but my mind is somewhat impressed with the fancy of its Hindoo

origin. Yes, it is possibly derived from some Sancrit word, and signifies, to be glad at not being worse beaten, to be exceedingly joyful on limited victories, to be thankful that one's neck is safe. That is the only derivation I could ever find for Mechianza.

Below the balcony spreads the scene of the tournament. There, at one end, through the trees, you see the palace, flaming like a funeral pyre, with lights, and yonder, far down the lawn, the broad Delaware glimmers into view.

Hush every whisper; the Tournament is ready to begin.

From these groups of Knights at either end of the lists, two cavaliers sally forth and confront each other. One in armour of plated gold, mounted on a dark steed, with a black plume shadowing his brow. The other, on that milk-white steed, is cased from head to foot, in an armour of azure steel. A white plume tosses from his brow.

Now hold your breath, for they come thundering on. On, on, over the green lawn, on to each other's breasts, on with the levelled lance.

There is a pause—they crash together—now there is a moment of doubt —but now—look! How the white scarfs from yon gallery wave like snow-flakes on the air.

The Knight on the dark steed is down; but the Knight in armour of azure steel, mounted on the milk-white steed, rides round the lists in triumph, with his snowy plume tossing as he goes.

Oh, this is a glorious show, a grand Tournament, a splendid display of lovely women, and oh, for a swelling word from the vocabulary of adjectives —a Meschianza; and all in honor of Sir William Howe, who is so glad that he is not *worse beaten* by Mister Washington.

Yonder fair girl bending from the gallery, lets fall upon the brow of that white-plumed Knight, a chaplet of laurel, woven with lilies and roses.

His dark hazel eyes upraised catch the smile as it speaks from her lips.

The Queen of Beauty crowns the Victor of the Tournament. It is a lovely picture. Let us look upon a lovelier.

Yonder, in the deep shadows of the grove, where the lights glare flickering and indistinct, over the tufted sward, a knight cased in glittering armour kneels at the feet of a lovely girl.

For she is lovely, even into that towering head-dress that lays back her golden hair from her white brow, in a mass of powder and pearls; she is lovely in that gorgeous dress, trailing in luxurious folds upon the ground, its jewels and satin and gold, hiding the matchless outline of her form. Yes, she is lovely, for that deep, yet wild and languishing eye, that laughing lip, would be more beautiful, were the form girded in a peasant garb, instead of being veiled in the royal robes of a Queen.

And tell me, as that fair girl, extending her hand, half turns her head away, the blush ripening over her cheek, while the lover looks up with glad and grateful eyes, tell me, is it not as lovely a picture as artist ever drew!

Now change the scene. Let the Tournament pass. Let Sir William Howe go home to England. Let the gay Knights of the Blended Roses and Burning Lances go to the battle-field again, there to be beaten by Mad Anthony, that Knight of the Iron-Hand; or George Washington, the Knight without Fear and without Reproach.

Now let us go to West Point.

In the Southern window of the mansion, opposite that fortress stands a beautiful woman, with her long hair all scattered in disorder about her shoulders, while her blue eye, glaring with a look like madness, is fixed on the Southern sky.

In that beautiful woman, you recognize the lovely girl of the Meschianza. That woman is now the wife of Benedict Arnold, who fled from West Point but a few brief days ago, in the British ship Vulture. That child laughing on her bosom, is the child of a Traitor.

Yes, she has linked her fate with the destiny of Arnold. Yet, still after her marriage, she continues her correspondence with the Knight of the Meschianza, who dwells in New York, the favorite of Sir Henry Clinton.

In those letters, the first letters of Arnold to Clinton, signed Gustavus, and speaking Treason, were enclosed. Thus, the letters of the Wife, to the gallant Knight, were the vehicles of her Husband's dishonor.—

Why does she gaze so earnestly toward the South? She looks for the Knight of the Tournament!

There on that piece of table-land, which looks down upon the Hudson, where its waters sweep in their broadest flow—at Tappan Zee—there under the light of the noon-day sun, a dense crowd is gathered near a small stone house; not a murmur is heard in that crowd; all is silent as the clay cold lips of the dead.

Ere we look upon the sight which chills the crowd into such deep silence, let us go back to the daybreak hour.

Day was breaking over the broad Hudson, over the hills crowned with gorgeous autumnal foliage, over yon solitary stone house and along the level space, when two figures came hither with spades in their hands.

They were rough men, embrued in life-long deeds of blood, but as they sunk two holes in the sod, with the distance of a few feet between, they were at first silent; then a scalding drop of moisture stole from the eyes of that rough man, while his comrade cursed him for crying, as his own eye was wet with a tear.

It must have been a dark matter indeed to make men like these, shed tears.

When those holes were dug, then they brought two thick pieces of scantling, and placed them in the cavities; then another piece at the top connected these upright timbers; and last of all, a rope was brought, and then behold—the GALLOWS!

It was around this gallows as the hour of noon came on, that a dense

crowd gathered. There were blue and gold uniforms, and there the brown dress of the farmer. That high-browed man, whom you see yonder, among the crowd of officers, bears the great name, which the nation always loved to repeat—Alexander Hamilton.

It is noon—and look! From yonder stone-house comes a young man, in a magnificent scarlet uniform; a young man, with glossy brown hair and a deep hazel eye.

As he comes through the lane, made by the parting of the crowd, you can see that cart moving slowly at his heels; that cart in which crouches a grim figure, sitting on a pine box, with crape over its face.

Does this spectacle interest you? Then look in that young man's face, and behold the Knight of the Tournament. When we beheld him last, a fair lady dropped laurel on his brow, a chaplet of laurel and roses. To-day, that grim figure will crown him with a chaplet of death!

He draws near the foot of the gallows. For a moment, he stands, rolling over a little stone with his foot, as he tries to smother that choking sensation in his throat.

There is silence in that crowd.

Look! the cart waits for him under the dangling rope—that grim figure lays the pine coffin upon the ground—and then binds his arms lightly with a handkerchief.

The silence is deeper.

Now the young man turns very pale. With his half-pinioned arms, he arranges the frill of the ruffle around his wrist; he binds the handkerchief over his face.

Oh, father of souls, that look! Yes, ere he winds the handkerchief around his brow, he casts one glance, one deep and yearning look over the faces of men, the river, the sky, the mountains.

That look is his farewell to earth!

Why do those stout men cry like little children? Heads bowed on their breasts, faces turned away, showering tears—the sun shines on them all.

The young man leaps lightly into the cart—Does'n't it make your blood run cold to see the rough hangman wind that rope around his neck, so fair, so like a woman's?

Now, there is silence, and tears, and veiled faces, in that crowd.

—At this moment let us look yonder, in that quiet room, away in England. A mother and two fair sisters sit there, embroidering a scarf, for the son and brother, who is now in a far land.

"Hark!" exclaims the dark-haired sister; "it is not his footstep?"

And as she goes to the door, trembling with suspense and joy, and looks out for her brother—*Here, that brother stands, upon the death-cart, with the hangman's rope about his neck!*

Even as the sister looks forth from her home, to behold his form ——

Ah, at the very moment the hangman speaks to his horse, the cart mov on—look!

There is a human being dangling at the end of a rope, plunging ar quivering in the air. Behold it, nor shudder at the sight! That blacl ened face, livid, blue, purple at turns, those starting eyes,—Oh, hide tl horrid vision! What, hide the Poetry of the Gallows?

Hide it you may, but still the thick, gurgling groan of that dying ma breaks on your ear.

That is the Music of the Gallows.

Ah, can that loathsome corse, with the distorted face, can that be tl gallant Knight who fell at the feet of the lovely girl, in the gay Tournamen

While he hangs quivering on the gallows, yonder in New York, before glittering mirror, stands Benedict Arnold, surveying his proud form, attire for the first time, in that hangman's dress—a scarlet uniform.

Yonder—even while the last tremor shakes his form—yonder, alon kneels George Washington, in prayer with his God.

And now, as they thrust his young form—scarcely cold—into the pir coffin, his mother and sisters, in that far English town, have done embrod ering the scarf—nay, that one dark-eyed sister has even worked his nam in the corner—

"My Brother * * * * John Andre."

From that Gibbet of John Andre, the fairest flowers of Poetry an Romance wave fragrantly from the night of ages.

Around that hideous thing of evil, whose blackened timbers rise befor us from the twilight of sixty-seven years, are clustered the brightest an the darkest memories, like a mingled crowd of fiends and angels.

His fate was very dark, yet on the very darkness of the cloud that hun over his setting sun, his name has been written in characters of light.

All that can melt the heart in pathos, all that can make the blood ru cold in tragedy, scenes of tender beauty, memories of immeasurable horro are grouped beside the dishonored grave of John Andre.

A volume might be filled, with the incidents connected with his closin hour; the long winter night passed unheeded away, ere the narrator coul tell but half the Legends that hover round his tomb.

There was that in his fate, which made his friends stand palzied wit horror, his very enemies shed tears for him. The contempt, which a honorable men feel for one who undertakes the lacquey work of Treason and plays the part of a Spy, was lost in the unmeasured scorn which a men felt for Benedict Arnold.

Behold the Legends that hover above the grave of Andre the Spy.

XVII.—JOHN CHAMPE.

A soft voluptuous light pervaded that luxurious chamber.

It was the night of November Second, 1780. The mansion was one of the most magnificent in the New York of that day. It stood in a garden, planted with vines and flowers. Near this garden a dark alley led to the river.

The vines and flowers were withered now. The night was dark, and the spacious mansion lay wrapt in shadow. There were dim shadowy figures moving along the darkness of the alley. Yet from a single window, through the closed curtains, the warm gleam of a light flashed over the deserted garden.

In the centre of this chamber, stood a beautiful woman, her form clad in a habit of black velvet, her dark hair laid plainly back from her clear forehead.

As the light falls over that form—one hand laid upon the table, the fingers touching a parchment—while the other clasps the bosom, heaving through its dark vestment, let us gaze upon this beautiful woman, and ask the cause of her lonely watch?

The chamber is elegantly furnished. The gorgeous carpet was woven in a Turkish loom, the massive chairs are cushioned with crimson velvet, the wainscot blooms with fruits and flowers, carved from the forest oak. The lamp standing on the table, its warm light softened and refined by a shade of clouded glass, is upheld by a sculptured figure of Apollo. The hangings of dark crimson velvet depending along these windows, their folds presenting masses of light and shade, are worthy the hall of a Prince.

In yonder corner from a shadowy niche, the marble form of the Medicean Venus steals gently on you. Beautiful in its spotless whiteness, this image of womanly loveliness, with the averted head, the gently bending form, the half-raised hands steals softly on your eye, like a glimpse from Eden.

And the living woman, who stands by the table there, her tall form clad in dark velvet, impresses you with her strange wild beauty, more than all the statues in the world.

Do you mark the bosom heaving from its vestment? The alabaster of that rounded neck, contrasted with the black velvet which encircles it? The falling symmetry of the waist, contrasted with the ripe fulness of the other part of her figure! The foot protruding from the folds of the habit, small and delicate, cased in a satin slipper and beating with an impetuous motion against the carpet?

The form bewilders you with its impetuous loveliness, but the face startles you with the conflict of passions, impressed on every outline.

The bloom of the cheeks, the love of the warm lips, the melting softness

of the dark eyes, are all lost in a pale fixed expression of resolute despair. Yes, there is Despair written on that beautiful countenance, but Revenge glares in the deadly fire of those dark eyes. The white brow is deformed by a hideous wrinkle, that, black and swollen, swells upward to the roots of the hair.

Who is this woman so pale in the face, so voluptuous in the form, now waiting alone in this silent chamber?

Her hand rests upon a letter, inscribed with the name of—Benedict Arnold.

That sword resting on the table, with the dented edge and battered hilt, is the sword of Quebec and Saratoga.

The blue uniform thrown carelessly over the arm of the chair, is the costume of a Continental hero. Wherefore are sword and uniform thrown neglectedly aside, in this luxurious room?

It is the apartment of Benedict Arnold. He does not wield that sword, or wear that uniform any longer. He is a Traitor, and makes his home here in the city of New York, in this spacious mansion.

The sound of a bell disturbs the silence; it tolls the hour of twelve.

The beautiful woman is still there, her bosom fluttering with those pulses of revenge, which resemble the throbbings of love, as the lurid torch of the assassin resembles the soft sad light of the moon.

Presently raising her dark eyes, she unfastens the gold button that rises with each throb of her heart. She uncovers that bosom, now the home of hideous passion. She draws forth not a love-letter, nor yet the lock of a lover's hair, but a glittering and pointed dagger.

Grasping that dagger with her small hand, while the lines of strange emotion are drawn more darkly over her face, she speaks in a hollow voice:

"If the plot fails, this must do the work of my love and my revenge!"

Then sinking in the arm-chair, this woman overcome by her emotion, lets the dagger fall, and bursts into tears.

O, that agony of a heart that loved so truly, hoped so madly, and then lived to see both love and hope turned to hatred and despair, by the hand of death!

Is this the wife of Arnold? Gaze on her dark eyes and black hair, and remember that the hair of the wife waves in flakes of sunshine gold, that her eyes are summer blue. Is it his Ladye-love? The thought is vain. Say rather, as you behold the bosom torn by fiery passions, the eyes darting the magnetic rays of revenge, the dagger gleaming death from its keen blade, that this lovely woman waiting alone in his most secret chamber, is his EXECUTIONER!

You observe the chain, with its slender links of gold falling from the neck, into the shadowy recess of her bosom. She raises the chain; a min-

iature is revealed; the portrait of a gallant cavalier with hazel eyes, and locks of dark brown hair.

"So young, so gallant, so brave! *The last time* he pressed my hand—*the last time* his kiss melted on my lips! O, God, shall I ever forget it! And—*now* ——"

As the hideous picture broke in all its details upon her brain, she started to her feet, grasping the dagger once more with a hand that knew no tremor.

She heard the sound of a footstep echoing from afar, through the corridors of the mansion. Bending her head to one side, she listened, as her lips parted and her eyes dilated.

She then approached the window. The rope-ladder which had gained her admittance, was still confined beneath the sash. A dark object touched her feet; it was her velvet mantle, concealing a precious relic of the dead, the warrior costume of one loved and lost.

She shrouds herself within that voluminous curtain. Shrouded from the light within, and the profane gaze without by this impenetrable veil, she loosens the fastenings of her dress, while her bosom freed from those velvet folds, soars more tumultuously upward. Another moment, and her woman's costume flutters from her form. You hear a sob, a sigh, a muttered word, and stepping from the curtain's shadow, this beautiful woman comes once more toward the light, attired ——

In the silken robes of a queen?

Or, in the majesty of her own loveliness?

No! She stands before us attired as a young and gallant cavalier.

From those white shoulders descends a red coat, with wide skirts and facings of gold. The bosom is veiled beneath a vest of finest doe-skin, which falls in loose folds around the waist. Cambric ruffles hide the whiteness of the throat, while each elegantly moulded limb is encased in a warrior's boot. Those dark tresses are covered with a gay chapeau, heavy with lace and waving with plumes.

Beautiful in her woman's costume, but most bewitching as a gallant cavalier!

You now gaze upon the movements of the disguised woman with deepening interest.

She listens—the echo of that footstep grows near and near. Gazing on the mahogany panels of the folding door, the lady sinks in the arm chair. Her position is peculiar. The head bowed, the cheek laid on the hand, the face averted, she awaits the approach of the Unknown, with statue-like immovability.

As she sits there, with the light playing downward over her form—the chapeau hiding her face in shadow—tell me, what strange resemblance chills you with an involuntary horror?

This beautiful woman resembles—O, fearfully resembles—a young and gallant cavalier, whose hand could write poetry, paint pictures or wield a

sword, whose foot sprung as lightly toward the cannon's muzzle, as it bounded in the dance.

But what young and gallant cavalier.

You dare not repeat his name! A sickening tragedy crowds on your memory, as that name arises! The image of a handsome form, hidden beneath clods of clay, the worms revelling over its brow, the taint of the gibbet's rope about its neck!

How the heart of that woman beats, as she hears that foot!

"He comes!" she murmurs, still preserving that strange position—"Murderer and Traitor, he comes! At the dead hour of midnight, to his most secret chamber, he comes, to lay his plans of ambition and plot new treasons! But here, in the silence of this room, where his guilty heart can find no refuge from its remorse, here, placing his foot on yonder threshhold, he will feel his blood curdle with horror, as he beholds, seated at his table, waiting for him, the form of the murdered—JOHN ANDRE!"

You will confess with me, that the revenge of this impetuous woman is terrible.

"Arnold! That sight should blast you into madness!"

Nearer—nearer yet, the sound of that step is heard. The woman trembles. There is a hand upon the door—she hears the step on its opposite side. Still that statue-like position—still the endeavor to hide the anguish of the heart, by laying one hand upon the swelling bosom.

The door opens. The disguised woman hears the footstep cross the threshhold. Is it a warrior's footstep? Too light, two soft, too delicate! She does not raise her head to look, but suddenly the sound of that stealthy tread is lost in silence.

There, slightly advanced from the shadows of the threshhold, stands—the appalled form of Benedict Arnold? No!

No! Would that it were! But there, disclosed by the light, stands a young woman, her blooming form clad in a loose robe, her unfastened hair drooping to her uncovered shoulders.

You see her blue eyes centred on the figure by the table. At that sight the roses wither on her cheek—her bosom bounds from its slight covering. Her uplifted arm, grasping a bed-room candle, is palzied—her lips slowly part—unable to advance or retreat, she stands before you, a picture of unutterable anguish.

At last she gathers courage to speak—to address the Phantom.

"Andre speak to me!" she gasps.

At that voice, the disguised woman feels her blood grow cold. Slightly turning her face, she gazes on the woman with golden hair, between the fingers of her right hand.

"Andre!" again the voice of the horror-stricken woman is heard—"You come from the grave to haunt me! Speak—O, speak to me! Could I

help it, if your fate was so dark and cold? Your death so hideous? Your grave so dishonored?"

The woman clad in the attire of John Andre slowly rises. She turns, and flinging the chapeau aside, confronts the—Wife of Arnold.

Yes, the lady-love of John Andre, confronts the wife of his Evil Genius, Benedict Arnold.

You will remember that this Wife, when a blooming virgin, once in the revelry of a Tournament, crowned John Andre with a chaplet of laurel and roses, that she corresponded with him some months after her marriage, that in her letters, the letters of Arnold to Sir Henry Clinton were enveloped, that—perchance—from her girlhood memories,—perchance—from deeper reasons—he was dear to her heart!

Therefore, you will understand, that this meeting in the secret chamber of Arnold, was a strangely interesting scene.

The lady-love of the Spy—the Wife of the Traitor! Behold them survey each other. The wife sweeps back her golden tresses from her brow, as if to gaze more clearly upon the Disguised woman. The lady-love stands erect, in her voluptuous beauty, a mocking smile upon her lip, a fiend-like scorn in her dark eyes.

"Virginia De * * * * *!" exclaimed the Wife, breathing a name renowned for virtue, wealth and beauty—"You here! In the chamber of ——"

"I await your husband, madam!" replied the strange woman, laying her hand upon the dagger, and a deadly light blazed from her dark eyes.

At this moment a sound is heard, like the raising of a window. A shadow steals from the curtains, approaches the light, and you behold the form of a Soldier, clad in scarlet uniform.

He surveys the two women, and unfastening his coat, reveals the blue and buff Continental uniform. His features are concealed by a veil of dark crape.

"Is all ready?" whispered the lady disguised in the attire of Andre; "The Traitor is not yet come. But there, you behold his wife. It is well. She shall behold his Punishment!"

And as the Wife shrank back appalled, there commenced in that lonely chamber of Arnold, a scene of wild interest.

This, you will remember, was on the night of November Second, 1780.

Andre had been captured some forty-two days before, on the twenty-third of September.

We will now reveal to you, a scene which took place but a few days after his capture.

Alone in his marquè, on the heights of Tappan, sat General Washington, his sword placed on the table, which was covered with piles of papers.

He was writing.—Not often was his face disturbed by emotion, but at

this still hour—while the stars came shining out above the mountains and over the river—his entire form was shaken by a powerful agitation.

As the light streamed upon his face, his lips were compressed, his eyebrows drawn downward, his eyes wet with moisture.

It was plainly to be seen, that the sense of a severe duty, to be performed by him, was struggling with the softer feelings of his heart. Still he wrote on. Still, combatting the writhings of his breast, he committed his thoughts to paper.

Presently a shadow stood in the doorway of his tent.

Do you behold that form? That is one of the most renowned Knights of the Revolution. Yes, this young man, whose slight form is clad in a green coat, with pistols in his girdle, and a trooper's sword by his side, is a true Knight, who loves danger as a brother, and plays with sword and bayonet as though he thought Death itself a pastime.

His face is swarthy and freckled, his eyes, dark grey, and piercing as a dagger's point. His frame is very slight, and yet you see in every outline the traces of an iron will, a knightly daring.

Washington gazes upon him with pride, for that young man has played sad tricks in his time, with the good soldiers of King George.

Sometimes, in the hour of battle, when the British thought the Rebels altogether beaten, aye, when their legions drove the Continentals from the field, like sheep before the wolf, this young man, would dart from the covert of a thicket, and write his mark upon their faces. He came not alone, you will remember. Eighty iron forms, mounted on sinewy steeds, were wont to follow at his back, with eighty swords flashing above their heads. And the way they came down upon the British, was beautiful to see, for each trooper marked his man, and that mark always left a dead body beneath the horse's hoofs.

There was not a soldier in the British army who did not know this young man. He was so unmannerly!

They sometimes, after having plundered an American farm-house, and murdered a few dozen farmers, would gather round a comfortable fire, for a quiet meal. But then, the blaze of rifles would flash through the shutters, the door would give way, and this Young Man, with his troopers, would come in, rather rudely, and eat the meal which the British had prepared.—You may be sure that he took good care of these red coat gentlemen, before eating their supper.

Still he was a glorious young man! You should have seen him, on some dark night, scouring a darker road, at the head of his men, and marching some fifty miles without once pulling a bridle rein, so that he might pay his regards to his dear friends, the British!

Then, how he crashed into their camp, making sweet music with his eighty swords!

He loved the British so, that he was never happy, unless he was near them.

Oftentimes, in the hour of battle, Washington would turn to La Fayette, and pointing with his sword, far down the shadows of a defile, observe in a quiet way—"*The* Major is yonder! Do you see him, at the head of his men? Ah, General, it does one's heart good to see him pour down upon the enemy, when they think he is a hundred miles away!"

His men loved their captain dearly. It mattered not how dark the night, or how tired with the previous day's toil, or how starved they were, let the Major once whisper—"There is work for us, my friends!" and ere five minutes passed, eighty horses bore eighty men on their way, while the stars played with the blades of eighty swords.

And as the Men of that hero-band loved their captain, so the horses loved the men,—That man who does not love his horse, even as a comrade, is no warrior.—Gathered like the Men from the beautiful hills of Carolina, these horses always seemed to know that a battle was near, and when it came dashed with erect heads, firm front, and quivering nostrils, on the foe.

Even when the bullet or the cannon ball, pierced their smooth flanks, these horses would crawl on while life lasted, and with their teeth tear the horses of the enemy.

Why all these words to describe the chivalry of this hero-band?

You may compress courage, honor and glory in three words—THE LEGION OF LEE!

Aye, the Legion of Lee, for it was their Captain, who now stood uncovered in the presence of Washington.

"Major," said Washington, pointing with his right arm, through the door of the tent. "Look yonder!"

The Major turned and looked—not upon the beautiful Hudson, nor the mountains—but upon a small stone house, which arose from the bosom of the sward.

The Major understood the extended finger and look of Washington.—In that stone house, John Andre was a prisoner. Taken as a Spy, he would be hung on a felon's gibbet.—

"Is there no way to save him?" said Lee, in a voice that quivered with emotion.

"There is," said Washington, "It depends upon you to save him, and at the same time, save the honor of an American General!"

Lee started with surprise.

"On me?" he echoed.

"You behold these papers? Intercepted despatches of the enemy, which implicate one of our bravest general's in the treason of Arnold?"

Lee glanced over the papers and suffered an ejaculation of surprise to pass his lips.

"Andre has your sympathies—" said Washington—"So young, so

gallant, so chivalrous, he has the hearts of all men with him. And yet unless a certain thing can be accomplished, he must die. Not even the death of a soldier will be awarded him, but the death of a common felon. You can save him, Major Lee! You can rescue the name of this General from the taint of Treason!"

And thus speaking, that Deliverer Washington, turned the eloquence of his face and eyes full upon Major Lee.

Never had the Knight of the Legion beheld his Chief so powerfully agitated.

Lee trembled to see this great man—always so calm and impenetrable—now affected almost to tears.

"General, speak the word and I will do it!" exclaimed the Partizan, sharing the emotion of Washington.

The Chief reveals his plan. Why is it, that Lee turns pale and red by turns, knits his brows and clenches his hands, and at last falters a refusal?

But Washington will not be denied. Again with his face and voice all eloquent, with deep emotion, he urges the enterprise.

"Andre must die unless you consent. There is no hope for him! Every one pities, every one confesses the justice of his doom! What have I neglected, to save his life? No sooner was his capture known to me, than I despatched a Special messenger to Congress. I asked the counsel of my Generals. I questioned my own heart, I besought guidance from my God! Behold the result! My Generals weep for him, but condemn. Congress confirms that sentence. The struggle of my own soul, and my prayers to Heaven, have one result. This young man must pay the penalty of his crime, and die a felon's death!"

Washington passed his hand over his brow, as with every feature quivering with emotion, he surveyed the face of Lee.

"And all this you may avert! You—Lee—whom I have never known to falter—may save the life of Andre!"

How could Major Lee refuse? To stand and hear Washington, with tears in his eyes, beseech him to save the life of Andre!

"General, I consent!" he said, in a voice husky with emotion. Washington wrung his hand, with a grasp that made Lee's heart bound within him.

The camp of Lee's Legion was pitched near the roadside, in the shadows of a secluded dell. Their white tents were constrasted with the dark rocks all around. The music of a brook rippled on the silence of the air. From afar, the broad river flashed in the light of the stars.

In the centre of the encampment arose the tent of Henry Lee. The furniture of that tent was by no means luxurious. A chest, on which a flickering candle was placed—a narrow bed—a military cloak—a sword and pair of pistols.

Lee was seated on the bed, with his head placed between his hands. But a half an hour ago, he had conversed with Washington, and now, he was to hold a similar conversation with one of the bravest men of his iron band.

There was the sound of a heavy footstep, and that man stood before him. It must be confessed, that he looked the Soldier in every inch of his form.

Imagine a man of some twenty-four years, somewhat above the common size, with a bronzed visage, a form full of bone and muscle, and the air of a soldier, whom danger could only delight. He was attired in a green trooper's coat, breeches of buckskin, and long boots of dark leather. A pair of pistols hung from one side of his belt; a long and ponderous sword from the other.

He stood before Lee, with his heavy steel helmet faced with fur, in his right hand.

The Major surveyed him for a moment with a look of admiration, and then stated the desperate enterprize in all its details.

The brave man trembled, shuddered, and grew pale, as he heard the words of his commander. Yes, Sergeant John Champe,—an iron man, who had never known fear—now felt afraid.

No words can depict the agony of that half hour's interview.

At last, as Lee bent forward, exclaiming, "Would you save the life of Andre?" Champe hurried from the tent.

From a nook among the bushes he led forth his steed. While the helmet, drawn over his brows, shadowed the emotion of his swarthy visage from the light of the rising moon, he silently flung his cloak over the back of the horse, tied his valise to the saddle, and placed his orderly book within the breast of his coat.

These preparations all betokened the stern composure of a mind bent on a desperate deed.

In silence he led the horse along the sward, under the shadow of the thicket. At last, emerging into the light, where two high rocks, overlooking the road, raised their brows in the beams of the moon, he placed his hand on the saddle, and laid his face against the neck of his steed. His emotions were dark and bitter.

The beauty of that horse's proportions was revealed in the calm, clear light. His hue was dark as ink. A single star on the forehead varied the midnight blackness of his hide. A small head, a sinewy body, supported by light and elastic limbs, a long mane and waving tail, an eye that softened as it met it's master, or glared terribly in the hour of battle—such was the horse of John Champe, the renowned Sergeant Major of Lee's Legion.

That horse had been given to him in 1776, by the old man, his father. Before the door of his home, in a green valley of Loudon county, Virginia, the white-haired patriot had bestowed this parting gift to his son.

"John, I bid you good bye with a single word! When you fight, strike with all your might—and never let this horse bear you from the foe!"

And now this Son, blessed by his Patriot Father, was about to turn the horse's head toward the British Camp, the soldier, praised by Washington and loved by Lee, was about to turn—DESERTER!

He had never groaned in battle, but now he uttered a cry of anguish, as he thought of that fatal word!

"You have borne me many a time, old Powhatan, into the ranks of the foe! Now—now—you must bear me to New York—you must carry the *Deserter* into the enemy's camp! Come—we have many miles to travel—many dangers to dare!"

This horse,—known by his master as POWHATAN—after the Indian king—raised his head, and with quivering nostrils, uttered a long and piercing neigh. He thought that he was about to bear his master to battle! What knew he of that word of scorn—*Deserter?*

As Champe stood beside his steed, wrapped in deep thought, a mass of dark clouds, that had been gathering on the mountain tops, came rolling over the moon. From an aperture in the black mass, a parting ray of moonlight streamed down upon the soldier and his steed.

All around was dark, yet that picture stood out from the back-ground of rocks, in strong light—the mounted soldier, his horse starting forward, as he raised his hand to heaven, with the moonbeams on his writhing face!

The horse moved onward! Champe passed the boundary of the camp, and dashed along the road. The thunder growled and the rain fell. Still down into the shadows of the road. On the corner of a projecting rock, stood a Patrole of Lee's band, his horse by his side. A challenge—Who goes there? No answer! The crack of a rifle!

The button is torn from the breast of his coat, yet still Champe the Deserter dashes on.

The rain fell in large drops, sinking heavily into the roadside dust. From afar, the thunder moaned, its sound resembling the echo of huge rocks, precipitated from an immense height over an inclined plane of brass.

Ere half an hour passed, Captain Carnes, a brave and somewhat sanguinary officer, rushed into Lee's tent, with a pale face and scowling brow.

Lee was on his couch, but not asleep.

"Major, a soldier has just passed the patrole, and taken the road to the enemy!"

"What?" cried the Partizan, with an incredulous smile—"A trooper of Lee's Legion turn Deserter? Impossible!"

"Not only a trooper of the Legion," cried the indignant Captain, "But John Champe, the bravest of the band!"

"John Champe desert? By Jove, Major, you must be dreaming!" And Lee turned himself to sleep again.

But the Captain would not be denied. Again with many an oath and exclamation of contempt, as he named the Sergeant, he stated on his honor,

that Champe had been seen taking the route to Paulus Hook, opposite the city of New York.

Lee heard this information with deep emotion. He could not believe that Champe would desert. The idea was ridiculous; some mistake had happened; he wished to sleep, for he was fatigued with his ride to head-quarters; in fact, half an hour passed before Captain Carnes could impress the Partizan with the fact, that one of his bravest men had gone over to the British.

At last Lee arose, and sent for Cornet Middleton, a man of stout frame, with a ruddy face with light brown hair. He was noted for the mildness of his temper, while Carnes was fierce to cruelty.

"Cornet, it appears that Sergeant Champe has taken the road to Paulus Hook. Take with you twenty dragoons and pursue him. Bring him alive—" his face quivered in every feature as he spoke—"so that he may suffer in presence of the army! Kill him if he resists!—" Every nerve of his form trembled with an emotion, the cause of which was unknown to the bystanders—"*Aye, kill him if he resists, or escapes after being taken!*"

Lee was now alive in every vein. So anxious was he, that the Deserter should be taken, that he spent another half hour in giving the Cornet directions with regard to the pursuit.

At a few minutes past twelve, Henry Lee, standing near the door of his tent, beheld the Cornet and his Dragoons gallop forward, their swords glittering in the light.

As the last man disappeared, Lee entered his tent and flung himself upon the couch.

He passed that night like a man under sentence of death.

All the mildness of his nature turned to gall, by this flagrant act of Treachery on the part of one so renowned as Champe, the Cornet dashed along the road, at the head of his men. Every lip was clenched, every brow wore a scowl. Woe! to the Deserter if he encounters these iron men, his pursuers and executioners!

They hurried on, pausing now and then in their career, to examine the print of hoofs, stamped in the dust of the road. The moon came out and revealed these traces of the traitor's career. The horse-shoes of the Legion were impressed with a peculiar mark. The recent rain settling the dust, left each foot-print clear and distinct. There was no doubt of success; they were on the track of the Deserter.

Their swords clattering, the sound of their horses' hoofs echoing through the wood, they dashed on, eager for the blood of this man, who lately shared their mess, and fought among their bravest.

It was at the break of day that the most exciting scene took place.

Some miles to the north of the village of Bergen, arose a high hill, commanding a view of the road far to the south.

Cornet Middleton, riding at the head of his men, led the way up the hill; a wild hurrah broke from his band.

Half a mile to the south, they beheld the black horse, his sides whitened with foam; they beheld the Deserter, with his head turned over his shoulder. He saw them come, he knew his doom if taken, so, digging the rowels into the flanks of his steed, he bounded away.

It was a splendid sight to see the troopers thundering down one hill, while Champe—alone, desperate, the object of their vengeance—excited his horse to unnatural efforts of speed, in ascending the opposite hill.

He gained the summit, looked back, uttered a hurrah in scorn, and was gone.

On the brow of this hill, by the roadside, arose the hotel of the Three Pidgeons.

The Cornet reined his steed in full career:

"Beyond the village of Bergen, the high road crosses a bridge, which the deserter must cross in order to reach Paulus Hook. You see this bye-road on your left? Sergeant Thomas, you will take four dragoons, and gain this bridge by the short-cut—conceal yourselves—and wait the approach of the traitor—while we drive him into the ambush, by pursuing the high road!"

You see the veteran Thomas—whose face bears the marks of battles fought amid the snows of Canada, under the sun of Carolina—with four dragoons dash into the shadows of the bye-path, while the Cornet hurries on in the high road. The capture of the deserter is now certain.

That road-side tavern is soon left behind. Cornet Middleton, his face flushed with the fever of pursuit, his eye fired with the ardor of the chase, points the way with his sword, speaks to his horse and at the head of his band thunders on.

For a moment they lose sight of the chase. He—the Deserter, the Traitor—is lost to view behind those trees, on the summit of yonder hill. Now he bursts into light again, urging his black horse to desperate feats: they see him bending forward, they see the noble steed dash on with the speed of a hurled javelin, while the white foam gathers on his neck and bathes his flanks.

"On, my comrades! We must secure this villain, or be disgraced! Only think of it—one of Lee's legion a deserter! The honor of the corps is at stake! Ha—ha—we gain on him, we will have him, aye, before the day is an hour older! There he is again—you see his horse is tired, he seems about to fall! On—on my boys! Through the village of Bergen, we will drive him toward the Bridge, and there, ho, ho! The fox is caught—we 'll be in at the death!"

The music of those rattling bridles, those clanking scabbards, those hoofs

thundering down with one sound, was very pleasant to hear. But those compressed lips, those eyes glaring from beneath the steel frontlet of each trooper's helm, did not indicate much mercy for the Deserter.

But a quarter of a mile in front, Champe looked over his shoulder, and saw them come! Now is the time to try the mettle of Powhatan! Now—if you do not love the gibbet's rope—make one bold effort and secure your neck, by gaining Paulus Hook!

Champe saw them come. His dark face assumed a ferocious expression, his eyes shone with a wild intensity.

"On—on—Powhatan!" he muttered, while the blood and foam streamed down the flanks of his steed.

Like the limb of a tree, rent by the hurricane and hurled along the darkened air, Champe dashed into the old town of Bergen, and was lost to view, among the shadows of its rustic homes.

Close at his heels followed Middleton, marking the traces of his horse's hoofs, winding where he had wound, turning where he had turned—while the dragoons at his back, preserving a death-like silence, began to feel that the crisis of the chase was near.

Suddenly they lose all traces of the Deserter's course. Amid these streets and lanes he has doubled, until the foot-tracks of his horse are no longer discernable.

"Never mind, my boys! He has taken the road to Paulus Hook—to the bridge, to the bridge!"

"To the bridge!" responded the sixteen troopers, and away they dashed.

It was a fine old bridge of massive rocks and huge timbers, with the waves roaring below, and forest trees all about it. The red earth of the road was contrasted with autumn-dyed forest leaves above.

They turn the bend of the road, they behold the bridge. Yes, they have him now, for yonder, reined in the centre of the road, are the bold Sergeant and his comrades. Near and nearer draws Middleton and his band.

Leaning over the neck of his steed, he shouts:

"You have him, Sergeant? Yes, I knew it! He plunged blind-fold into the trap!"

The Sergeant waves his sword and shouts, but they cannot distinguish his words.

Still on in their career, until with one sudden movement they wheel their steeds upon the bridge.

"The prisoner—where is he?" thunder sixteen voices in chorus.

"He is not here. We waited for him but he came not this way—" growled the old Sergeant.

With a burst of cries and oaths, the whole band wheel, and hasten back to the village. In a moment dispersed through all the streets, they search

for the foot-tracks of the deserter. The villagers roused from their slumbers saw him pass—a solitary man, with despair on his face, urging his steed with spur and bridle-rein—but cannot tell the way he has gone.

The search is tumultuous, hurried, intensely interesting. At last a trooper's cry is heard—

"Here he is! I've found his track!"

And ere the word has passed from his lips, another trooper points with his sword—

"Yonder, look yonder! On the road to Elizabeth Town Point, he rides! Ah—he has tricked us! Foiled in his purpose to gain Paulus Hook, he is determined to make at once for the Bay, and take refuge a-board the British galleys!"

And there on the road to the Point, they beheld their chase. He must gain the shore of the bay, swim to the British galleys or be taken! It is his last hope.

But three hundred yards of beaten road, separates the pursuers and pursued. Only that space of red earth, between John Champe and the Gallows! Let his brave steed but miss his footing, or stumble for an instant, and he is a doomed man.

It was terrific to see the manner in which they dashed after him, every horse nerved to his utmost speed. As the troopers dug the rowels into the flanks of their steeds, they drew their pistols.

John Champe felt that the crisis of his fate was near. Patting gently on the neck of his brave horse, whispering encouragement to him in a low tone, he looked back and felt his heart bound. His pursuers had gained fifty yards—were rapidly nearing him!

As this fact became evident, the river, the city, and the bay broke upon his view! A beautiful city, that thrones itself amid glorious waters—a noble river rushing from its mountain fortress, to make battle with the sea—a lordly bay, that rolls its waters from island to island, reflecting on every wave, the blue autumnal sky, the uprising sun.

It was a beautiful sight, but John Champe had no time, no eye for beautiful sights just now. The only beauty that met his eye, was the vision of the British Galleys, rising and falling upon the waves, within pistol-shot of shore. The fresh breeze played with the British flag, and tossed it gaily to and fro.

John beheld the galleys, the flag, and knew the moment of his fate had come.

Let us look upon him now, as three hundred yards lie between him and the shore, while his pursuers are within two hundred yards of his horse's heels.

He looked back, every vein of his face swollen, his eyes starting from the expanded lids. He counted the number of his pursuers. Twenty men, twenty horses, twenty swords, twenty levelled pistols! He could see

the morning sun glitter on their buttons—yes, their faces convulsed with rage, their horses with quivering nostrils, were there clearly and distinctly, in the light of the new-risen day.

But two hundred yards between him and death!

"Yield!" shouted Cornet Middleton, whose white horse led the way—"Yield, or you die!"

Champe turned and smiled. They could see his white teeth, contrasted with his sun-burnt face. That laugh of scorn fired their blood. Without a shout, without an oath, they crashed along the road.

The movements of Champe were somewhat peculiar.

Even in that moment of awful suspense, he took his valise and lashed it to his shoulders. Then, rising magnificently in his stirrups, he flung away his scabbard, placed the sword between his teeth, and threw his arms on high, grasping a pistol in each hand.

"Now, come on! Come—and do your worst!" he said in a voice, which low-toned and deep, was yet heard, above the clatter of horse's hoofs.

Even now I see him, yes, between the troopers and the uprising sun!

That hunted man, mounted on a steed, which black as death, moistens the dust, with the foam, that falls in flakes from its sides, that miserable deserter, rising erect in his stirrups, the sword between his teeth, a pistol in each hand!

"Powhatan, save your master! If I fall, may God pity my mother—my poor father! A Deserter, rushing to the shelter of the British flag! Help! Help! I come to seek the protection of the King!"

A blue smoke, wound upward from the deck of each galley—a report like thunder startled the air.

And while the decks, were crowded with spectators, while the pursuers, thundered nearer to the shore, every pistol, emitting a volume of smoke and flame, that lonely man on his black horse, held on his dread career.

It was a moment of fearful interest.

That same day, at four o'clock in the afternoon, a wild hurrah, disturbed the silence of Lee's encampment.

Lee, sitting alone, his whole frame, shaken by some indefinable emotion, heard that hurrah, and started to his feet. Rushing hurridly to the door of his tent, he beheld a group of dragoons, dismounted, surrounding a band of mounted men, whose trappings were covered with dust.

In the midst of this band, a riderless steed, with a cloak, thrown over the saddle, was led along, exciting the attention of every eye.

Cornet Middleton and his band had returned. That horse, was the steed of John Champe, the gallant Powhatan.

"Joy, Major—good news!" cried a trooper rushing forward—"The troop have come back! The scoundrel's killed!"

Lee was a brave man, but at that word—as the sight of the riderless horse, met his eye—a sudden faintness came over him. He grasped the tent-pole, and grew very pale.

"Killed did you say?" he cried in a tone of wringing emphasis—"Champe killed? My God, it cannot—cannot be true!"

The trooper was thunder-stricken, with astonishment, as he beheld, the sorrow painted on the Major's face. Sorrow for a traitor, grief for the death of a—deserter!

Let us return to the chase.

It was the crisis of the Deserter's fate.

A pistol bullet, tore a button from his breast, as he reached the bank.

His pursuers were not fifty yards behind him.

As his noble horse, stood trembling on the shore, recoiling on his haunches, while the sweat and foam, streamed down his sides, Champe turned his head to his pursuers—beheld them come on—saw their pistols levelled once more—and in a moment was wrapt in a cloud of smoke.

When that cloud cleared away, a riderless horse, dashed wildly along the bank. Is he killed? The eyes of the British on the galley-decks, the glances of the troopers, who scatter along the shore, all search for the corse of the traitor.

From the shore, for fifty yards or more, extends a dreary march of reeds. You see their tops wave, as though a serpent was trailing its way over the oozy mud, you see a head upraised, and then the sound of a heavy body, falling into the water is heard.

Look once again, and look beyond the marsh, and see that head, rising above the waves, those arms dashing the spray on either side.

It is John Champe, swimming with sword in his teeth, towards the nearest galley.

Middleton and his troopers, gaze upon him, from the bank, in dismay, while the Commander of the galley, surrounded by sailors and soldiers, encourages the deserter with shouts.

An old trooper of the Legion kneels. He carries a rifle—a delicate piece, with stock mounted in silver—at his back, suspended by a leather strap. He unslings it, examines the lock, takes the aim. Old Holford, has been in the Indian wars; he can snuff a candle at a hundred yards. Therefore you may imagine, the deep interest, with which the other troopers regarded him, as raising the rifle, he levelled it, at the head, appearing above the waters.

John Champe may look his last upon God's beautiful sky!

Yes, as the sword in his teeth, gleams in the sun, Old Holford fires. At the same instant a heavy volume of smoke and flame, rolls from the galleys; certain missiles make an unpleasant hissing over the trooper's heads.

When the smoke rolls away, the troopers look for the corse of the doomed man, writhing its last, ere it sinks forever.

But the Commander of the Galley, reaching forth his arm, grasps the hand of John Champe—whose cheek bleeds from the touch of a bullet—and assists him to reach the deck.

The sword still between his teeth, his cheek slightly bleeding, his uniform dripping with spray. John Champe, with a pistol in each hand, gazes calmly over the waters. After that composed look he hails his late comrades with these words.—

"Good bye my boys! Take care of Powhatan and d'ye hear? Present my respects to Washington and Lee!"

—From a multitude of expressions, uttered by the troopers on the bank, we select a single one, which fell from the lips of old Holford:

"I'm a scoundrel," he said, doggedly, slinging his rifle—"You're a scoundrel"—to a comrade—"and you, and you, and you! There's nobody honest in the world after to day. We're all scoundrels. I dont trust myself. Do you axe why? Yesterday, the best of our Legion, and the bravest was John Champe. To day—look yonder, and see, John Champe aboard a British galley! Why I would not trust my own father, after that!"

In silence the band, returned their steps to camp, leading the riderless steed by the bridle rein. Lee, soon, discovered the falsity of the rumor, which announced the Deserter's death. Cornet Middleton, with his handsome face, covered with chagrin, told the whole story, and in terms of sincere anguish, regretted, that he had not pistolled the Deserter, and cursed the hour when he escaped.

To the utter confusion of the good cornet, Major Henry Lee, burst into a roar of laughter.

He took horse, without delay, and riding to head quarters told the story to the Chieftain, who heard it, with a countenance, beaming with smiles.

Though Champe has basely deserted the cause of freedom, his future history, is fraught with interest.

Behold him, standing before Sir Henry Clinton, who delighted to receive a deserter from the famed corps of Lee, questions him, with an almost ridiculous minuteness. Yet, the rough soldier, answers all Sir Henry's questions, and satisfies him, on various important points. The army were tired of Washington. Other Generals were preparing to follow the example of Arnold. Neither discipline, nor patriotism could keep the Mob of Mister Washington together much longer. The good Sir Henry, was delighted with the information, and laughed till his fat sides shook, and gave John Champe three golden guineas.

The fourth day, after the desertion, Lee received a letter, by the hands of a secret messenger, signed, JOHN CHAMPE. What did the recreant desire? A pardon, perchance?

On the 30th of September, Champe, was appointed one of Arnold's recruiting sergeants. The traitor Sergeant and the traitor General, were thus brought together. That scarlet costume, which they had so often rent and hacked in battle, was now their uniform.

Every day, or so, a secret messenger, in New York, forwarded to Lee, certain letters, signed by Champe. Perhaps, he repented of his treason? Or, did he wish to impart information, that might prove the ruin of Washington? What was the Deserter's object?

Behold him now, an efficient soldier of Arnold's American Legion, dressed in a red uniform, and doing the work of a Briton. Did he never think of the old man, even his father, who had bestowed upon him, the noble horse, Powhatan?

At this time, there was not a home on New York, but morning, noon and night, rung with the name of JOHN ANDRE.

Would Washington dare to execute him? Had Sir Henry Clinton spared one exertion to save the life of his favorite? What would be Arnold's course, in case Andre was put to death as a spy?

These questions were often asked, often answered; but on the evening of the Second of October, a rumor came to town, which filled every heart with joy.

ANDRE WAS TO BE SET FREE.

At midnight, on the Third of October, a brilliant company thronged the lighted halls of an Aristocrat, who was pledged to the cause of "Our Blessed King."

The soft light of the chandeliers streamed over the half-bared bosoms of some two hundred beautiful women. Their forms fluttering in silks and laces, their necks circled by pearls and jewels, these beautiful dames went bounding in the dance. And the same light that revealed the lovely women, and disclosed the statues, pictures, hangings and ornaments of those brilliant saloons, also shone over groups of British officers, young and old, who mingled with the fair Americans, or stood in the deep-framed windows, talking in low, earnest tones of the fate of John Andre.

On a luxurious divan, cushioned with dark crimson velvet, with a statue of the good King George forming the centre, Sir Henry Clinton reclined, surrounded by a crowd of officers, mingled with beautiful women.

Among those women, there was only one who did not wear the tall head-gear, in fashion at that time; a sort of tower, that ladies had agreed to carry on their brows, as an elephant carries a castle on his back.

She stood apart, while in front of her chattered a bevy of beauties, whose cheeks, rendered surpassingly white by the contrast of patches, were relieved by their intricately arranged hair.

Her dark locks gathered plainly back from her brow, fell behind the small ears in glossy tresses. The other ladies were clad with a profusion

of silks, laces, pearls, jewels. She, so strange in the majestic loveliness of her dark eyes, so melting in the warm ripeness of her lips, in the voluptuous fullness of the bosom, stands alone, clad in a white dress that eminently becomes the beauty of her commanding person.

This is the Heiress of the Aristocrat who gives the festival to-night.

Do you see her eyes flash, her bosom heave, as those ladies converse with Sir Henry Clinton?

"Do you think indeed, Sir Henry," lisps a fair haired beauty, "that Major Andre will be set free by that odious Washington?"

"I have no doubt that we will be able to snatch him from the ogre's grasp," replies Sir Henry, with a smile, "But to speak seriously, the intelligence received last night, sets my mind at rest. Andre will be with us in a day or so!"

A murmur of satisfaction thrills through the group.

The Heiress feels her heart bound more freely: glancing towards a large mirror she beholds the roses blooming once more upon her cheek.

"Andre will be free in a day or so!" she murmurs, and suffers a gallant officer to lead her forward in the dance.

Presently the wide floor—chalked like the mazes of a puzzling garden, is thronged with dancers. Such a fluttering of pretty feet over the boards, that bound as they seem to feel the value of that beauty which they sustain! Such a glancing of fair necks and white arms in the light. Music too, filling the air, and making heart and feet and eyes, go leaping together.

The floor is crowded with dancers; Sir Henry Clinton smiles with delight as he surveys the beautiful prospect.

And among all the dangers, that ONE, with the dark hair and brilliant eyes, and voluptuous form, clad in white, most attracts the eye of Sir Henry, for John Andre had kissed her hand, his arm has encircled her waist, his lips felt the magic of her rosy mouth.

Presently an officer is seen treading his way through the mazes of the dance. Strange to say, he is not clad in ball costume. He appears in boots spattered with mud, while his hard-featured face seeks the form of Sir Henry with earnest eyes. He comes through the dancers and whispers to Sir Henry Clinton, who says never a word, but hides his face in his hands.

I cannot tell how it was, but assuredly, the presence of that officer, with the hard-featured face and spattered boots, spread a chill through the room.

One by one the couples left the dance: a circle, gradually deepening was formed around Sir Henry: at last, the Heiress and her partner were left alone in the centre of the room, pacing a solemn minuet, while her eyes and cheeks and lips smiled in chorus. She was entirely happy: for she conversed with her partner about John Andre.

Presently she observed the circle gathered about the British General. She turned her gaze and beheld every feature clouded in sorrow. She heard

no more the light laugh, nor the careless repartee. All was silent arc the divan, from whose centre arose the statue of the King.

The Heiress turned to ask the cause of this strange gloom, which ha suddenly possessed the place, when a little girl, not more than six y old, came running to her, spreading forth her tiny hands, and in one br she called the beautiful woman by name, and ——

—Spoke a fatal truth, that had just broken on her ears.

John Andre was dead. He had been hung that day, about the l of noon.

The shriek that thrilled through that lighted hall, stopped every hea its throbbings.

One shriek, and one only: the Heiress fell, her hair showering abou as she lay senseless on the floor.

So you may have seen a blossoming tree, which has long swayed to fro beneath the blast, suddenly tower erect, each leaf quivering gently, then—torn up by the roots—precipitate itself in ruins on the ground.

At the same hour, Benedict Arnold was writing in his most secret ch ber, while his brother-traitor, John Champe, waited near his chair.

The shaded lamp spread a circle over Arnold's face and hand, whil around was twilight. Champe stood in the shadow behind the bacl Arnold, his dark visage working with a peculiar expression.

Arnold was just writing these words, when the door opened ——

'IF THIS WARNING SHALL BE DISREGARDED, AND HE SUFFER, I CALL HEA AND EARTH TO WITNESS, THAT YOUR EXCELLENCY WILL BE JUSTLY ANWI BLE FOR THE TORRENT OF BLOOD THAT MAY BE SPILT IN CONSEQUENCE.'

"Let them put Andre to death, if they dare! Thus I wrote to W ington yesterday, and now I write it again, so that my soul may never fc these words! If Andre perishes ——"

As Arnold spoke, the door opened and a Soldier entered the room—

"General, Major Andre was put to death at noon to-day!"

Arnold gazed in the face of the Soldier, with a look of vacant astor ment.

"You spoke, I believe? The next time you intrude upon my priv I will thank you to use a little more formality!"

"Excuse me, General, but this news has set us all a kind o' topsy-turv

"News? What news?"

"Major Andre was hung to-day at noon."

Arnold did not speak for five minutes. For that space of time, he s the chair, with his eyes fixed on the paper, but in truth he saw nothing hazy vapor swam before his sight, the sound of bells was in his ears. W he saw clearly again, the stupified soldier stood in the doorway, gazing the general in awe, for the agitation of that iron face was horrible to bel

"How did he die?—" His voice was hoarse; he spoke with a great e

"By the rope,—at noon—Washington wouldn't allow him to be shot."

As the Traitor turned he beheld Champe, seated on a military chest, his frame writhing in agony, while his swarthy face was bathed in tears.

"I thought you were a man—a soldier! Why, you weep like a child—" Arnold spoke in scorn, but took good care to keep his own eyes from the light.

"Andre—" was all that Champe could gasp.

Arnold paced the room, now folding his arms, now clenching his hands, now uttering in a low voice, horrible blasphemies.

"Champe—" he said, abruptly pausing, as his distorted countenance glowed in the light—"They have known me in the Wilderness—yes, at Quebec—at Saratoga; my sword has been tried, and it has crimsoned its blade in victory! Now—by—" he muttered a horrible oath, "they shall know that sword once more, know it as the instrument of vengeance—aye, they shall know it as the Avenger of John Andre!"

Terrified, as though he beheld a fiend instead of a man, Champe slowly rose to his feet.

"By the light of their desolate homes, I will offer victims to the ghost of Andre! Take care, Washington! Your towns will blaze! Take care—the Traitor Arnold will stand amid heaps of dead bodies, shouting as he plunges his sword into your soldiers' hearts, This and This for John Andre! Traitor—I accept the name—I will wear it! From his hour, every tie that bound me to this soil, is torn from my heart! From this hour, in camp and council—by my wrongs, by the death of Andre I swear it—I stand the Destroyer of my native land!"

He turned to Champe, who shrank back from the blaze of his maddened eyes.

"You loved Andre? Then join swords, and swear with me to avenge his death! Swear to have vengeance upon his Murderer!"

"I swear to have vengeance upon the Murderer of John Andre!" said Champe, with a meaning emphasis.

Arnold stood erect, one hand laid upon his sword, while the other uplifted in the awful formality of an oath, attested the deep sincerity of his resolve.

This was on the night of October Third, 1780.

In the space of time between this night, and midnight of November Second, the current of John Champe's life flowed smoothly on, scarcely marked by the ripple of an event.

It was however observable, that in the intervals of his time, he was wont to visit the secret messenger, who had conveyed his previous letters to Lee.

On the 19th of October, he despatched another message to his former Commander. Still his object is shrouded in mystery. What mean these communications sent by a Deserter from the cause of freedom, to a renowned Champion of that cause?

Lee invariably showed these letters to Washington. Doubtless they viewed with the same spontaneous scorn, these epistles of the Deserter.

Rumor now crept through New York, and abroad even to the camp of Washington, that Arnold was gathering troops for some bandit-enterprize.

John Champe who was a very quiet man, saying little, but observing a great deal, followed Arnold like a shadow, obeying his wish before the Traitor could frame it in words, and making himself familiar with all the habits of the great General.

In the course of his meditations, John impressed four or five facts upon his soul.

The custom of the Traitor every night before retiring to rest, was to walk in the pleasant garden of his mansion.

This garden was separated by certain slender palings from a narrow alley. The alley led to the river.

That river could be crossed by a boat at any hour of the night.

Now, it once struck John, that if these miserable rebels should want to carry away Benedict Arnold, nothing was more easy, in case they arranged their proceedings in a proper manner. For instance—two or three palings might be removed—the Traitor seized some dark night, and gagged—placed on the shoulders of two men borne to the river, and across to Hoboken. There a party of Lee's dragoons might await his coming, ready to bear him away to the camp of Washington.

At the same time, that John dreamed thus wildly, he also remembered that somewhere or other, he had read words like these, signed by Washington:

"*Arnold must be brought to me alive. No circumstance whatever, shall obtain my consent to his being put to death. My aim is to make a public example of him.*

WASHINGTON."

A strange dream, this! Let us hope that the Deserter's brain, was not affected by his Crime.

Time passed on. Andre had been dead nearly a month.

Arnold's preparations for his bandit-deed, excited universal attention. No incident ruffled the quiet tenor of the Deserter's life, save that one evening, toward the close of October, a lady of great beauty and wealth, sent for him, and talked earnestly with him for an hour or more, holding at the same time in her hand, a miniature of JOHN ANDRE.

Our history now returns to the midnight scene, in Arnold's chamber on the Second of November.

The Soldier with the crape over his face, stood in the shadow, silently observing these two beautiful women.

A strange contrast!

One, whose years are scarce beyond girlhood, stands as if paralyzed; her uplifted hand grasping a taper, while the light reveals her form, attired in a white robe whose loose folds disclose her bosom—so pure and stainless—her small feet and bared arms.

The hair which falls along her cheeks and over her neck and breast, in hue resembles the first mild sunshine of a summer's day.

The other, rising in queenly stature, her form—more round, more voluptuous, more commanding in its outlines—attired in the scarlet coat of a British officer, with cambric ruffles fluttering over the virgin breast, military boots enveloping the finely formed foot and limb. Her hair showers to her shoulders, in dark masses. Her face—whose faint olive tint deepens on the warm lips and rounded cheek into bright vermillion—is marked with the lines of conflicting passions.

Her full dark eye pours its light upon the clear blue eye of the woman, who shrinks back from her gaze.

"You here! In the chamber of my husband!" faltered the Wife—"In this guise, too ——"

"Here, in the dress of John Andre! Here to welcome Benedict Arnold, in the garb of his victim! Here, to award justice to the Double Traitor!"

The strange lady folded her arms, as if to still the throbbings of her breast. The Wife stood like one fascinated by a serpent's gaze.

"Do you remember the days of your girlhood, Madam, when the threshhold of your home was crossed by a young soldier, who won all hearts by his knightly bearing? Do you remember him so young, so brave? His heart warmed with all that is noble in man, the light of genius flashing from his hazel eye?"

"O, do not—do not speak of these memories—" gasped the wife of Arnold.

"But I will speak, and you must hear!" was the reply of the proud maiden, with the dark eye and scornful lips—"You *do* remember him! Every body loved him. You can witness that! For you saw him in his young manhood—you surrendered your waist to his arm in the dance—you heard that voice, which was at once Music and Poetry! O, do you remember it all?"

The wife stood like a figure of marble, her blue eyes dilating, her lips parting in an expression of speechless horror.

"Where now is this gallant soldier? Where now the Hero, whose sword flashed so fearlessly in the hour of battle?—Wife of Arnold, ask your heart—nay, go to the river shore, and ask the sod of that lonely grave! Yes, the hand that pressed yours in the dance, is now the food of the grave-worm! The eye that gleamed so brightly, when your hand dropped the crown of roses and laurel on the plumed brow, is dark forever!"

The Wife of Arnold sank on her knees.

"Spare me!" she cried, lifting her ashy face toward that beautiful wo-

man, clad in the dress of John Andre—"Do not rend my heart with these words—"

"How died he, the young, the gifted, the brave?"—You see that eye dart an almost demoniac fire—"Perchance in battle at the head of legions, his good steed beneath him, his true sword in hand? Yes, charging into the thickest of the fight, he fell, his last smile glowing in the sunshine of victory! Or, maybe he perished in some midnight massacre, perished in the act of an heroic defence? No—no—no! There was no sword in his hand when he died. He died—O, does it wring your heart—with the rope about his neck, the vacant air beneath his feet. Beguiled into the lines of an enemy by a Traitor, he died—not even by bullet or axe—but quivering on a gibbet, like a common felon!"

How like the voice of an Accusing Angel, sent on earth to punish guilt, the tones of that dark-haired woman rung through the chamber!

"Could I help it?" faltered the beautiful Wife of Arnold, her face now deathly pale—"Did I hurry him to this fatal death? Wherefore wring my heart with these memories? Have you no mercy?"

"Mercy!" sneered the disguised maiden—"Mercy for the Wife of Benedict Arnold, who after her marriage suffered her letters to John Andre, to enclose the letters of the Traitor to Sir Henry Clinton! Ah, droop your head upon your bosom, and bury your face in your hands—it is true!—Had you no share in that dark game? Did you advise Benedict Arnold to make John Andre the tool of his Treason? O, if in your heart there ever lurked one throb of love for this noble soldier, how could you see him led on to infamy?"

That proud virgin, transformed by her dress into a living portrait of John Andre, by her passions into an avenging spirit, was now bitterly avenged.

For the wife of Arnold knelt before her, her face upon her breast, her golden hair floating to the knees, which crouched upon the floor. And the light revealed the shape of her beautiful shoulders, a glimpse of her tumultuous bosom.

"You ask why I am here? I, a maiden whose good name no breath has ever dimmed, here in the chamber of Arnold?—I am here, because I am a woman, because that love which can never be given twice to man, now lies buried with the dead,—here to avenge the murder of that brave soldier, who ere he started on his horrible journey, pressed his kiss upon my lips, and told me, he would return on the morrow!"

"How—" sobbed the kneeling woman—"How will you avenge his death? You cannot reach Washington?

"But Washington can reach Arnold!"—her voice sinks to a whisper, as she repeats these meaning words. A shudder thrilled the kneeling woman.

"Yes, as Andre died, so Arnold shall die—on the gibbet! Aye, raise your face and gaze on me in wonder. I speak the solemn truth. From this chamber, bound and dumb, Arnold shall be led this night. In the dark

street trusty men are waiting for him, even now. That street leads to the river—a boat is ready for the traitor, there. On the opposite shore, certain brave Americans under the gallant Lee, watch for the coming of the Traitor! Ha, ha! Washington will not sleep to-night—he expects a strange visitor, —Benedict Arnold!"

As though all life had fled from her veins, the Wife of Arnold glared in the face of the dark-haired woman. The words of the strange maiden, seemed for the moment to deprive her of all power of speech.

"It is not so much for myself that I strike this blow! But the Mother of Andre—those innocent sisters who await his return Home—they are before me now—they speak to me—they call for vengeance on the Double Traitor!"

As she spoke, the Soldier with crape about his face advanced a single step, his chest heaving with emotion.

"You cannot do this. Deliberately consign to an ignominious death, my husband, who never wronged you?"—The Wife raised her eyes to the face of the dark-haired lady, while the fingers of her small hands were locked together.

But there is no mercy in that determined face; not one gleam of pity in those brilliant eyes.

"As I stand attired in the garb of Andre, so surely will I take vengeance on his murderer!"

The Wife of Arnold made no reply. Bowing her face low upon her bosom, with her loosened robe slowly falling from her shoulders, she crouched on the floor, her luxuriant hair twining about her uncovered arms.

The dark-haired woman beheld her agony, heard the sobs which convulsed her form, aye, heard the groan which the Soldier uttered as he witnessed this strange scene, yet still she stood erect, her unrelenting eye fixed in a steady gaze, upon her victim's form.

"If the plot fails, this dagger will do the work of my revenge!"

The word has not gone from her lips, when the Soldier approaches—whispers—you see the determined woman start—change color and sink helplessly into the chair.

"Does the fiend protect him?" she gasps, in a voice utterly changed from her tone of triumphant resolve.

"Yes—this very night, he sails for the coast of Virginia," the Soldier whispers—"This night, selected for our purpose, has by some strange chance, torn him from our grasp. Already on ship-board, he plans the destruction of American towns, the murder of American freemen!"

You see the Wife of Arnold start to her feet, her blue eye gleaming, while with her upraised arm she dashes back from her face those locks of golden hair.

"He is saved! Thank heaven your schemes are foiled. The angels need not weep, to behold another scene of murder!"

For she loved him, her Warrior-husband, that Wife of Arnold; and now, with her entire frame quivering with a joy which was more intense, from the re-action of her despair, she beheld the schemes of her enemies crushed in a moment.

"The angels need not weep to behold another scene of murder?" spoke the deep voice of the Soldier, who stood with his face veiled in crape; "And yet the Bandit and Traitor, who betrayed Washington, and left Andre to perish on the gibbet, is now unloosed like a savage beast, on the homes of Virginia!"

The tone in which he spoke, rung with the hollow intonation of scorn.

"Who are you? Attired in the garb of a British soldier, with a rebel coat beneath?"

Even that Wife, felt a throb of pity as she heard the sad voice of this unknown soldier.

"I have no name! I had once—was once a brave soldier—so they said. But now, the Americans never speak of me, but to curse my name, in the same breath with Arnold!"

He slowly retired toward the window: standing among the heavy curtains, he beheld the conclusion of this dark scene.

The woman attired in the dress of Andre slowly rose. The Wife shrank back appalled, from the settled frenzy of her face, the sublime despair stamped upon her features and flashing from her eyes.

"It is well! Arnold escapes the hand of vengeance now. Now, flushed with triumph, he goes on to complete his career of blood. He will gather gold—renown, aye, favor from the hands of his King. But in the hour of his proudest triumph, even when he stands beside the Throne, one form, invisible to all other eyes, will glide through the thronging courtiers, and wither him, with its pale face, its white neck polluted by the gibbet's rope, its livid lip trembling with a muttered curse—the Phantom of John Andre! That Phantom will poison his life, haunt him in the street, set by him at the table—yes, follow him to the couch! As he presses his wife to his lips, that pale face will glide between, muttering still that soundless curse.

"To escape this Phantom, he will hurry from place to place! Now in the snows of Canada, now amid the palm groves of the Southern Isles, now on ship-board, now on shore—still John Andre's ghost will silently glide by his side.

"That Phantom will work for him, a Remorse more terrible than madness! It will glide into men's hearts, enrage their souls against the Traitor, teach their lip the mocking word, their finger the quivering gesture of scorn. As the Traitor goes to receive his Royal Master's reward, he will hear a thousand tongues whisper, Traitor! Traitor! Traitor! He will turn to crush the authors of the scorn—turn and find, that the sword which may hew a path through dead men, cannot combat the calm contempt of a World!

"Scorned by the men who bought him—his children and his wife all swept away—he will stand a lonely column on a blasted desert. He will be known as the TRAITOR ARNOLD. As the General who sold immortal glory for twenty thousand guineas. As the Traitor who left John Andre to perish on the gibbet. As the MAN WHO HAS NOT ONE FRIEND IN THE WORLD.

"And when he dies; behold the scene! No wife, no child! Not even a dog to howl above his grave!

"Yes, when he dies—while the Phantom of Andre glides to his side—no hand of friend or foe shall be placed upon his brow, no one shall wait by his couch, no voice speak to him of Heaven or Hope, but in the utter desolation of a Blighted heart and a Doomed Name, shall depart the soul of the Traitor, Benedict Arnold!"

The scene of War was changed. The South was given up to the torch and sword.

In Virginia, Cornwallis superintended the murders of the British, and won his title, the Amiable, by a series of bloody outrages. Arnold, the Traitor was there also, heading his band of Assassins. In the Carolinas Lord Rawdon, that noble gentleman, who hung an innocent man in the presence of a son, in order to terrify the Rebels, carried the Red Flag of England at the head of a mingled crowd of Tories and Hirelings.

It was on the day when the glorious Nathaniel Greene, passed the Congaree in pursuit of Lord Rawdon, that the Legion of Lee pitched their tents for the night, where the trees of a magnificent wood encircled a refreshing glade of greenest moss.

Through the intervals of those trees—crowning the summit of a high hill—many a glimpse was obtained of the wide-spreading country, with arms gleaming from the trees, and the Congaree, winding in light until it was lost in the far distance.

The soldiers of the Legion were scattered along the glade, with the tops of their tents glowing in the warm light of the evening sun. You may see their horses turned loose on the green sward, while the brave men prepare their evening meal, and the sentinels pace the hillside, beyond these trees.

In front of the central tent, seated on a camp stool, his elbow on his knee, his swarthy cheek resting in the palm of his hand, you behold the brave Lee, his helmet thrown aside, his green coat unfastened at the throat. That sudden gush of sunlight, falling over his swarthy face, reveals the traces of strong emotion. Yes, Lee is sad, although they have gained a victory, sad, although he has been rewarded with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, sad, although his men love him like a brother, and would give their lives to him.

Suddenly a wild murmur was heard, and two dragoons are seen advancing with a prisoner, led between their steeds. As they ride toward Colo-

nel Lee, the entire Legion come running to the scene: on every side, you behold men starting up from an untasted meal, and hurrying toward the tent of their leader.

A miserable prisoner!

Every eye beholds him. Pale, hollow-eyed, his flesh torn by briars, his form worn by famine, and clad in wretched rags, he is led forward. All at once, the murmur swells into a shout, and then a thousand curses rend the air.

"Colonel—" the discordant cries mingled in chorus—"Behold him! The next tree, a short prayer, and a strong cord for the traitor! Colonel—here is our deserter—the Sergeant Major! It is Champe!"

Utterly absorbed in his thoughts, Lee had not observed the approach of the dragoons. His eyes fixed upon the ground, he grasped his cheek in the effort to endure his bitter thoughts. Yet at the word "Champe!" spoken with curses, he raised his head and sprang to his feet.

"Where?" he cried; his whole manner changing with the rapidity of lightning. His eyes encountered the strange hollow gaze of the Prisoner, who stood silent and miserable, amid the crowd of angry faces.

"To the next tree with the traitor! Ah, scoundrel, you would disgrace the Legion, would you! Champe the Deserter!"

The uproar grew tumultuous; it seemed as though the brave soldiers were about to transgress the bounds of discipline, and take the law in their own hands.

Lee gazed steadfastly upon the prisoner, who pale and emaciated, returned his look. Then, starting forward, his face betraying deep emotion, he exclaimed:

"Is this indeed John Champe?"—He was so wretchedly changed.

The silence of the poor wretch gave assent, while the dragoon stated that they had taken him prisoner, as he was making his way toward the camp.

Lee manifested his opinion of the recreant and deserter, by an expressive action and a few decided words. Suddenly that group of soldiers became as silent as a baby's slumber.

The action! He took Champe by the hand, and wrung it, while the tears came to his eyes. The words:

"WELCOME BACK TO THE LEGION, BRAVE AND HONEST MAN!"

Those iron Legionists stood horror-stricken and dumb, while the reply of the prisoner increased their dismay:

"Colonel, I am back at last!" he said, returning the pressure of Lee's hand, and while the large tears streamed down his face, he whispered with the Colonel.

"My comrades," exclaimed Lee, as he took Champe by the hand and surveyed the confounded crowd—"There was a time when General Washington appealed to the Commander of a body of brave men, and asked him, whether in his corps there could be found *one* man, willing to dare dishonor

and death, in the cause of Humanity and Justice! He wished to save John Andre by taking Benedict Arnold prisoner. In order to accomplish this, it would be necessary to find a man who would desert to the enemy—desert, pursued by his indignant comrades, desert in the sight of the British, and take refuge in their ranks. This man was found. After a bitter struggle,—for he could not make up his mind to endure his comrades scorn—he deserted, and barely escaped with his life. Once in New York, he enlisted in the Legion of Arnold. While he was making his preparations for the capture of the Traitor, Andre was hung. This wrung the Deserter to the heart, for his great reason for undertaking this work was the salvation of Andre's life. One object remained—the capture of Arnold. After the lapse of a month, everything was arranged. You remember the night when a detachment of our Legion watched until day, in the shades of Hoboken! The traitor was to be seized in his garden, tied and gagged, hurried to the boat, then across the river into our clutches. But we waited in vain, the plot was foiled! That night Arnold went on ship-board, and with him the Deserter, who, taken to Virginia, left the British at the first opportunity, and after weeks of wandering and starvation, returned to his comrades. What think ye of this Deserter? This Hero, who dared what the soldier fears more than a thousand deaths—the *dishonor of desertion*—in order to save the life of John Andre? In short, my comrades, what think you of this brave and good man, JOHN CHAMPE!"

No sound was heard. At least an hundred forms stood paralyzed and motionless; at least, an hundred hearts beat high with emotions, as strange as they were indefinable. Not an eye but was wet with tears. When iron men like these shed tears, there is something in it.

At last, advancing one by one, they took Champe by the hand, and without a word, gave him a brother's silent grasp. There was one old war-dog, terribly battered with cuts and scars, who came slowly forward, and looked him in the face, and took both hands in his own, exclaiming, in his rough way, as he quivered between tears and laughter—"*Haven't you got another hand, John?*"

It was the Veteran, who from the shore of Manhattan Bay, had taken aim at the head of the deserter Champe.

"This moment," said Champe, his voice husky with suffocating emotion, "This moment pays me for all I've suffered!"

Never in the course of the Revolution, did the sun go down upon a scene so beautiful!

The trees encircling the sward, with the horses of the legion tied among their leaves. The scattered tents, and the deserted fires. The prospect of the distant country, seen between the trees, all shadow and gold. The tent of Lee, surrounded by that crowd of brave men, every eye centred upon that ragged form, with the hollow cheek and sunken eyes.

Lee himself, gazing with undisguised emotion upon that face, now reddened by the sunset glow, the visage of John Champe, the Deserter.

Nothing was wanting to complete the joy of the hero—yes, there was one form absent. But, hark! A crash in yonder thicket, a dark horse bounds along the sod, and neighing wildly, lays his neck against his master's breast.

It was POWHATAN.

You may imagine the scene which took place, when Champe mounted on Powhatan, rode to meet Washington!

After many years had passed, when Washington was called from the shades of Mount Vernon, to defend his country once again, he sent a Captain's commission to Lee, with the request that he would seek out Champe, and present it to him.

The letter received by the American Chief, in answer, contained these words:

—'*Soon after the war, the gallant soldier removed to Kentucky. There he died. Though no monument towers above his bones—we do not even know his resting place—every true soldier must confess, that the history of the Revolution does not record a nobler name than—*

JOHN CHAMPE.

XVIII.—THE TEMPTATION OF SIR HENRY CLINTON.

ONE more scene from the sad drama of Andre's fate!

On a calm autumnal evening—the last day of September, 1780—Sir Henry Clinton sat in his luxurious chamber, in the city of New York, pondering over matters of deep interest.

The wine stood untasted in the goblet by his side, as reposing in the arm-chair, by yonder window, with his hands joined across his chest, he fixed his eye vacantly upon the rich carpet beneath his feet.

There was every display of luxury in that chamber. High ceiling and lofty walls, hung with pictures, carpets on the floor that gave no echo to the footfall, furniture of dark mahogany polished like a mirror, silken curtains along the windows, and a statue of his Majesty, George the Third, in the background.

The view which stretched before that window was magnificent. The wide expanse of Manhattan Bay, dotted with islands, and white with the sails of ships of war—the distant shore of Staten Island and Jersey—the clear sky—piled up in the west, with heavy clouds, tinged and mellowed with all the glories of an autumnal sunset; this was a lovely view, but Sir Henry Clinton saw it not.

His thoughts were with a letter which lay half open beside the untasted

goblet of rich old wine, and that letter bore the signature of George Washington.

Now, as some persons are always forming wrong ideas of the personal appearance of great men, I ask you to look closely upon the face and form of yonder General. His form is short, and heavy almost to corpulence; his face round, full and good-humored; his red coat glittering with epaulettes, thrown open in front, disclosed the buff vest, with ample skirts, and the snowy whiteness of his cambric bosom, across whose delicate ruffles his hands were folded. He wore polished boots reaching above the knee, where his large limb was cased in buckskin. His sword lay on the table by his side, near the letter and goblet.

Sir Henry had been sitting in this position for an hour, thinking over the ONE TOPIC that occupied his whole soul; but strange it was, which ever way he tried to turn his thoughts, he still saw the same picture. It was the picture of a wan-faced mother, who sat in her lonely room, with a fair daughter on either side, all waiting for the son and brother to come home and he ——

Sir Henry dared not finish the picture. He was *afraid* when he thought of it. And yet the Picture had been there before him, for an hour—there, on the space between his eye and the western sky.

Suddenly his reverie was interrupted by the low tread of a footstep. Sir Henry looked up, and beheld a man of harsh features, arrayed in a Colonel's uniform.

The Colonel was a singular character. Harsh in features, with a bronzed skin, long nose, thin lips—his character was moody, reserved and misanthropic. He was attached to the General's staff, and yet he had no associates. He never spoke except in monosyllables. Sir Henry had a high regard for his military knowledge, as well as an admiration for his blunt, soldierly bearing; so he spoke to him kindly, and invited him to be seated.

The Colonel sat down in the opposite recess of the broad window, with his back to the light.

"So, John Andre is to be—*hung?*" uttered the Colonel, in a quiet, unconcerned tone.

Sir Henry moved nervously in his seat.

"Why—why—the fact is," said he, hesitatingly, "this letter from Washington states that he has been tried as a spy, and will be hanged tomorrow morning as a spy."

A shade of gloom passed over Sir Henry's face. He bit his lip, and pressed his hand violently against his forehead.

"Very unpleasant," said the Colonel, carelessly. "Hanged! Did you say so, General? And he had such a white neck—heigh-ho!"

Sir Henry looked at the Colonel as though he could have stabbed him to the heart. He said nothing, however, but crumpled Washington's letter in

his hand. He knew one trait of the Colonel; when he appeared most careless and unconcerned, he was most serious.

"So, they 'll take him out in a horrid old cart," said he, languidly—"a cart that 'll go jolt! jolt! jolt! With a hideous hangman, too—and a pine box—faugh! I say, General, who would have guessed it, this time last week?"

Sir Harry said not a word.

"Will it not be unpleasant, when your Excellency returns home? To wait upon the Major's mother and sisters, and tell them, when they ask you where he is, that he was—*hung!*"

Sir Henry Clinton grew purple in the face. He was seized with deadly anger. Rising in his seat, he extended his hand toward the Colonel—

"Zounds! sir, what do you mean? The man who can make a jest of a matter like this, has no sympathy—"

"For the General who will calmly consign one of his bravest officers to the gallows!" interrupted the sardonic Colonel.

Sir Henry now grew pale; the audacity of his inferior awed him.

"Do you mean to say, that I consign John Andre to the gallows?" he said, in a low voice, that quivered with suppressed rage.

"I do!" coolly responded the Colonel.

"Will you be pleased to inform me in what manner I am guilty in your eyes?" continued the General, in the same ominous tone.

"You can save John Andre, but will not!"

"How can I save him?"

"This Rebel Washington does not so much care about hanging Andre, as he does for making an example of—somebody. You give up that—*somebody*—and he will deliver Andre, safe and sound, into your hands."

Had a thunderbolt splintered the floor at Sir Henry's feet, his face could not have displayed such a conflict of wonder and alarm as it did now. He looked anxiously around the room, as though he feared the presence of a third person, who might overhear the deliberate expression of the Colonel.

"That—SOMEBODY—I met just now in Broadway. What a splendid red coat he wears! How well it becomes him, too! Don't you think he feels a little odd?"

Sir Henry rose from his seat, and paced hurriedly up and down the room. Now he was gone into shadows, and now he came forth into light again.

At last he approached the Colonel, and bending down, so that their faces nearly touched, uttered these words in a whisper:

"Give up Benedict Arnold for John Andre—is that what you mean?"

"It is!" and the Colonel looked up into the flushed face of his superior.

"Pshaw! This is nonsense! Washington would never entertain such a proposition," muttered Sir Henry.

The answer from the Colonel was deep-toned, clear, and deliberate.

"Your Excellency will pardon my rudeness. I am a rough soldier, but I have a heart. I'll be frank with you. The fate of this Andre fills me with horror. He is a good fellow, though he does paint pictures, and write rhymes, and act plays, and do other things beneath the dignity of a soldier. But he has a soul, your Excellency, he has a heart. I would peril my life to save him. I can't help thinking of his mother and sisters in England—he is their only dependence, and—

"Well, Colonel, well"—interrupted Sir Henry.

"An officer from Washington waits in the room below, with authority from his General to make this proposition to you—*Give me Arnold and I will give you Andre!*"

Sir Henry Clinton fell back in his seat as though a shot had pierced his breast. He said not a word, but as if stupefied by this proposition, folded his hands across his breast, and gazed vacantly upon the sunset sky.

The last gleam of twilight fell over the broad expanse of Manhattan Bay. All was silent in the chamber, save the hard, deep breathing of Sir Henry Clinton, who, with his head inclined to one side, still gazed upon the western sky, with that same vacant stare.

At last two liveried servants entered, and placed lighted candles on the table.

The Colonel started when he beheld the strange paleness of Sir Henry's countenance. He was terribly agitated, for his lips were compressed, his brows contracted, his hands pressed fixedly against his breast.

At last he spoke. His voice was strangely changed from his usual bold and hearty tones.

"*Had George Washington offered me the Throne of the Western Continent, he could not have so tempted me, as he does by this proposition, to exchange Arnold for Andre!*"

"Exchange them," growled the Colonel.

"But what will the world—what will my King say? It would be a breach of confidence, a violation of a soldier's honor—it would in fact, be ——"

"An easy method of rescuing the white neck of John Andre from the gibbet!" coolly interrupted the Colonel.

This was a hard thrust. Sir Henry was silent for a moment; but that moment passed, he flung his clenched hand on the table.

"I am tempted, horribly tempted!" he exclaimed, in broken tones. "I never was so tempted in my life. Speak of it no more, sir, speak of it no more! Did you say that the rebel officer waited below?"

"General, shall I call him up?" whispered the Colonel, fixing his eyes firmly on Clinton's face.

Sir Henry did not reply. The Colonel arose and moved towards the door, when he was met by an officer attired in a rich scarlet uniform, who

came along the carpet with an easy stride, somewhat lessened in dignity by a perceptible lameness.

The Colonel started as though a serpent had stung him.

For in that officer with the rich scarlet uniform, glittering with epaulettes of gold—in that officer with the bold countenance, and forehead projecting over dark eyes that emitted a steady glare, he recognized—*Benedict Arnold.*

"Good evening, Colonel!" said Arnold, with a slight inclination of his head.

"Good evening, Colonel *Arnold!*" at last responded the Colonel, with a slight yet meaning intonation of scorn. "I never observed it before, but—excuse me—you limp in the right leg? Where did you receive the wound?"

It was not often that Arnold blushed, but now his throat, his cheeks, and brow were scarlet. For a moment he seemed stricken into stone, but at last he replied in a deep sonorous voice, that started Sir Henry Clinton from his chair:

"That leg sir, was twice broken; the first time, *when I stormed Quebec.* The second time, at Saratoga, *when I took the last fortress of Burgoyne!* —Are you answered, sir?"

Without a word more, leaving the astonished officer to remember the glare of his eye, he passed on, and saluted Sir Henry Clinton with a deep bow.

Sir Henry received him with a formal bow, waving his hand toward the chair, in the recess of the window. Arnold sat down, and crossing his legs in a careless position, fixed his dark eyes full in Clinton's face, as he spoke in a laughing tone:

"Do you know, General, I heard a very clever thing as I passed along the street. Two of *our* soldiers were conversing;—'I tell you what it is,' said one of the fellows to the other, 'Sir Henry Clinton couldn't do a better thing, than send this Arnold—(ha! ha! *this* Arnold, mark you!) to General Washington, who will very likely hang him in place of Andre!' Wasn't it clever, General? By the bye, this evening air is very cool."

Sir Henry saw the sneer on Arnold's face, and knew at once that Andre's fate was sealed!

XIX.—THE SISTERS.

It was a flower garden, watered by a spring that bubbled up from yellow sands.

It was a flower garden, environed by a wall of dark grey stone, overshadowed with vines and roses.

It was a flower garden, standing in the centre of a wood, whose leaves blushed like the rainbow, with the dyes of autumn.

Yonder rises the mansion, something between a stately dwelling and a quiet cottage in appearance, you see its steep roof, its grotesque chimneys,

the porch before the door, supported by oaken pillows wreathed with vines.

A dear retreat, this place of fragrant beds, and winding walks, of orchard trees heavy with fruit, and flowers blooming into decay, trembling with perfume ere they die.

It was that calm hour, when clouds hasten to the west, and range themselves in the path of the setting sun, as though anxious to receive the kiss of their Lord, ere he sank to rest. It was that beautiful moment, when the tree tops look like pyramids of gold, and sky resembles a dome of living flame, with a blush of glory pervading its cope, from the zenith to the horizon. It was the close of one of those delicious days in autumn, when we love to bury ourselves in the recesses of brown woods, and think of the friends that are gone, when it is our calm delight to wander through long vistas of overarching trees, treading softly over the sward, and give our souls to memories of love, or dwell sadly and yet tenderly upon the grave which awaits us, when the play of life is over.

In the centre of the garden there grow four apple trees, their gnarled limbs twining together, while their fruit of various colors glowed in the rosy light. Beneath the shade and fruitage of these trees, a rugged bench, formed with plain branches of oak twisted in various fantastic forms, was placed, presenting a delightful retreat amid the recesses of that rustic garden.

Just as you may have seen, two flowers, alike beautiful, yet contrasted in their style of loveliness, swaying side by side in the summer breeze, their varied tints affording a picture of never-ending freshness, so two beautiful girls bloomed side by side, in that quiet recess.

Their faces are turned toward the evening light, as they feel the deep serenity of that hour. One, a delicate, fragile thing, with skin almost supernaturally fair, eyes blue as an Italian sky, hair like threaded gold, lays her hand upon her sister's shoulder, and nestles gently to her side.

'Young Alice! A tender flower, that has just ripened from the bud, with the dew yet fresh upon its petals.

The other, a warm figure, ripened into perfect womanhood, her breast rounded, her small feet and hands in strong contrast with the blooming fullness of her shape. Her brown hair, that falls back from her white neck in glossy masses,—here, dark as a raven's wing, there, waving in bright chesnut hues—affords a fresh beauty to her boldly chisseled face, whose lips are red with mature ripeness. Her deep grey eyes, the clearly defined brows and impressive forehead, combine in an expression of intellectual beauty.

Womanly Mary! A moss rose, blooming its last hour of freshness, its leaves crimsoning with all the beauty they can ever know.

On her full bosom the head of the younger Sister was laid, among her brown tresses, the flaxen locks of her sister wandered, like sunshine rays among twilight shadows.

"It is so sweet, at this still hour, Mary, to think of him! To remember

how he looked, and what he said, when last we saw him—to count the days, yes, the moments that must elapse before he will return to us!"

Thus spoke the young sister, her eye gleaming in moisture, but the elder felt her face flush, and her eye brighten, as these words came impetuously from her lips:

"But sweeter far, Alice, to think how proud, how noble he will look, when he stands before us, so like a hero, with the star upon his breast, the warrior's robe upon his form! To think of him, not coming back to us as he departed, an humble Cadet, but a titled General, welcomed by the favor of his king, the applause of his countrymen!—His last letters speak of his certain ascent to fame. Even now, he is engaged upon a deed—whose nature he does not reveal—that will cause his name to burst in glory on his country's fame!"

Sisterly love—pure and child-like—spoke in the words of the first. Sisterly love, tender yet impetuous with ambition, rung in the strong tones of the other.

"And Mother, O, how glad she will be! We shall all feel so happy, and—" The younger Sister started, for she heard a step. With one assent, they turned their eyes and beheld a widowed woman, with her silver hair laid back from a mild and beaming face, come slowly along the garden walk.

It was their Mother. They rose and greeted her, and in their different ways, told their young hopes and fears.

She sat between them on the garden bench, each small hand on which were marked the lines of time, laid upon a daughter's head.

"How strange it is, that we have had no letters for a month! Not a word from your brother, my children! Perhaps, since we have retired to this quiet cottage, near a secluded country town, the letters miss us. Come, girls—it is a pleasant evening, let us walk in the woods!"

Taking their soft hands within her own, the Mother beside her daughters, looked like a beautiful flower, whose young freshness has been but faintly preserved in the leaves of Time's volume, contrasted with the young loveliness of ungathered blossoms.

She led the way toward the garden gate. Along this narrow path, where the thicket stored with berries, blooms in evergreen freshness, into the dim woods, where there is a carpet of soft moss, filled with sunshine and shadows.

They strolled along, the younger sister now stooping to pluck a wild flower as gay as herself, the other talking earnestly to her mother of the absent Soldier.

"Don't you remember, Mother, how a month ago, when we were working together, at our embroidery, I thought I heard my brother's step, and went to the door to greet him? I am sure I heard his step, and yet it was all a fancy!"

As the Sister Alice spoke, in a tone full of laughing gaiety, Mary changed color and leaned upon her mother's shoulder, her breast throbbing violently againt her dark habit.

The Mother looked upon her with unfeigned alarm:

"You are ill, Mary, and yet the evening air is by no means unpleasant," she said.

"It was the Second of October!" she whispered, as though thinking aloud.

"How can you remember dates?" said Alice, laughing: "I'm sure I can remember anything but dates. You know, Mary, when I read my history at school, I always jumbled Henry the Eighth and Julius Cæsar together!"

"It happened to fix itself upon my memory," replied Mary, raising her face and walking statelily onward again. "That sudden faintness is past: I am quite well now," she said, passing her hand lightly over her brow.

"O, I remember—" said the Mother, in a careless tone. "On that day, even as Alice hurried to the door, expecting to greet her brother's form, you swooned away. You remember it, on account of your swoon? Now that I call the circumstance to mind, I recollect, the old clock struck twelve, as you fainted."

"Twelve o'clock—the Second of October!" faltered the pale Mary, as the remembrance of the strange hallucination which possessed her, on that day and hour, freezing her blood and darkening her reason, came to her soul with redoubled force.

The Vision that she saw, sitting in that quiet chamber, she dared never tell, it was so strange, so like a nightmare, pressing its beak into her virgin breast, and drinking slowly the life-blood from her heart.

They wandered on, Alice tripping gaily over the sod, the Mother conversing cheerfully, even Mary felt her heart bound, in the deep serenity of that evening hour.

There was a nook in that wild wood, where the bank shelved down and the trees stood apart, forming a circle around an ancient pile of stones, over whose moss-covered forms bubbled a fountain of clear cold water. Above the fountain arose a form of wood, overgrown with vines, and leaning forward. It was a Cross, planted three hundred years before, when these lands belonged to a Monastery, and the Old Religion dwelt on the soil.

The Mother and her Daughters approached, and started back with wonder.

A rude form, clad in tattered garments, crouched on the sod beside the fountain. His war-worn face was laid against the bank, while his unshaven beard, white as snow, gleamed in the light. His coat, which had once been bright scarlet, betrayed the old soldier. There was dust upon his gaiters, and his much worn shoes could scarce conceal his galled feet.

As he slept he grasped his staff, and thrust one hand within the breast of his coat. His slumber was disturbed; he seemed laboring under the

fears and hopes of some tumultuous dream. Suddenly, starting to his feet, with a horrible cry, he gazed wildly round, and trembled, while the clammy moisture stood in beads upon his brow.

'Who are you? Back! You shall not kill me!" he cried, and put himself in an attitude of defence.

"It is the old Soldier, who went with my Son to the wars!" cried the Mother—"Abel, don't you know us?"

The effect of his dream passed away, and the aged Soldier advanced, his hard hand pressed by the warm fingers of the young girls. As he stood before them, his eyes seemed to avoid their gaze—now downcast—now wandering on either side—his sunburnt face was flushed with a warm glow.

"Speak! Our Brother!" faltered the girls.

"My Son! You bear a message from him?" exclaimed the Mother.

The old Soldier was silent.

"Your Son? You mean my Master—eh? The Major—" he hesitated.

"Why have you returned home? Is the war over?" exclaimed Mary.

"Ah—Brother is on his way home—he will be here presently—what a delightful surprise!" cried Alice.

Still the Soldier stood silent and confused, his hands pressed together, while his downcast eyes wandered over the sod.

"My goodness, ladies—" he muttered—"Have n't you received a letter? Sir Henry wrote to you, Ma'am, and —"

"Sir Henry write to me?" echoed the Mother, her face growing deathly pale—"Why did not my son write himself?"

And the sisters, laid each of them, a hand on the veteran's arm and looked up eagerly into his rough visage.

His nether lip quivered; his eyes rolled strangely in their sockets. He endeavored to speak but there was a choking sensation in his throat; all the blood in his frame seemed rushing to his eyes.

"I can't tell it! God help me and forgiv' my sins, I aint strong enough to tell it! Ladies, can't you guess—you see—the Major—"

Through the gathering gloom of twilight, the Mother looked and beheld his emotion, and felt her soul palzied by a terrible fear. You may see Alice, stand there, gazing on the soldier with surprise; Mary, that stately sister, is by her side, her face white as a shroud.

They stood like figures of stone placed in the midst of the wood, with the moss beneath, and the autumnal leaves above. The sound of the fountain gurgling over the grey rocks alone disturbed the silence of the air.

The bluff old veteran stumbled forward, and fell on his knees.

"Look ye,—I'm rough—I aint afraid of man or devil, but I'm afraid now! Don't force me to speak it ——"

Adown that sunburnt face, slowly trickled two large and scalding tears.

You see the Mother, her face manifesting sudden traces of that agony,

which now comes with overwhelming force, and takes her soul by storm, you see her advance and take the veteran by the hand.

"Rise, friend Abel!" she said, in a voice of unnatural calmness. "I know your message. My son is dead."

The Soldier bowed his head and gave free vent to his tears.

Alice hears that word, and shrinks toward yonder tree, her eyes covered in a strange mist, her heart suddenly palsied in its beatings. The Mother stands as calm, as pale as a corse.

Mary alone advances, gasps these words as with the last effort of her life—

"He died in battle—at the head of his men—Speak! A soldier's death——"

Transformed in every nerve, she quivered before him, her fingers clutching his iron arms, her eyes flashing a death-like glare into his face. Her falling hair sweeping back from her face, completed that picture of a sinless maiden, trembling on the verge of madness.

The old Soldier looked up and answered her:

"*He died on the Second of October, at the hour of twelve—on the Gibbet—as a spy.*"

These words, in a hollow yet deliberate voice, he slowly uttered, and the Mother and the Sisters heard it all! Heard it, and could not, at the moment, die!

God pity them, in this their fearful hour.

The Mother sank on her knees. Alice, the fair-haired and gentle, tottered and fell, as though her life had passed with that long and quivering shriek.

The rough soldier wept aloud.

Mary, alone, stood erect: her pale countenance thrown into strong relief by her dark flowing hair, her eyes glassy, her lips livid, her form towering in marble-like majesty.

And as she stood—as though suddenly frozen into marble—her eyes were fixed upon the heavens, visible through the intervals of the forest trees.

The last flush of sunset had died, and the *first star* came twinkling out on the blue walls of space.

Only one expression passed her lips. Stifling the horrible agony of that moment, she fixed her eyes upon that light in heaven, and said—

"IT IS MY BROTHER'S STAR!"

XX.—ANDRE THE SPY.

WE have now traversed the career of the ill-fated Andre in all its changes of scene, in its varied phases of absorbing interest.

Pity that young man if you will, plant flowers over his grave, sing hymns to his memory, but remember, *he was a* SPY.

That dishonored thing, which no true warrior can look upon, save with

loathing—not merely a Conspirator, nor a Traitor, but the lacquey of Treason—A SPY.

Remember, that the wife of Benedict Arnold, on terms of intimate friendship with Andre, while the British held Philadelphia, corresponded with him long after her marriage, and then call to mind a single fact: her correspondence was the channel of communication between Arnold and the British General. Can we, with any show of reason, suppose this wife innocent of participation in the treason of her husband? Is it at all plausible, or probable, that she was ignorant of the contents of Arnold's letters?

Remember that Andre was a partner in this conspiracy, from the first moment of its dawn, until by his manly letter to Washington, he avowed himself a British officer, captured in disguise, on American ground. He was elevated to a Majority, dignified with the post of Adjutant General, in order that he might more effectually carry out the plan, originated between himself and Arnold. He was to enter West Point, not as an open foe, ready to combat with his enemies on the ramparts of the fortress, but as a Conspirator; he was to conquer the stronghold, laid defenceless by the removal of the Continental force, by a juggle, and wreathe his brows with the parchments of a purchased victory.

For this, his promised reward was the commission of a Brigadier General.

For aiding an American General in his midnight campaign of craft and treachery, he was to receive the honors that are awarded to a Conqueror who fights in broad day; for taking a deserted fort, his brows were to be wreathed with laurel, which is given to the leader of a forlorn hope, who dares the sternest front of battle without a fear.

With all his talent—displayed as an Artist, a Poet, and a Soldier—with all the genius which made him an admirable companion, with all the chivalry which won praise and tears from his enemies, with all the rich cluster of his gifts, and the dim memories that gather round his name, we must confess, that he was one of the originator's of Arnold's Treason, that he descended to a course of intrigue, beneath the honor of a warrior, that he was justly condemned and hung as a Spy.

There is one dark thought that crowds upon us as we survey this history. We may endeavor to banish it, but it will come back with overwhelming force. It starts from the history, and moves along every page, a brooding and fearful shadow.—*John Andre and the Wife of Arnold, first planned the Treason, and then—while his heart was lacerated by a sense of his wrongs—lured him into the plot.*

That is a startling thought.

There is no point of Washington's career more thoroughly worthy of our veneration, than his course in relation to Andre. He did not know—he could not guess the extent or ramifications of the Treason. A base plan had been laid to capture a Fortress and crush his army. This plan aided by an honorable gentleman in the guise of a Spy. It was necessary to

make an example, the time had come for the British General to learn the bitter truth, that the American leader was no less ready to meet his foes, sword in hand in battle, than to hang them on the gibbet's timbers as Spies.

At once he stood resolved in his course. Andre must die. No persuasions could change his firm purpose. He pitied the victim, but condemned him to death. He wept for his untimely fate, but hung him on a gibbet. His heart bled as he signed the death-warrant, but still he consigned Andre to a felon's grave.

There have been many tears shed over Andre, but while I pity him, I must confess that my tears are reserved for the thousand victims of British wrong, murdered during the war. Then the thought of Benedict Arnold, hurled from the Patriot and the Hero, into the Bandit and Traitor, as much by the persecutions of his enemies, as by his own faults, as much from the influence of Andre and his own wife,* as from inclination, has for me an interest that altogether surpasses the fate of the Spy.

The historical pictures which I have placed before you, show the mystery in every light. I have endeavored to embody in these pictures the manners, the costume, the contending opinions, the very spirit of the Revolution. Let me now present to you another illustration, in order to show, that the British in a case similar to that of Andre, never indulged one throb of pity.

Behold the Mercy of King George!

XXI.—NATHAN HALE.

It was a calm, clear evening in the early spring of 1775, when a young man came to his native home, to bid his aged mother farewell.

I see that picture before me now.

A two-story house, built of grey stone, with a small garden extending from the door to the roadside, while all around arise the orchard trees, fragrant with the first blossoms of spring. Yonder you behold the hayrick and the barn, with the lowing cattle grouped together in the shadows.

It is a quiet hour; everything seems beautiful and holy. There is a purple flush upon the Western sky, a sombre richness of shadow resting upon yonder woods; a deep serenity, as if from God, imbues and hallows this evening hour.

Yonder on the cottage porch, with the rich glow of the sunset on her face, sits the aged mother, the silvery hair parted above her pale brow. The Bible lays open on her knees. Her dress is of plain rude texture, but there is that about her countenance which makes you forget her homespun

* It is stated on the authority of Aaron Burr, that the Wife of the Traitor, after she joined her husband in the British lines, expressed her contempt for the American cause, sanctioned the course of Arnold, and uttered other expressions of feeling, which showed that she was a co-partner in the work of Treason.

costume. Her eyes, their dark blue contrasting with the withered outlines of her countenance, are upraised. She is gazing in the face of the son, who bends over her shoulder and returns her glance.

His young form is arrayed in a plain blue hunting frock, faced with fur, while his rifle rests against the door, and his pistols are girded to his waist by a belt of dark leather. A plain costume this, but gaze upon the face of that young man and tell me, do you not read a clear soul, shining from those dark eyes? That white brow, shadowed by masses of brown hair, bears the impress of Thought, while the pale cheek tells the story of long nights given to the dim old Hebrew Bible, with its words of giant meaning and organ-like music; to the profane classics of Greece and Rome, the sublime reveries of Plato, the impassioned earnestness of Demosthenes, or the indignant eloquence of Cicero.

Yes, fresh from the halls of *Yale*, the poetry of the Past, shining serenely in his soul, to his childhood's home, comes the young student to claim his mother's blessing and bid her a long farewell.

But why this rifle, these pistols, this plain uniform?

I will tell you.

One day, as he sat bending over that Hebrew Volume—with its great thoughts spoken in a tongue now lost to man, in the silence of ages—he looked from his window and beheld a dead body carried by, the glassy eyes upturned to the sky, while the stiffened limb hung trailing on the ground.

It was the first *dead man of Lexington.*

That sight roused his blood; the voice of the Martyrs of Bunker Hill seemed shrieking forever in his ears. He flung aside the student's gown; he put on the hunting shirt. A sad farewell to those well-worn volumes, which had cheered the weariness of many a midnight watch, one last look around that lonely room, whose walls had heard his earnest soliloquies; and then he was a soldier.

The Child of Genius felt the strong cords of Patriotism, drawing him toward the last bed of the Martyrs on Bunker Hill.

And now in the sunset hour, he stands by his mother's side, taking the one last look at that wrinkled face, listening for the last time to the tremulous tones of that solemn voice.

"I did hope, my child," said the aged woman, "I did hope to see you ministering at the altar of Almighty God, but the enemy is in the land, and your duty is plain before you. Go, my son—fight like a man for your country. In the hour of battle remember that God is with your cause; that His arm will guide and guard you, even in the moment of death. War, my child, is at best a fearful thing, a terrible license for human butchery; but a war like this, is holy in the eyes of God. Go—and when you fight, may you conquer, or if you fall in death, remember your mother's blessing is on your head!"

And in that evening hour, the aged woman stood erect, and laid her withered hand upon his bended head.

A moment passed, and he had grasped his rifle, he had muttered the last farewell. While the aged woman stood on the porch, following him with her eyes, he turned his steps towards the road.

But a form stood in his path, the form of a young woman clad in the plain costume of a New England girl. Do you behold a voluptuous beauty waving in the outlines of that form? Is the hair dark as night, or long, glossy, waving and beautiful? Are those hands soft, white and delicate? You behold none of these; for the young girl who stands there in the student's path, has none of the dazzling attraction of personal beauty. A slender form, a white forehead, with the brown hair plainly parted around that unpretending countenance, hands somewhat roughened by toil; such were the attractions of that New England girl.

And yet there was a something that chained your eyes to her face, and made your heart swell as you looked upon her. It was the soul, which shone from her eyes and glowed over her pallid cheek. It was the deep, ardent, all-trusting love, the eternal faith of her woman's nature, which gave such deep vivid interest to that plain face, that pale white brow.

She stood there, waiting to bid her lover farewell, and the tear was in her eye, the convulsive tremor of suppressed emotion on her lip. Yet with an unfaltering voice, she bade him go fight for his country and conquer in the name of God.

"Or"—she exclaimed, placing her hands against his breast, while her eyes were rivetted to his face, "should you fall in the fight, I will pray God to bless your last hour with all the glory of a soldier's death!"

That was the last words she said; he grasped her hand, impressed his kiss upon her lip, and went slowly from his home.

When we look for him again, the scene is changed. It is night, yet, through the gloom, the white tents of the British army rise up like ghosts on the summit of the Long Island hills. It is night, yet the stars look down upon that Red Cross banner now floating sullenly to the ocean breeze.

We look for the Enthusiast of Yale! Yonder, in a dark room, through whose solitary window pours the mild gleam of the stars, yonder we behold the dusky outlines of a human form, with head bent low and arms folded over the chest. It is very dark in the room, very still, yet can you discover the bearing of the soldier in the uncertain outline of that form, yet can you hear the tread of the sentinel on the sands without.

Suddenly that form arises, and draws near the solitary window. The stars gleam over a pale face, with eyes burning with unnatural light. It is dusky and dim, the faint light, but still you can read the traces of agony like death, anguish like despair stamped on the brow, and cheek, and lip of that youthful countenance.

You can hear a single, low toned moan, a muttered prayer, a broken ejaculation. Those eyes are upraised to the stars, and then the pale face no longer looks from the window. That form slowly retires, and is lost in the darkness of the room.

Meanwhile, without the room, on yonder slope of level ground, crowning the ascent of the hill, the sound of hammer and saw breaks on the silence of the hour. Dim forms go to and fro in the darkness; stout pieces of timber are planted in the ground, and at last the work is done. All is still. But, like a phantom of evil, from the brow of yonder hill arises that strange structure of timber, with the rope dangling from its summit.

There is a face gazing from yonder window, at this thing of evil; a face with lips pressed between the teeth, eyes glaring with unnatural light.

Suddenly a footstep is heard, the door of that room is flung open, and a blaze of light fills the place. In the door-way stands a burly figure, clad in the British uniform, with a mocking sneer upon that brutal countenance.

The form—which we lately beheld in the gloom—now rises, and confronts the British soldier. It needs no second glance to tell us that we behold the Enthusiast of Yale. That dress is soiled and torn, that face is sunken in the cheeks, wild and glaring in the eyes, yet we can recognize the brave youth who went forth from his home on that calm evening in spring.

He confronts the Executioner, for that burly figure in the handsome red coat, with the glittering ornaments, is none other than the Provost of the British army.

"I am to die in the morning," began the student, or prisoner as you may choose to call him.

"Yes," growled the Provost, "you were taken as a spy, tried as a spy, sentenced as a spy, and to-morrow morning, you will be hanged as a spy!"

That was the fatal secret. General Washington desired information from Long Island, where the British encamped. A young soldier appeared, his face glowing with a high resolve. He would go to Long Island; he would examine the enemy's posts; he would peril his life for Washington. Nay, he would peril more than his life; he would peril his *honor*. For the soldier who dies in the bloody onset of a forlorn hope, dies in honor: but the man who is taken as a spy, swings on the gibbet, an object of loathing and scorn. But this young soldier would dare it all; the gallows and the dishonor: all for the sake of Washington.

"General," was the sublime expression of the Enthusiast, "when I volunteered in the army of liberty, it was my intention to devote my soul to the cause. It is not for me now to choose the manner or the method of the service which I am to perform. I only ask, in what capacity does my country want me. You tell me that I will render her great service by this expedition to Long Island. All I can answer is with one word—bid me depart and I will go!"

He went, obtained the information which he sought, and was about to leave the shore of the Island for New York, when he was discovered.

Now, in the chamber of the condemned felon, he awaited the hour of his fate, his face betraying deep emotion, yet it was not the agitation of fear. Death he could willingly face, but the death of the *Gibbet!*

He now approached the British officer, and spoke in a calm, yet hollow voice:

"My friend, I am to die to-morrow. It is well. I have no regrets to spend upon my untimely fate. But as the last request of a dying man, let me implore you to take charge of these letters."

He extended some four or five letters, among which was one to his betrothed, one to his mother, and one to Washington.

"Promise me, that you will have these letters delivered after I am dead."

The Briton shifted the lamp from one hand to the other, and then with an oath, made answer:

"By ——, I'll have nothing to do with the letters of a spy!"

The young man dropped the letters on the floor, as though a bullet had torn them from his grasp. His head sunk on his breast. The cup of his agony was full.

"At least," said he, lifting his large bright eyes, "at least, you will procure me a Bible, you will send me a clergyman?—I am ready to die, but I wish to die the death of a Christian."

"You should have thought o' these things before, young man," exclaimed the Liveried Hangman. "As for Bible or Preacher, I can tell you at once, that you'll get neither through me."

The young man sank slowly in his chair, and covered his face with his hands. The brave Briton, whose courage had been so beautifully manifested in these last insults to a dying man, stood regarding the object of his spite with a brutal scowl.

Ere a moment was gone, the young man looked up again, and exclaimed:

"For the love of Christ, do not deny me the consolations of religion in this hour!"

A loud laugh echoed around the room, and the Condemned Spy was in darkness.

Who shall dare to lift the veil from that Enthusiast's heart, and picture the agony which shook his soul, during the slow-moving hours of his last night? Now his thoughts were with his books, the classics of Greece and Rome, or the pages of Hebrew volume, where the breeze of Palestine swells over the waves of Jordan, and the songs of Israel resound forevermore; now with his aged mother, or his betrothed; and then a vision of that great course of glory which his life *was to have been*, came home to his soul.

That course of glory, those high aspirations, these yearnings of Genius after the Ideal, were now to be cut off forever by—*the Gibbet's rope!*

I will confess, that to me, there is something terrible in the last night of

the Condemned Spy. Never does my eye rest upon the page of American history, that I do not feel for his fate, and feel more bitterly, when I think of the injustice of that history. Yes, let the truth be spoken, our history is terribly unjust to the poor—the neglected—the Martyrs, whose fate it was, not to suffer in the storm of battle, but in the cell, or by the gibbet's rope. How many brave hearts were choked to death by the rope, or buried beneath the cells of the gaol, after the agonies of fever! Where do you find their names in history?

And the young man, with a handsome form, a born of God genius, a highly educated mind—tell us, is there no tear for him?

We weep for Andre, and yet he was a mere Gambler, who staked his life against a General's commission. We plant flowers over his grave, and yet he was a plotter from motives altogether mercenary—We sing hymns about him, and yet with all his accomplishments, he was one of the main causes of Arnold's ruin; he it was who helped to drag the Patriot down into the Traitor.

But this young man, who watches his last night on yonder Long Island shore—where are tears for him?

Night passed away, and morning came at last. Then they led him forth to the sound of the muffled drum and measured footsteps. Then—without a Bible, or Preacher or friend, not even a dog to wail for him, they placed him beneath the gibbet, under that blue sky, with the pine coffin before his eyes.

Stern looks, scowling brows, red uniforms and bristling bayonets, were all around,—but for him, the Enthusiast and the Genius, where was the kind voice or the tender hand?

Yet in that hour, the breeze kissed his cheek, and the vision of Manhattan Bay, with its foam-crested waves and green Islands, was like a dream of peace to his soul.

The rough hands of the Hangman tied his hands and bared his neck for the rope. Then, standing on the death-cart, with the rope about his neck, and Eternity before him, that young man was very pale, but calm, collected and firm. Then he called the brutal soldiery the Refugee Hangman, to witness that he had but one regret—

And that regret not for his aged mother, not even for his meek-eyed betrothed, not even for the darkness of that hour,—but, said the Martyr,

"*I regret that I have only one life to lose for my country.*"

That was his last word, for ere the noble sentiment was cold on his lips, they choked him to death. The horse moved, the cart passed from under his feet; the Martyr hung dangling in the air! Where was now that clear white brow, that brilliant eye, that well formed mouth? Look—yes, look and behold that thing palpitating with agony—behold that thing suspended in the air, with a blackened mass of flesh instead of a face.

Above, the bright sky—around, the crowd—far away, the free waves—

and yet here, tosses and plunges the image of God, tied by the neck to a gibbet!

Like a dog he died—like a dog they buried him. No Preacher, no prayer, no friend, not even a dog to howl over his grave. There was only a pine box and a dead body, with a few of the vilest wretches of the British camp. That was the Martyr's funeral.

At this hour, while I speak,—in the dim shadows of Westminster Abbey, a white monument arises in honor of John Andre, whose dishonorable actions were, in some measure, forgotten in pity for his hideous death.

But this man of Genius, who went forth from the halls of YALE, to die like a dog, for his country, on the heights of Long Island—where is the marble pillar, carved with the letters of his name?

And yet we will remember him, and love him, forevermore. And should the day come, when a Temple will be erected to the Memory of the Heroes of the Revolution—the Man-Gods of our Past—then, beneath the light of that temple's dome, among the sculptured images of Washington and his compatriots, we will place one poor broken column of New England granite, surmounted by a single leaf of laurel, inscribed with the motto—"*Alas that I have but one life for my country!*" and this poor column, and leaf of laurel and motto, shall be consecrated with the name of

NATHAN HALE.

Do you now condemn Washington for signing the death-warrant of Andre?

The British visited their anathemas upon his head, denounced him as a cold-blooded murderer, and talked long and loud of the 'CRUEL Washington.'

Their poets made rhymes about the matter. Miss Seward, one of those amiable ladies who drivel whole quires of diluted adjectives, under the name of Poetry, addressed some stanzas to Washington, which were filled with bitter reproaches. Even their historians echoed the charge of cruelty, and assailed that Man whose humanity was never called in question.

Let us, after the case of Nathan Hale, look at another instance of British humanity. Let us see how the British leaders spared the unfortunate, let us contrast their ruthless ferocity, with the Mercy of Washington.

XXII.—THE MARTYR OF THE SOUTH.

THERE is a gloom to-day in Charleston.

It is not often that a great city feels, but when this great heart of humanity whose every pulsation is a life, can feel, the result is more terrible than the bloodiest battle. Yes, when those arteries of a city, its streets, and lanes, and alleys, thrill with the same feeling, when like an electric chain it darts invisibly from one breast to another, until it swells ten thousand hearts, the result is terrible.

I care not whether that result is manifested in a Riot, that fills the streets with the blood of men, and women, and little children, that fires the roof over the head of the innocent, or sends the Church of God whirling in smoke and flame to the midnight sky; or whether that feeling is manifested in the silence of thousands, the bowed head, the compressed lip, the stealthy footstep, still it is a fearful thing to see.

There is gloom to-day in Charleston.

A dead awe reigns over the city. Every face you see is stamped with gloom; men go silently by, with anguish in their hearts and eyes. Women are weeping in their darkened chambers; in yonder church old men are kneeling before the altar, praying in low, deep, muttered tones.

The very soldiers whom you meet, clad in their British uniforms, wear sadness on their faces. These men to whom murder is sport, are gloomy to-day. The citizens pass hurriedly to and fro; cluster in groups; whisper together; glide silently unto their homes.

The stores are closed to-day, as though it were Sunday. The windows of those houses are closed, as though some great man were dead; there is a silence on the air, as though a plague had despoiled the town of its beauty and its manhood.

The British banner—stained as it is with the best blood of the Palmetto State—seems to partake of the influence of the hour; for floating from yonder staff, it does not swell buoyantly upon the breeze, but droops heavily to the ground.

The only sound you hear, save the hurried tread of the citizens, is the low, solemn notes of the Dead March, groaning from muffled drums.

Why all this gloom, that oppresses the heart and fills the eyes? Why do Whig and Tory, citizen and soldier, share this gloom alike? Why this silence, this awe, this dread?

Look yonder, and in the centre of that common, deserted by every human thing, behold—rising in lonely hideousness—behold, a GALLOWS.

Why does that gibbet stand there, blackening in the morning sun?

Come with me into yonder mansion, whose roof arises proudly over all other roofs. Up these carpeted stairs, into this luxurious chamber, whose windows are darkened by hangings of satin, whose walls are covered with tapestry, whose floor is crowded with elegant furniture. All is silent in this chamber.

A single glow of morning light steals through the parted curtains of yonder window. Beside that window, with his back to the light, his face in shadow, as though he wished to hide certain dark thoughts from the light, sits a young man, his handsome form arrayed in a British uniform.

He is young, but there is the gloom of age upon that woven brow, there is the resolve of murder upon that curling lip. His attitude is significant.—His head inclined to one side, the cheek resting on the left hand, while the right grasps a parchment, which bears his signature, the ink not yet dried.

That parchment is a death-warrant.

If you will look closely upon that red uniform you will see that it is stained with the blood of Paoli, where the cry for "quarter" was answered by the falling sword and the reeking bayonet. Yes, this is none other than General Grey, the Butcher of Paoli, transformed by the accolade of his King into LORD RAWDON.

While he is there by the window, grasping that parchment in his hand, the door opens, a strange group stand disclosed on the threshhold.

A woman and three children, dressed in black, stand there gazing upon the English lord. They slowly advance; do you behold the pale face of that woman, her eyes large and dark, not wet with tears, but glaring with speechless woe? On one side a little girl with brown ringlets, on the other her sister, one year older, with dark hair relieving a pallid face.

Somewhat in front, his young form rising to every inch of its height, stands a boy of thirteen, with chesnut curls, clustering about his fair countenance. You can see that dark eye flash, that lower lip quiver, as he silently confronts Lord Rawdon.

The woman—I use that word, for to me it expresses all that is pure in passion, or holy in humanity, while your word—lady—means nothing but ribbons and milinery—the woman advances, and encircled by these children, stands before the gloomy lord.

"I have come," she speaks in a voice that strikes you with its music and tenderness, "I have come to plead for my brother's life!"

She does not say, *behold, my brother's children*, but there they are, and the English lord beholds them. Tears are coursing down the cheeks of those little girls, but the eye of the woman is not dim. The boy of thirteen looks intently in the face of the Briton, his under lip quivering like a leaf.

For a single moment that proud lord raises his head and surveys the group, and then you hear his deep yet melodious voice:

"Madam, your brother swore allegiance to His Majesty, and was afterwards taken in arms against his King. He is guilty of Treason, and must endure the penalty, and that, you well know, is DEATH."

"But, my lord," said that brave woman, standing firm and erect, her beauty shining more serenely in that moment of heroism, "You well know the circumstances under which he swore allegiance. He, a citizen of South Carolina, an American, was dragged from the bedside of a dying wife, and hurried to Charleston, where this language was held by your officers—'Take the oath of allegiance, and return to the bedside of your dying wife: Refuse, and we will consign you to gaol. This, my lord, not when he was free to act, ah, no! But when his wife lay dying of that fearful disease—small pox—which had already destroyed two of his children. How could he act otherwise than he did? how could he refuse to take your oath? In his case, would you, my lord, would any *man*, refuse to do the same?"

Still the silent children stood there before him, while the clear voice of the true woman pierced his soul.

"Your brother is condemned to death! He dies at noon. I can do nothing for you!"

Silently the woman, holding a little girl by each hand, sank on her knees; but the boy of thirteen stood erect. Do you see that group? Those hands upraised, those voices, the clear voice of the woman, the infantile tones of those sweet girls, mingling in one cry for "Mercy!" while the Briton looks upon them with a face of iron, and the boy of thirteen stands erect, no tear in his eye, but a convulsive tremor on his lip!

Then the tears of that woman come at last—then as the face of that stern man glooms before her, she takes the little hands of the girls within her own, and lifts them to his knee, and begs him to spare the father's life.

Not a word from the English Lord.

The boy still firm, erect and silent, no tear dims the eye which glares steadily in the face of the tyrant.

"Ah, you relent!" shrieks that sister of the condemned man. "You will not deprive these children of a father—you will not cut him off in the prime of manhood, by this hideous death! As you hope for mercy in your last hour, be merciful now—spare my brother, and not a heart in Charleston but will bless you—spare him for the sake of these children!"

"Madam," was the cold reply, "your brother has been condemned to die. I can do nothing for you!"

He turned his head away, and held the parchment before his eyes. At last the stern heart of the boy was melted. There was a spasmodic motion about his chest, his limbs shook, he stood for a moment like a statue, and then fell on his knees, seizing the right hand of Lord Rawdon with his trembling fingers.

Lord Rawdon looked down upon that young face, shadowed with chesnut-curls, as the small hands clutched his wrist, and an expression of surprise came over his face.

"My child," said he, "I can do nothing for you!"

The boy silently rose. He took a sister by each hand. There was a wild light in his young eye—a scorn of defiance on his lip.

"Come, sisters, let us go."

He said this, and led those fair girls toward the door, followed by the sister of the condemned. Not a word more was said—but ere they passed from the room, that true woman looked back into the face of Lord Rawdon.

He never forgot that look.

They were gone from the room, and he stood alone before that window, with the sunlight pouring over his guilty brow.

"Yes, it is necessary to make an example! This rebellion must be crushed; these rebels taught submission! The death of this man will strike terror into their hearts. They will learn at last that treason is no

trifling game; that the rope and the gibbet will reward each Rebel for his crime!"

Poor Lord Rawdon!

The streets were now utterly deserted. Not a citizen, a soldier, not even a negro was seen. A silence like death rested upon the city.

Suddenly the sound of the dead march was heard, and yonder behold the only evidence of life through this wide city.

On yonder common, around the gibbet, is gathered a strangely contrasted crowd. There is the negro, the outcast of society, the British officer in his uniform, the citizen in his plain dress. All are grouped together in that crowd.

In the centre of the dense mass, beside that horse and cart, one foot resting on that coffin of pine, stands the only man in this crowd with an uncovered brow. He stands there, an image of mature manhood, with a muscular form, a clear full eye, a bold forehead. His cheek is not pale, nor his eye dim. He is dressed neatly in a suit of dark velvet, made after the fashion of his time; one hand inserted in his vest, rests on his heart.

Above his head dangles the rope. Near his back stands that figure with the craped face; around are the British soldiers, separating the condemned from the crowd. Among all that rude band of soldiers, not an eye but is wet with tears.

The brave officer there, who has charge of the murder, pulls his chapeau over his eyes, to shield them from the sun, or—can it be?—to hide his tears.

All is ready. He has bidden the last farewell to his sister, his children in yonder gaol; he has said his last word to his noble boy, pressed his last kiss upon the lips of those fair girls. All is ready for the murder.

At this moment a citizen advances, his face convulsed with emotion—

"Hayne," he speaks, in a choking voice, "show them how an American can die!"

"I will endeavor to do so," was the reply of the doomed man.

At this moment the hangman advanced, and placed the cap over his brow. A cry was heard in the crowd, a footstep, and those soldiers shrank back before a boy of thirteen, who came rushing forward.

"Father!" he shrieked, as he beheld the condemned with the cap over his brow.

One groan arose from that crowd—a simultaneous expression of horror.

The father drew the cap from his brow: beheld the wild face, the glaring eyes of his son.

"God bless you, my boy," he spoke, gathering that young form to his heart. "Now go, and leave your father to his fate. Return when I am dead—receive my body, and have it buried by my forefathers!"

As the boy turned and went through the crowd, the father stepped firmly into the cart.

There was a pause, as though every man in that crowd was suddenly turned to stone.

The boy looked back but once, only once, and then beheld——ah, I dare not speak it, for it chills the blood in the veins——he beheld that manly form suspended to the gibbet, with the cap over his brow, while the distorted face glowed horribly in the sun.

That was his FATHER!

That boy did not shriek, nor groan, but instantly—like a light extinguished suddenly—the fire left his eye, the color his cheek. His lips opened in a silly smile. The first word he uttered told the story—

"My father!" he cried, and then pointed to the body, and broke into a laugh.

Oh, it was horrible, that laugh, so hollow, shrill, and wild. The child of the Martyr was an idiot.

Still, as the crowd gathered round him, as kind hands bore him away, that pale face was turned over his shoulder toward the gallows:

"MY FATHER!"

And still that laugh was borne upon the breeze, even to the gibbet's timbers, where—in hideous mockery, a blackened but not dishonored thing—swung the body of the MARTYR HAYNE.

"This death will strike terror into the hearts of the Rebels!"

Poor Lord Rawdon!

Did that man, in his fine uniform, forget that there was a God? Did he forget that the voice of a Martyr's blood can never die?

This death strike terror into the heart of the Rebels?

It roused one feeling of abhorrence through the whole South. It took down a thousand rifles from the hooks above the fire-side hearth. It turned many a doubting heart to the cause of freedom; nay, Tories by hundreds came flocking to the camp of liberty. The blood of Hayne took root and grew into an army.

There came a day when George Washington, by the conquest of Yorktown, had in his possession the murderer who did this deed; Lord Cornwallis, who commended, nay commanded it: Lord Rawdon, who signed the death-warrant.

Here was a glorious chance for Washington to avenge the Martyr Hayne, who had been choked to death by these men. The feeling of the army, the voice of America—nay, certain voices that spoke in the British Parliament, would have justified the deed. The law of nations would have proclaimed it a holy act. But how did Washington act?

He left each murderer to God and his own conscience. He showed the

whole world a sublime manifestation of forgiveness and scorn. Forgiveness for this humilitated Cornwallis, who, so far from bearing Washington home to London a prisoner in chains, was now a conquered man in the midst of his captive army.

But this Lord Rawdon, who, captured by a French vessel, was brought into Yorktown, this arrested murderer, who skulked about the camp, the object of universal loathing, how did Washington treat him?

He scorned him too much to lay a hand upon his head; from the fulness of contempt, he permitted him to live.

Poor Lord Rawdon!

Who hears his name now, save as an object, forgotten in the universality of scorn?

But the Martyr—where is the heart that does not throb at the mention of his fate, at the name of ISAAC HAYNE?

XXIII.—ARNOLD IN VIRGINIA.

IN the history of the present Mexican war, it is stated, that fifteen women were driven by the bombardment of Vera Cruz, to take refuge in a church, near the altar, their pale faces illumined by the same red glare, that revealed the sculptured image of Jesus and the sad, mild face of the Virgin Mother.

While they knelt there, a lighted bomb—a globe of iron, containing at least three hundred balls—crashed through the roof of the church, descended in the midst of the women, and exploded——

There is not a Fiend, but whose heart would fail him, when surveying the result of that explosion.

So, upon the homes of Virginia, in December, 1781, burst the Traitor, Benedict Arnold.

As his ship glided up James River, aided by wind and tide—a leaden sky above, a dreary winter scene around, the other vessels following in the wake—he stood on its deck, and drew his sword, repeating his oath, to avenge the death of John Andre!

How did he keep that Oath?

He was always excited to madness in the hour of conflict, always fighting like a tigress robbed of her young, but now he concealed the heart of a Devil, beneath a British uniform. The homes that he burnt, the men that he stabbed, the murders that dripped from his sword, could not be told in a volume.

At midnight, over the ice-bound river and frozen snow, a red column of flame flashed far and wide, rising in terrible grandeur into the star-lit sky.—It was only Arnold and his Men, laying an American home in ashes and blood.

When morning came, there was a dense black smoke darkening over

yonder woods. The first light of the winter's day shone over the maddened visage of Arnold, cheering on his men to scenes of murder.

The very men who fought under him, despised him. As the officers received his orders, they could not disguise the contempt of the curved lip and averted eye. The phantom of Andre never left him. If before he had been desperate, he was now infernal—if Quebec had beheld him a brave soldier, the shores of James River, the streets of Richmond saw in his form the image of an Assassin.

Tortured by Remorse, hated, doubted, despised by the men who had purchased his sword, his honor, Arnold seemed at this time, to become the Foe of the whole human race.

When not engaged in works of carnage, he would sit alone in his tent, resting his head in his clenched hand and shading from the light, a face distorted by demoniac passions.

The memory of Andre was to him, what the cord, sunken in the lacerated flesh, is to the Hindoo devotee, a dull, gnawing, ever-present pain.

One day he sent a flag of truce, with a letter to La Fayette. The heroic Boy-General returned the letter without a word. Arnold took the unanswered letter, sought the shadow of his tent, and did not speak for some hours. That calm derision cut him to the soul.

There was brought before him, on a calm winter's day, an American Captain who had been taken prisoner. Arnold surveyed the hardy soldier, clad in that glorious blue uniform, which he himself had worn with honor, and after a pause of silent thought, asked with a careless smile—

"What will the Americans do with me, in case they take me prisoner?"

"Hang your body on a gibbet, but bury your leg with the honors of war. Not the leg that first planted a footstep on the British ship, but the leg that was broken at Quebec and Saratoga!"

Arnold's countenance fell. He asked no more questions of that soldier.

One dark and cheerless winter's evening, as the sun shining from a blue ridge of clouds, lighted up the recesses of a wood, near the James River, a solitary horseman was pursuing his way along a path that led from the forest into a wild morass.

On either side of the path were dangerous bogs, before the traveller a dreary prospect of ice and reeds, at his back, the unknown wood which he had just left. He had wandered far from the road, and lost his way.

He covered his face and neck with the cloak, which, drooping over his erect form, fell in large folds on the back of his horse. The sky was dark and lowering, the wind sweeping over the swamp, bitter cold. From an aperture in the clouds, the last gush of sunlight streamed over the ice of the morass, with that solitary horsemen darkly delineated in the centre.

Suffering the horse to choose his way, the traveller, with his face concealed in the cloak, seemed absorbed in his thoughts, while the sun went down; the night came on; the snow fell in large flakes.

The instinct of the horse guided him through many devious paths, at last, however, he halted in evident distress, while the falling snow whitened his dark flanks. The traveller looked around: all had grown suddenly dark. He could not distinguish the path. Suddenly, however, a light blazed in his face, and he beheld but a few paces before him, the glow of a fireside, streaming through an opened door. A miserable hut stood there, on an island of the swamp, with the immense trunks of leafless trees rising above its narrow roof.

As the traveller, by that sudden light hurried forward, he beheld standing in the doorway, the figure of an old man, clad after the Indian style, in hunting shirt, leggings and moccasins, with a fur cap on his brow.

"Who comes thar?" the challenge echoed and a rifle was raised.

"A friend, who will thank you to direct him to the path which leads into the high road!"

"On sich a night as this, I'd reether not!" answered the old hunter—"How'sever, if you choose to share my fire and Johnny cake, you're welcome! That's all an old soldier can say!"

—In a few moments, looking into the solitary room of that secluded hut, you might see the traveller seated on one side of a cheerful fire, built on the hard clay, while opposite, resting on a log, the old man turned the cake in the ashes, and passed the whiskey flask.

A lighted pine knot, attached to a huge oaken post which formed the main support of the roof, threw its vivid glare into the wrinkled face of the hunter. The traveller, still wrapped in his cloak, seemed to avoid the light, for while he eagerly partook of the cake and shared the contents of the flask, he shaded his eyes with his broad chapeau.

Around these two figures were many testimonials of the old man's skill, and some records of his courage. The antlers of a deer nailed to a post, the skin of a panther extended along the logs, five or six scalps suspended from the roof, bore testimony to a life of desperate deeds. By his side, his powder horn and hunting pouch, and an old rifle, glowed redly in the light.

The rude meal was finished; the traveller raised his head and glanced covertly around the place.

"You seem comfortable here? A somewhat lonely spot, however, in the middle of the swamp, with nothing but ice and reeds around you?"

The old hunter smiled until his veteran face resembled a piece of intricate net work.

"If you'd a-been some five years cap-*tive* among the Ingins as I have been, you'd think this here log hut reether comfortable place!"

"You—a captive?" muttered the traveller.

"Look thar!" and raising his cap he laid bare his skull, which was at once divested of the hair and skin. The hideous traces of a savage outrage, were clearly perceptible.

"Thar's whar the Ingins scalped me! But old Bingimin did n't die jest then!"

"Where were you, at the time the Indians captured you?"

"In Canada—"

"Canada?" echoed the traveller.

"Does that seem pecooliar?" chuckled the old man—"Taken captive in Canada, I was kept among 'em five years, and did n't get near a white settlement, until a month back. I haint lived here more nor three weeks. You see I've had a dev'lish tough time of it!"

"You are not a Canadian?"

"Old Virginny to the back-bone! You see I went to jine the army near Boston, with Dan'el Morgan—You mought a-happened to heard o' that man, stranger? A parfict hoss to fight, mind I tell 'ee!"

"Morgan?" whispered the traveller, and his head sunk lower in his cloak.

"Yes, you see Morgan and his men jined Arnold—you've heered of him?"

The traveller removed his seat, or log, from the fire. It was getting uncomfortably warm.

"Arnold—yes, I think I have heard of that man?"

"Heer'd of him? Why I reckon, if livin', by this time he's the greatest man a-goin'! Yes, stranger, I was with him, with Arnold on his v'yge over land to Quebec! What a parfict devil he was, be sure!"

"You knew Arnold?"

"Wer n't I with him all the way, for two months? Die n't I see him every hour of the day? Nothin' could daunt that fellow—his face was always the same—and when there was danger, you need n't ask where he was. Arnold was always in the front!"

"He was a rash, high-tempered man?"

"A beaver to work and a wild cat to fight! Hot-tempered as old Sattin, but mind I tell 'ee, his heart was in the right place. I recollect one day, we brought to a halt on the banks of a river. Our provisions were gone. There were n't a morsel left. E'en the dogs an' sarpints had run out. Our men set about in squads, talkin' the matter over. We were the worst starved men, that had ever been seen in them parts. Well, in midst of it all, Arnold calls me aside—I see his face yet, with an eye like one of them fire-coals—ses he, "*Bingimin, you're a little older than the rest of us! Take this crust!*" And he gives me a bit of bread, that he took from the breast of his coat. Yes, the Colonel—sufferin' himself for bread—give me the last he had, out of his own mouth!"

The old man brushed his eyes with the back of his hand. The traveller seemed asleep, for his head had fallen on his breast, while his elbows rested on his knees. The hunter, however, continued his story.

"Then you should a-seen him, at the Stormin' o' Quebec! Laws help us! Why, even when his leg was broke, he cheered his men, and fought,

sword in hand, until he fell in a puddle of his own blood! I tell you, that Arnold was a born devil to fight!"

"You said you were captured by the Indians?" hastily interrupted the stranger, keeping his face within the folds of his cloak.

"I carried Arnold from the Rock at Quebec, and was with him when the Americans were retreating toward Lake Champlain. One night, wandering on the shore, the red skins come upon me——but it's a long story. You seem to be from civilized parts, stranger. Can you tell me, what's become of Benedict Arnold? Is he alive?"

"He is," sullenly responded the traveller.

"At the head of the heap, too, I'll be bound! A Continental to the backbone? Hey? Next to Washington himself?"

The traveller was silent.

"Maybe, stranger, you can tell me somethin' about the war? You seem to come from the big cities? What's been doin' lately? The Continental Congress still in operation? I did heer, while captive among the Ingins, that our folks had cut loose altogether from King George?"

The strange gentlemen did not answer. His face still shrouded in his cloak, he folded his arms over his knees, while the old man gazed upon him with a look of some interest.

"So you knew Benedict Arnold?" a deep, hoarse voice echoed from the folds of the cloak.

"That I did!—And a braver man never——"

"He was brave? Was he?"

"Like his iron sword, his character was full of dents and notches, but his heart was always true, and his hand struck home in the hour of battle!"

"The soldiers liked him?"

"Reether so! You should have seen 'em follow his voice and eye on the ramparts of Quebec! They fairly warshipped him—"

"Do you think he loved his country?"

"Do I think! I don't think about it—I *know* it!—But you don't seem well—eh? Got a chill? You trimble so. Wait a moment, and I'll put more wood on the fire."

The stranger rose. Still keeping his cloak about his neck and face, he moved toward the narrow door.

"I must go!" he said, in that hoarse voice, which for some unknown reason, struck on the old man's ear with a peculiar sound.

"Go: On sich a night as this? It taint possible!"

"I must go! You can tell me, the best path from this accursed swamp, and I will leave without a moment's delay!"

The old man was conscious that no persuasion on his part, could change the iron resolve of the stranger's tone.

In a moment standing in the door, a lighted pine knot in his hand, he gazed upon the sight revealed by its glare—That cloaked figure mounted on

the dark steed, who with mane and tail waving to the gust, neck arched and eye rolling, stood ready for the march.

It was a terrible night. The snow had changed to sleet, the wind swelling to a hurricane, roared like the voices of ten thousand men clamoring in battle, over the wilds of the swamp. Although it was in the depth of winter, the sound of distant thunder was heard, and a pale lurid lightning flashed from the verge of that dreary horizon.

The old man, with the light flaring now over his withered face, now over the stranger and his steed, stood in the doorway of his rude home.

"Take the track to the right—turn the big oak about a quarter of a mile from this place, and then you must follow the windin's of the path, as best you may!—But hold, it's a terrible night: I'll not see a fellow bein's life in peril. Wait a minute, until I get my cap and rifle; I'll go with you to the edge of the swamp ——"

"So you would like to know—" interrupted the deep voice of the Stranger—"So you would like to know what has become of Benedict Arnold?"

That voice held the old man's eye and ear like a spell. He started forward, holding the torch in his hand, and grasped the stirrup of the traveller.

Then occurred a sudden, yet vivid and impressive scene!

You hear the winter thunder roll, you see the pale lightning glow. That torch spreads a circle of glaring light around the old man and the horseman, while all beyond is intensely dark. You behold the brown visage of the aged soldier, seamed with wrinkles, battered with scars, its keen grey eyes upraised, the white hairs streaming in the wind.

And then, like some wild creation of that desert waste, you see the impatient horse, and the cloaked figure, breaking into the vivid light, and distinctly relieved by the universe of darkness beyond.

The old man gazed intently for a moment, and then fell back against the door-post of his hut, appalled, frightened, thunderstricken. The mingled despair, wonder, fear, stamped upon his battle-worn face, was frightful to behold.

—The cloak had fallen from the Stranger's shoulders. The old man beheld a massive form clad in scarlet, a bronzed visage disturbed by a hideous emotion, two dark eyes that flashed through the gloom, as with the light of eternal despair.

"*Now, do you know me?*" thundered that hoarse voice, and a mist came over the old man's eyes.

When he recovered his consciousness again, the tufted sward before his hut was vacant. There was the sound of horse's hoofs, crashing through the swamp, there was the vision of a horse and rider, seen far over the waste, by the glare of the winter lightning.

The space before the hut was vacant, yet still that old man with his paralyzed hand clenching the torch, beheld a hideous vision rising against the dark sky—*a red uniform, a bronzed visage, two burning eyes!*

"To-night," he faltered—this brave old man, now transformed into a very coward, by that sight—"To-night, I have seen the FIEND OF DARKNESS—for it was not—no! It was not BENEDICT ARNOLD!"

And the old man until the hour of his death, firmly believed that the vision of that night, was a horrible delusion, created by the fiend of darkness, to frighten a brave old soldier. He died, believing still in the PATRIOT ARNOLD.

Arnold was afterwards heard to say, that all the shames and scorns, which had been showered upon his head, never cut him so thoroughly to the soul, as the fervent admiration of that Soldier of the Wilderness, who in his lonely wanderings still cherished in his heart, the memory of the PATRIOT ARNOLD.

XXIV.—THE THREE WORDS—
WHICH FOLLOWED BENEDICT ARNOLD TO HIS GRAVE.

WHEN we look for the Traitor again, we find him standing in the steeple of the New London church, gazing with a calm joy upon the waves of fire that roll around him, while the streets beneath, flow with the blood of men and women and children.

It was in September 1781, that Arnold descended like a Destroying Angel upon the homes of Connecticut. Tortured by a Remorse, that never for a moment took its vulture beak from his heart, fired by a hope to please the King who had bought him, he went with men and horses, swords and torches, to desolate the scenes of his childhood.

Do you see this beautiful river, flowing so calmly on beneath the light of the stars? Flowing so silently on, with the valleys, the hills, the orchards and the plains of Connecticut on either shore.

On one side you behold the slumbering town, with the outlines of Fort Trumbull rising above its roofs; on the other, a dark and massive pile, pitched on the summit of rising hills, Fort Griswold.

All is very still and dark, but suddenly two columns of light break into the star-lit sky. One here from Fort Trumbull, another over the opposite shore, from Fort Griswold. This column marks the career of Arnold and his men, that the progress of his Brother in Murder.

While New London baptized in blood and flames, rings with death-groans, there are heard the answering shout of Murder, from the heights of the Fort on the opposite shore.

While Benedict Arnold stands in the steeple, surveying the work of assassins, yonder in Fort Griswold a brave young man, who finds all defence in vain, rushes toward the British officer and surrenders his sword.

By the light of the musquet flash we behold the scene.

Here the young American, his uniform torn, his manly countenance

marked with the traces of the fight. There the British leader, clad in his red uniform, with a scowl darkening his red round face.

The American presents his sword; you see the Briton grasp it by the hilt, and with an oath drive it through that American's heart, transfixing him with his own blade!

British magnanimity! Now it chains Napoleon to the Rock of St. Helena, poisoning the life out of him with the persecutions of a Knighted Tookey, now it hangs the Irish Hero Emmet, because he dared to strike one blow for his native soil, now it coops a few hundred Scottish men and women in the ravine of Glencoe, and shoots and burns them to death!

British mercy! Witness it, massacre ground of Paoli witness it, gibbet of the martyred Hayne, hung in Charleston in presence of his son, witness it, corse of Leydard stabbed in Fort Griswold with your own surrendered sword!

Do not mistake me, do not charge me with indulging a narrow and contracted national hatred. To me, there are even two Nations of England, two kinds of Englishmen. The England of Byron and Shakspeare and Bulwer, I love from my heart. The Nation of Milton, of Hampden, of Sidney, I hold to form but a portion of that great commonwealth of freedom, in which Jefferson, Henry, and Washington were brothers.

But there is an England that I abhor! There is an Englishman that I despise! It is that England which finds its impersonation in the bloody imbecile George the Third, as weak as he was wicked, as blind as he was cruel, a drivelling idiot, doomed in his reign of sixty years, to set brother against brother, to flood the American Continent with blood, to convulse a world with his plunders, and feel at last the Judgment of God in his blighted reason, his demoralized family, his impoverished nation.

Behold him take the crown, a young and not unhandsome man with the fairest hopes blossoming round him! Behold him during the idiocy of forty years, wandering along that solitary corridor of his palace, day after day, his lip fallen, his eye vacant, his beard moistened by his tears, while grasping motes with his hands he totters before us, a living witness of the Divine Right of Kings.

And yet they talk of his private virtues! He was such a good, amiable man, and gave so many half-pence to the poor; he even took a few shillings from the millions wrung from the nation, to pamper his royal babes, and bestowed them in charity, mark you, upon the—People whom he had robbed!

I willingly admit his private virtues. But when the King goes up to Judgment, to answer for his Crimes, will you tell me what becomes of the—Man?

There is a kind of Englishman that I despise, or if you can coin a word to express the fullness of honest contempt, speak it, and I will echo you!

Behold the embodiment of this Englishman in the person of George the

Fourth, who after a life rich only in the fruits of infamy, after long years of elaborate pollution, after making his court a brothel the very air in which he walked a breathing pestilence, went groaning one fine morning from his perfumed chamber, to an unwept, a detested grave!

On that grave, not one flower of virtue bloomed; on that dishonored corse, lying in state, not one tear of pity fell. The meanest felon, may receive on his cold face one farewell tear—all the infamous tyrannies, enacted beside the death-bed of Napoleon, could not prevent the tears of brave men and heroic women, falling like rain, upon his noble brow. But will you tell me, the name of the human thing, that shed *one tear*—only one—over George the Fourth?

It is thoughts like these, that stir my blood, when I am forced, to record the dastardly deeds, performed by British herelings in our Revolution.

That single corse of the heroic Leydard, stabbed with his own sword, should speak to us with a vice, as eternal as the Justice of Heaven!

While he laid, cold and stiff, on the floor of the conquered fort, the flames from the burning town spread to the vessels in the river and to the light of blazing roofs and sails, Benedict Arnold looked his last upon his childhood's home.

Soon afterward he sailed from our shores, and came back no more. From this time, forth wherever he went, three whispered words followed him, singing through his ears into his heart—ARNOLD THE TRAITOR.

When he stood beside his king in the House of Lords—the weak old man, whispered in familiar tones to his gorgeously attired General—a whisper crept through the thronged Senate, faces were turned, fingers extended, and as the whisper deepened into a murmur, one venerable Lord arose and stated that he loved his Sovereign, but could not speak to him, while by his side there stood—ARNOLD THE TRAITOR.

He went to the theatre, parading his warrior form, amid the fairest flowers of British nobility and beauty, but no sooner was his visage seen, than the whole audience rose—the Lord in his cushioned seat, the vagrant of London in the gallery—they rose together, while from the pit to the dome echoed the cry—"ARNOLD THE TRAITOR!"

When he issued from his gorgeous mansion, the liveried servant, that ate his bread, and earned it too, by menial offices, whispered in contempt, to his fellow lacquey as he took his position behind his Master's carriage—BENEDICT ARNOLD THE TRAITOR.

One day, in a shadowy room, a mother and two daughters, all attired in the weeds of mourning, were grouped in a sad circle, gazing upon a picture shrowded in crape. A visitor now advanced; the mother took his card from the hands of the servant, and the daughters heard his name. "Go!" said that mother, rising with a flushed face, while a daughter took each hand —"Go! and tell the man, that my threshhold can never be crossed by the murderer of my son—by ARNOLD THE TRAITOR."

Grossly insulted in a public place, he appealed to the company—noble lords and reverend men were there—and breasting his antagonist with his fierce brow, he spat full in his face. His antagonist was a man of tried courage. He coolly wiped the saliva from his cheek. "Time may spit upon me, but I never can pollute my sword by killing—ARNOLD THE TRAITOR!"

He left London. He engaged in commerce. His ships were on the ocean, his warehouses in Nova Scotia, his plantations in the West Indies. One night his warehouse was burned to ashes. The entire population of St. John's—accusing the owner of acting the part of incendiary, to his own property, in order to defraud the insurance companies—assembled in that British town, in sight of his very widow, they hung an effigy, inscribed with these words—"ARNOLD THE TRAITOR."

When the Island of Guadalope was re-taken by the French, he was among the prisoners. He was put aboard a French prison-ship in the harbor. His money—thousands of yellow guineas, accumulated through the course of years—was about his person. Afraid of his own name, he called himself John Anderson; the name once assumed by John Andre. He deemed himself unknown, but the sentinel approaching him, whispered that he was known and in great danger. He assisted him to escape, even aided him to secure his treasure in an empty cask, but as the prisoner, gliding down the side of the ship, pushed his raft toward the shore, that sentinel looked after him, and in broken English sneered—"ARNOLD THE TRAITOR!"

There was a day, when Tallyrand arrived in Havre, hot-foot from Paris. It was in the darkest hour of the French Revolution. Pursued by the blood-hounds of the Reign of Terror, stripped of every wreck of poverty or power, Tallyrand secured a passage to America, in a ship about to sail. He was going a beggar and a wanderer to a strange land, to earn his bread by daily labor.

"Is there any American gentleman staying at your house?" he asked the Landlord of his Hotel—"I am about to cross the water, and would like a letter to some person of influence in the New World—"

The Landlord hesitated for a moment, and then replied:

"There is a gentleman up stairs, either from America or Britain, but whether American or Englishman, I cannot tell."

He pointed the way, and Tallyrand—who in his life, was Bishop, Prince, Prime Minister—ascended the stairs. A venerable supplicant, he stood before the stranger's door, knocked and entered.

In the far corner of a dimly lighted room, sat a gentleman of some fifty years, his arms folded and his head bowed on his breast. From a window directly opposite, a flood of light poured over his forehead. His eyes, looking from beneath the downcast brows, gazed in Tallyrand's face, with a peculiar and searching expression. His face was striking in its outline; the mouth and chin indicative of an iron will.

His form, vigorous even with the snows of fifty winters, was clad in a dark but rich and distinguished costume.

Tallyrand advanced—stated that he was a fugitive—and under the impression, that the gentleman before him was an American, he solicited his kind offices.

He poured forth his story in eloquent French and broken English.

"I am a wanderer—an exile. I am forced to fly to the New World, without a friend or a hope. You are an American? Give me, then, I beseech you, a letter of introduction to some friend of yours, so that I may be enabled to earn my bread. I am willing to toil in any manner—the scenes of Paris have filled me with such horror, that a life of labor would be Paradise, to a career of luxury in France—you will give me a letter to one of your friends? A gentleman like you, has doubtless, many friends—"

The strange gentleman rose. With a look that Tallyrand never forgot, he retreated toward the door of the next chamber, still downcast, his eyes still looking from beneath his darkened brows.

He spoke as he retreated backward: his voice was full of meaning.

"*I am the only man, born in the New World, that can raise his hand to God, and say*—I HAVE NOT ONE FRIEND—NOT ONE—IN ALL AMERICA."

Tallyrand never forgot the overwhelming sadness of that look, which accompanied these words.

"Who are you?" he cried, as the strange man retreated toward the next room—"Your name?'

"My name—" with a smile that had more of mockery than joy in its convulsive expression—"My name is *Benedict Arnold.*"

He was gone. Tallyrand sank into a chair, gasping the words—"ARNOLD THE TRAITOR."

—Thus you see, he wandered over the earth, another Cain, with the murderer's mark upon his brow. Even in the secluded room of that Inn, at Havre, his crime found him out and faced him, to tell his name, that name the synonomy of infamy.

The last twenty years of his life, are covered with a cloud, from whose darkness, but a few gleams of light flash out upon the page of history.

The manner of his death is not distinctly known. But we cannot doubt that he died utterly friendless, that his cold brow was unmoistened by one farewell tear, that Remorse pursued him to the grave, whispering John Andre! in his ears, and that the memory of his course of glory, gnawed like a canker at his heart, murmuring forever, 'true to your country, what might you have been, O, ARNOLD THE TRAITOR!'

In the closing scene of this wild drama. I have dared to paint the agony of his death-hour, with a trembling hand and hushed breath, I have lifted the curtain from the death-bed of Benedict Arnold.

XXV.—ARNOLD: HIS GLORY, HIS WRONGS, HIS CRIMES.

Did you ever, reader, journey among dark mountains, on a stormy night, with hideous gulfs yawning beneath your feet, the lightning enveloping your form, with its vivid light—more terrible from the blackness that followed—the thunder howling in your ears, while afraid to proceed or go back, you stood appalled, on the verge of a tremendous chasm, which extended deep and black for half a mile below?

Did you ever after a journey like this, ascend the last mountain top in your path, behold the clouds roll from the scene of last night's danger, and the eastern sky, glowing with the kiss of a new-born day? Then you surveyed the past terror with a smile, and counter the chasms, and measured the dark ways with a look of calm observation.

So, after our dark and fearful journey over Arnold's life, do we reach the last mountain top, and the day breaks over us. Not upon *him*, dawns the blessed light—ah, no! But upon us it glows, and we will now look back upon the long track of his deeds, the waste of his despair, spread far behind us.

Yes, our journey is near its end. The pleasant valleys of the Brandywine will soon invite us to their shadows, soon we will repose beside their clear waters, and drink the perfume of their flowers, while we listen to the Legends of Battle, and Love, and Supernatural beauty, that rise like spirits from those mound-like hills. Yet ere we pass to those shades of Romance and Dreams, let us, at one bold sweep, survey the life of Arnold, his Glory, his Wrongs, his Crimes.

He was born at Norwich, Connecticut, on the 3d of January, 1740.

At the age of sixteen, he ran away and joined the British army, was stationed at Ticonderoga, but unable to endure either the restraint of discipline, or the insults of power, he deserted and returned home.

He was now the only son of a devoted Mother. Left by a drunken father, to the tender mercies of a World, which is never too gentle to the widow or the orphan, his character was formed in neglect and hardship. He was apprenticed to a druggist, and after his apprenticeship removed to New Haven.

He next became a merchant, shipping horses and cattle and provisions to the West Indies, and commanding his own vessel. In the West Indies, his ardent temper involved him in a duel. His strong original genius, soon led him in the way to wealth; his precipitate enterprize into bankruptcy.

He married at New Haven, a lady named Mansfield, who bore him three sons, Benedict, Richard, and Henry. The first inherited the father's temper, and met an untimely end. The others settled in Canada after the war: the wife died at the dawn of the Revolution.

One sister, a noble-hearted woman, Hannah Arnold, clung to him in all the changes of his life, and never for an hour swerved from the holy tenderness of a sister's faith.

In May, 1775, he shared with Ethan Allen, the glory of Ticonderoga.

In September, 1775, with such men as Daniel Morgan, the great Rifleman, and Christopher Greene, afterward the hero of Red Bank, under his command, together with eleven hundred men, he commenced his expedition through the Wilderness, to Quebec. After two months of suffering and hardship, without a parallel in our history, he arrived at Point Levy, opposite Quebec, having accomplished a deed that conferred immortal honor to his name.

On the last day of the year, 1775, he led the attack on Quebec. Congress awarded him for his gallant expedition and brilliant attack, with the commission of brigadier general.

After the campaign of Canada was over, Arnold was accused of misconduct in seizing certain goods at Montreal. The testimony of the first historian in our country, proves, that in the removal of these goods, he was neither practising any secret manœuvre, nor did he endeavor to retain them in his possession. It is well to bear these truths in mind: the charge of misconduct at Montreal, has been suffered almost to grow into history.

He was next appointed to the command of a fleet on Lake Champlain. The nation rung with the fame of his deeds. On the water, as on the land, his indomitable genius bore down all opposition.

A week before the battle of Trenton, he joined Washington's Camp, on the west side of the Delaware, remained with the Chieftain three days, and then hastened to Providence, in order to meet the invaders on the New England coast.

In February, 1777, the first glaring wrong was visited upon his head. Congress appointed five new major generals, without including him in the list: all were his juniors in rank, and one was from the militia. Washington was astonished and surprised at this measure; he wrote a letter to Arnold, stating "that the promotion which was due to your seniority, was not overlooked for want of merit in you."

While on a journey from Providence to Philadelphia, where he intended to demand an investigation of his conduct, he accomplished the brilliant affair of Danbury.

Congress heard of this exploit, and without delay, Arnold was promoted to the rank of Major General. With an inconsistency not easily explained, the date of his commission was still left below the other five major generals.

We next behold him in Philadelphia, boldly demanding an investigation of his character, at the hands of Congress. The Board of War, to whom all charges were referred, after examining all the papers, and conversing with the illustrious Carrol, (Commissioner at Montreal) declared that the

character and conduct of General Arnold had been groundlessly and cruelly aspersed.

Congress confirmed that report, complimented Arnold with the gift of an elegantly caparisoned horse, yet still neglected to restore him to his hard-won rank. This was the best way that could have been adopted to worry a brave man into madness.

While his accounts lingered in the hands of Congress, Arnold was appointed to command the army then convening in the vicinity of Philadelphia. This duty he discharged with his usual vigor.

At last, chafed by the refusal of Congress to settle his accounts, and adjust his rank, he resigned his commission in these words:

"*I am ready to risk my life for my Country, but honor is a sacrifice that no man ought to make—*"

At this crisis came the news of the fall of Ticonderoga, and the approach of a formidable Army under Burgoyne. On the same day that Congress received the resignation, they also received a letter from Washington, recommending that Arnold should be immediately sent to join the northern army.

"*He is active, judicious, and brave, and an officer in whom the militia will repose great confidence.*"

This was the language of Washington.

Arnold did not hesitate a moment. He took up his sword once more, only hoping that his claims would be heard, after he had fought the battles of his country.

He even consented to be commanded in the northern army, by General St. Clair, who had been promoted over his head. With all his rashness, all his sense of bitter wrong and causeless neglect, on this occasion, he acted with heroic magnanimity.

In the two Battles of Saratoga, the one fought on September the 19th, and the action of Oct. 7th, Arnold was at once the General and the Hero. From 12 o'clock, until night on the 19th, the battle was fought entirely by Arnold's division, with the exception of a single regiment from another brigade. There was no general officer on the field during the day. Near night, Col. Lewis, arriving from the scene of action, stated that its progress was undecisive. "I will soon put an end to it," exclaimed Arnold, and set off in full gallop for the field.

Gates was so far forgetful of justice, as to avoid mentioning the name of Arnold or his division in his despatches. A quarrel ensued, and Arnold resigned his command.

On the 7th of Oct., without a command, he rushed to the field and led the Americans to victory. "It is a singular fact," says Sparks, "that an officer, who really had no command in the army, was leader in one of the most important and spirited battles of the Revolution."

At last Congress gave him the full rank which he claimed.

If ever a man won his way to rank, by heaping victory on victory, that man was Benedict Arnold.

In May, 1778, Arnold joined the army at Valley Forge.

But a short time elapsed ere he established his headquarters in Philadelphia, as Military Governor or Commander.

Here, he prohibited the sale of all goods in the city, until a joint Committee of Congress and the Provincial Council should ascertain, whether any of the property belonged to King George or his subjects. This measure, of course sanctioned by Washington and Congress, surrounded him with enemies, who were increased in number and malignancy, by his impetuous temper, his luxurious style of living, and his manifest consciousness of fame and power.

He had not been a month at Philadelphia, ere he solicited a command in the navy.

It was at this time, that he sent five hundred dollars, out of his contracted means, to the orphan children of Warren, and pressed their claims upon the notice of Congress.—Six weeks before the consummation of his treachery, he sent a letter to Miss Scollay, who protected the hero's children, announcing that he had procured from Congress, the sum of thirteen hundred dollars, for their support and education.—

Soon after he assumed command in Philadelphia, he married Miss Shippen, a beautiful girl of eighteen, daughter of a gentleman, favorable to the King, and an intimate acquaintance of John Andre. This marriage encircled Arnold with a throng of Tory associates. So familiar was the intimacy of his wife with John Andre, that she corresponded with him, after the British left the city and returned to New York.

His enemies now began their work. A list of charges against him, with letters and papers was presented to Congress, by General Joseph Reed, President of Pennsylvania, and referred to a committee of inquiry.

That Committee vindicated Arnold from any criminality in the matters charged against him.

Congress did not act upon their report, but referred the matter to a joint Committee of their body and of the Assembly and Council of Pennsylvania.

At last, Washington ordered a Court Martial, and gave notice to the respective parties.

The accusers were not ready at the appointed time. The trial was put off "to allow them to collect evidence."

Three months had now elapsed since the charges were first presented to Congress.

On the 18th of March, 1779, Arnold resigned his commission.

The day finally agreed upon, was the 1st of June, 1779, the place, Middlebrook.

At this time the enemy in New York made threatening demonstrations, and the Court Martial was again postponed.

Arnold then formed the project of forming a settlement for the soldiers and officers who had served under him. He wished to obtain the grant of a tract of land in Western New York. The members of Congress from that state seconded his wishes, and wrote a joint letter to Governor Clinton, soliciting his aid:

—"*To you Sir, or to our state, General Arnold can require no recommendation: a series of distinguished services, entitle him to respect and favor* ——"

The President of Congress, the virtuous Jay, enforced the same application in a private letter to Governor Clinton. He said—

—"*Generosity to Arnold will be Justice to the State.*"—

These testimonies speak for themselves. Was Arnold without noble and virtuous friends?

Still with the odium of an "unconvicted criminal" upon his head, he was attacked by a Mob, his person assaulted and his house surrounded. In tones of bitter indignation he demanded a guard from Congress, and was refused.

Time wore on, and the trial came at last: It commenced at Morristown, on the 20th of December, and continued until the 26th of January 1780.

He was thoroughly acquitted on the first two charges; the other two were sustained in part, but not so far as to imply a criminal intention. He gave a written protection, (while at Valley Forge,) for a vessel to proceed to sea. He used the baggage wagons of Pennsylvania. These were his offences; for these he was sentenced to be reprimanded by Washington.

At least thirteen months had passed, from the time of the first accusation until he was brought to trial. In the course of this time, he made his first approaches of Treason.

Plunged into debt, he wished to enter the service of the French King, to join an Indian tribe, to betray his country to the British. The French Minister met his offer with a pointed refusal, his mysterious proposition to become the Chief of the red men, was never carried into effect; the only thing that remained, the betrayal of his country, was now to be accomplished.

Supported by powerful influence, he obtained command of West Point. He had corresponded for some months with Sir Henry Clinton, through the letters of his wife to Major Andre. Andre affixed to his letter the signature, *John Anderson*, and Arnold was known as *Gustavus*. Andre from a mere correspondent and friend of the wife, was at last selected as the great co-partner in the work of Treason. He was raised to the position of Adjutant General, and when the fall of West Point was accomplished, was to be created a Brigadier General.

The Conspirators met within the American lines; by some inexplicable mistake Andre failed to go on board the Vulture, attempted to return to New York by land, and was captured by Paulding, Williams, and Van Wert.

He was captured on the 23d of September, 1780. On the 25th, Arnold escaped to the Vulture. On the 2nd of October, at twelve o'clock, Andre was hung.

In May 1781, Arnold returned to New York from Virginia, thus narrowly escaping the capitulation of Yorktown; in September he laid New London in ashes; and in December he sailed from the Continent for England.

—Thus plainly in short sentences and abrupt paragraphs, without the least attempt at eloquence or display, you have the prominent points of Arnold's career before you.

Judge every heart for itself, the mystery of his wonderful life!

A friendless boy becomes a merchant, a man of wealth, a bankrupt, a druggist. From the druggist he suddenly flashes into the Hero of the Wilderness and Quebec, the Victor of Champlain and Saratoga. In renown as a soldier and general, having no superior save Washington, he is constantly pursued by charges, and as constantly meets them face to face. The best men of the nation love him, Washington is his friend, and yet after the torture of thirteen months delay, his accusers press their charges home, and he is disgraced for using the public wagons of Pennsylvania.

Married to a beautiful wife, he uses her letters to an intimate friend as the vehicles of his treason, and afterwards meets that friend as a brother conspirator. Resolved to betray his country, he does not frankly break his sword, and before all the world proclaim himself a friend of the King, but in darkness and mystery plans the utter ruin of Washington's army.

His star rises at Quebec, culminates at Saratoga, and sets in eternal night in the reprimand of Morristown. When it appears again, it is no longer a star, but a meteor streaming along a midnight sky, and flashing a sepulchral light over the ruins of a world.

The track of his glory covers the space of five years.

When we contemplate his life, we at once scorn and pity, despise and admire, frown and weep. His strange story convulses us with all imaginable emotion. So much light, so much darkness, so much glory, so much dishonor, so much meanness, so much magnanimity, so much iron-hearted despair, so much womanly tenderness in the form of Benedict Arnold! In the lonely hours of night, when absorbed in the books which tell of him, or searching earnestly the memorials which are left on the track of time, to record his career, I have felt the tears come to my eyes, and the blood beat more tumultuously at my heart.

If there is a thing under Heaven, that can wring the heart, it is to see a Great Man deformed by petty passions, a Heroic Soul plunged all at once into the abyss of infamy. We all admire Genius in its eagle flight—but who has the courage to behold its fall?

To see the Eagle that soared so proudly toward the rising sun, fall with broken wing and torn breast into the roadside mire—to see the white

column that rose so beautifully through the night of a desert waste, the memorial of some immortal deed, suddenly crumble into dust—to see the form that we have loved as a holy thing, in a moment change into a leprous deformity—Who would not weep?

And then through the mist of sixty-seven years, the agonized words of Washington thrills us with deep emotion—"Whom—" he cried, "WHOM CAN WE TRUST NOW?"

You may not be able to appreciate my feelings when I survey the career of Arnold, but you will in any event, do justice to the honesty of my purpose. Arnold has not one friend, on the wide earth of God, unless indeed his true-hearted sister survives. His name is a Blot, his memory a Pestilence. Therefore no mercenary considerations sway me in this my solemn task. Had money been my object, I might have served it better, by writing certain Traitors into Heroes, and believe me there are plenty of grandchildren, with large fortunes, who would pay handsomely to have it done.

But Arnold—where is there a friend—to pay for one tear shed over his dishonored grave?

Guided by the same feeling with which I investigated the character of Washington, and found it more Pure and Beautiful than even the dull history tells it, I have taken up Arnold and looked at him in every light, and to his good and evil, rendered—JUSTICE.

Those who expect to find in my pages, a minute record of his petty faults—how he burnt grasshoppers when a little boy, or swindled grown men out of fine black horses, when a warrior—will be wofully disappointed.

It may be true that he defrauded some one of the price of a horse, but while we abuse him for the deed, let us at least remember, that he had a strange way of killing his horses throughout the war. It was his chance to ride ever in the front of the fight. Then as he plunged into the jaws of Death, snatching the laurel leaf of victory from the brow of a skull, his horse would fall under him, gored by a chain-shot, or rent by a cannon ball.

It was my intention to have drawn a portrait of his character, in conclusion of this Tragedy, to have compared him with the heroes and accursed ones of olden times, but the pen drops from my hand——

I can only say—

Lucifer was the Son of the Morning, brightest and most beautiful of all the hosts of Heaven. Pride and Ambition worked his ruin. But when he fell, the angels were bathed in tears.

XXVI.—THE RIGHT ARM.

FIFTY years ago, a terrible storm shook the city of London. At the dead of night, when the storm was at its highest, an aged minister, living near one of the darkest suburbs of the city, was aroused by an earnest cry for help. Looking from his window, he beheld a rude man, clad in the coarse

attire of a sweeper of the public streets. In a few moments, while the rain came down in torrents, and the storm growled above, that preacher, leaning on the arm of the scavenger, threaded his way to the dark suburb, listening meanwhile to the story of the dying man.

That very day, a strange old man had fallen speechless, in front of the scavenger's rude home. The good-hearted street-sweeper had taken him in—laid him on his bed—he had not once spoken—and now he was dying.

This was the story of that rough man.

And now through dark alleys, among miserable tenements, that seemed about to topple down upon their heads, into the loneliest and dreariest suburb of the city, they passed, that white-haired minister and his guide. At last into a narrow court, and up dark stairs, that cracked beneath their tread, and then into the death-room.

It was in truth a miserable place.

A glimmering light stood on a broken chair.—There were the rough walls, there the solitary garret window, with the rain beating in, through the rags and straw, which stuffed the broken panes,—and there, amid a heap of cold ashes, the small valise, which it seems the stranger had with him.

In one corner, on the coarse straw of the ragged bed, lay the dying man. He was but half-dressed; his legs were concealed in long military boots.

The aged preacher drew near, and looked upon him. And as he looked, throb—throb—throb—you might hear the death-watch ticking in the shattered wall.

It was the form of a strong man, grown old with care more than age.

There was a face, that you might look upon but once, and yet wear in your memory for ever.

Let us bend over the bed, and look upon that face: A bold forehead, seamed by one deep wrinkle between the brows—long locks of dark hair, sprinkled with grey—lips firmly set, yet quivering as though they had a life, separate from the life of the man—and then two large eyes, vivid, burning, unnatural in their steady glare.

Ah, there was something so terrible in that face—something so full of unutterable loneliness, unspeakable despair—that the aged minister started back in horror.

But look! Those strong arms are clutching at the vacant air—the death-sweat starts in drops upon that bold brow—the man is dying.

Throb—throb—throb—beats the death-watch in the shattered wall.

"Would you die in the faith of the Christian?" faltered the preacher, as he knelt there, on the damp floor.

The white lips of the death-stricken man trembled, but made no sound.

Then, with the strong agony of death upon him, he rose into a sitting posture. For the first time, he spoke:

"Christian!" he echoed in that deep tone, which thrilled the preacher to the heart, "will that faith give me back my honor? Come with me, old

man—come with me, far over the waters. Hah! we are there! This is my native town. Yonder is the church in which I knelt in childhood—yonder the green on which I sported when a boy. But another flag waves yonder in place of the flag that waved when I was a child. And listen, old man, where I to pass along the street, as I passed when but a child, the very babes in their cradles would raise their tiny hands and curse me. The graves in yonder graveyard would shrink from my footsteps, and yonder flag—would rain a baptism of blood upon my head!"

That was an awful death-bed. The minister had watched the "last night" with a hundred convicts in their cells, and yet never beheld a scene so terrible as this.

Suddenly the dying man arose. He tottered along the floor. With those white fingers, whose nails are blue with the death-chill, he threw open the valise. He drew from thence a faded coat of blue, faced with silver, an old parchment, a piece of damp cloth, that looked like the wreck of a battle-flag.

"Look ye, priest, this faded coat is spotted with my blood!" he cried, as old memories seemed stirring at his heart. "This coat I wore, when I first heard the news of Lexington—this coat I wore, when I planted the banner of the stars on Ticonderoga! That bullet-hole was pierced in the fight of Quebec; and now—I am a—let me whisper it in your ear!"——

He hissed that single, burning word into the minister's ear.

"Now help me, priest," he said, in a voice grown suddenly tremulous; "help me to put on this coat of blue and silver. For you see—" and a ghastly smile came over his face—"there is no one here to wipe the cold drops from my brow; no wife—no child—I must meet death alone; but I will meet him, as I have met him in battle, without a fear!"

And while he stood arraying his limbs in that worm-eaten coat of blue and silver, the good preacher spoke to him of faith in Jesus. Yes, of that great faith, which pierces the clouds of human guilt, and rolls them back from the face of God.

"Faith!" echoed that strange man, who stood there, erect, with the death-chill on his brow, the death-light in his eye. "Faith? Can it give me back my honor? Look, ye priest, there over the waves, sits George Washington, telling to his comrades, the pleasant story of the eight years' war—there in his royal halls sits George of England, bewailing in his idiot voice, the loss of his Colonies. And here am I—I—who was the first to raise the flag of freedom, the first to strike a blow against that King—here am I, dying, ah, dying like a dog!"

The awe-stricken preacher started back from the look of the dying man, while throb—throb—throb—beat the death-watch in the shattered wall.

"Hush! silence along the lines there!" he muttered, in that wild absent tone, as though speaking to the dead; "silence along the lines! Not a word, not a word on peril of your lives. Hark you, Montgomery, we will

meet in the centre of the town. We will meet there, in victory, or die!—Hist! Silence, my men—not a whisper, as we move up these steep rocks! Now on, my boys, now on! Men of the Wilderness, we will gain the town!—Now up with the banner of the stars—up with the flag of freedom, though the night is dark and the snow falls! Now—now—" shrieked that death stricken man, towering there, in the blue uniform, with his clenched hands waving in the air—"now, now! One blow more, and Quebec is ours!"

And look! His eye grows glassy. With that word on his, he stands there—ah, what a hideous picture of despair, erect, livid, ghastly! There for a moment, and then he falls! He is dead!

Ah, look at that proud form, thrown cold and stiff upon the damp floor. In that glassy eye there lingers, even yet, a horrible energy—a sublimity of despair.

Who is this strange man, dying here alone, in this rude garret—this man, who, in all his crimes, still treasured up that blue uniform, that faded flag?

Who is this being of horrible remorse?—this man, whose memories seem to link something of heaven, and more of hell?

Let us look at that parchment and flag.

The aged minister unrolls that faded flag—it is a blue banner, gleaming with thirteen stars.

He unrolls that parchment. It is a colonel's commission in the Continental army, addressed to—BENEDICT ARNOLD!

And there, in that rude hut, while the death-watch throbbed like a heart in the shattered wall—there, unknown, unwept, in all the bitterness of desolation, lay the corse of the Patriot and the Traitor.

O, that our own true Washington had been there, to sever that good right arm from the corse, and while the dishonored body rotted into dust, to bring home that good right arm, and embalm it among the holiest memories of the Past.—

For that right arm struck many a gallant blow for freedom, yonder at Ticonderoga, at Quebec, Champlain, and Saratoga—THAT ARM, YONDER, BENEATH THE SNOW-WHITE MOUNTAIN, IN THE DEEP SILENCE OF THE RIVER OF THE DEAD, FIRST RAISED INTO LIGHT THE BANNER OF THE STARS.

BOOK FOURTH.

THE BATTLE OF BRANDYWINE.

THE BATTLE OF BRANDYWINE.

I.—THE GLORY OF THE LAND OF PENN.

Beautiful in her solitary grandeur—fair as a green island in a desert waste, proud as a lonely column, reared in the wilderness—rises the land of Penn, in the History of America.

Here, beneath the Elm of Shackamaxon, was first reared the holy altar of Toleration.

Here, from the halls of the old State House, was first proclaimed, that Bible of the Rights of Man—the Declaration of Independence.

Here, William Penn asserted the mild teachings of a Gospel, whose every word was Love. Here, Franklin drew down the lightnings from the sky, and bent the science of ages to the good of toiling man. Here, Jefferson stood forth, the consecrated Prophet of Freedom, proclaiming, from Independence Hall, the destiny of a Continent, the freedom of a People.

Here, that band of men, compared to whom the Senators of Rome dwindle into parish demagogues,—the Continental Congress—held their solemn deliberations, with the halter and the axe before their eyes.

New England we love for her Adams', her Hancocks, and her Warrens. Her battlefields of Bunker Hill and Concord and Lexington, speak to us with a voice that can never die. The South, too, ardent in her fiery blood, luxuriant in flowers and fruits, we love for her Jefferson, her Lees, her immortal Patrick Henry. Not a rood of her soil but is richer for the martyr blood of heroes.

But while we love the North or the South for their Revolutionary glories, we must confess that the land of Penn claims a glory higher and holier than either. The glory of the Revolution is hers, but the mild light of science irradiates her hills, the pure Gospel of William Penn shines forever over the pages of her past.

While we point to Maryland for her Calvert and her Carroll, to Jersey for her Witherspoon, to Delaware for her Kirkwood and M'Lane—while we bow to the Revolutionary fame of New England and the South, we must confess that the land of Penn has been miserably neglected by history.

It is a singular fact, that while all other States have their eulogists, their historians, and their orators, to speak of their past glory, their present prosperity, and their present fame, yet has Pennsylvania been neglected; she

has been slighted by the historian; her triumphs and her glories have been made a matter of sparse and general narrative.

Our own fair land of Penn has no orator to celebrate her glories, to point to her past; she has no Pierpont to hymn her illustrious dead; no Jared Sparks to chronicle her Revolutionary grandeur.

And yet the green field of Germantown, the twilight vale of the Brandywine, the blood-nurtured soil of Paoli, all have their memories of the Past, all are stored with their sacred treasure of whitened bones. From the far North, old Wyoming sends forth her voice—from her hills of grandeur and her vallies of beauty, she sends her voice, and at the sound the Mighty Dead of the land of Penn sweep by, a solemn pageant of the Past. The character of the Pennsylvanian has been mockingly derided, by adventurers from all parts of the Union. We have been told that our people—the Pennsylvanians—had no enterprise, no energy, no striking and effective qualities. Southern chivalry has taunted us with our want of daring ardor in the resentment of insult; Northern speculation has derided our sluggishness in falling into all the mad adventures of these gambling and money-making times.

To the North we make no reply. Let our mountains, with their stores of exhaustless wealth, answer; let the meadows of Philadelphia, the rich plains of old Berks, the green fields of Lancaster answer; let old Susquehannah, with her people of iron nerve, and her mountain-shores of wealth and cultivation, send forth her reply.

And to the South—what shall be our answer? They ask for our illustrious dead! They point to the blood stained fields of Carolina. They ask, where are your fields of battle? They point to Marion—to Sumpter—to Lee—to all the host of heroes who blaze along the Southern sky—"Pennsylvanians, where are your heroes of the Revolution?"

They need not ask their question more than once. For, at the sound, from his laurelled grave in old Chester, springs to life again, the hero of Pennsylvania's olden time, the undaunted General, the man of Paoli and of Stony Point, whose charge was like the march of the hurricane, whose night-assault scared the British as though a thunderbolt had fallen in their midst.

We need not repeat his name. The aged matron, sitting at the farm-house door of old Chester, in the calm of summer twilight, speaks that name to the listening group of grand-children, and the old Revolutioner, trembling on the verge of the grave, his intellect faded, his mind broken, and his memory gone, will start and tremble with a new life at the name, and as he brushes the tear from the quivering eye-lid of age, will exclaim—with a feeling of pride that a century cannot destroy—"I—I, too, was a soldier with—mad Anthony Wayne!"

Bunker Hill has its monument, New England her historians, South Carolina her orators—but the field of Germantown, and the meadows of Brandywine—where are their monumental pillars, their historians, their orators?

And yet the freemen of our Land of Penn may stroll over the green lawn

of Germantown, mark the cannon-rifts on the walls of Chew's House, hear the veteran of the Revolution discourse of the bloodshed of the 4th of October, 1777—and count the mounds that mark the resting place of the dead, and feel his heart throb, and his pulse warm, although no monumental pillar arises from the green lawn, no trophied column consecrates the repose of the slain.

And when the taunt falls from the lips of the wanderer and adventurer, when the South sneers and the north derides, then let the Pennsylvanian remember that though the Land of Penn has no history, yet is her story written on her battlefields of blood; that though she has no marble pillars, or trophied columns, yet her monuments are enduring and undecaying—they are there—breaking evermore into the sky—her monuments are her own eternal mountains.

Her dead are scattered over the Continent;—Quebec and Saratoga, Camden and Bunker Hill, to this hour retain their bones!

Nameless and unhonored, "Poor Men Heroes" of Pennsylvania sleep the last slumber on every battlefield of the Revolution. Their history would crowd ten volumes like this; it has never been written.

In every spear of grass that grows on our battlefields, in every wild flower that blooms above the dead of the Revolution, you read the quiet heroism of the children of the Land of Penn.

Be just to us, People of the North! Do not scorn our history, Chivalry of the South!

While we gladly admit the brightness of your fame, do not utterly forget the nameless and neglected

HEROES OF THE LAND OF PENN.

II.—THE PROPHET OF THE BRANDYWINE.

THE Alleghanies lifting their summits into the sky, while their sides are gorgeous with the draperies of autumn, and old Susquehanna flows grandly at their feet! This is a sight at once religious and sublime.

The Wissahikon, flowing for miles through its dark gorge, where grey rocks arise and giant pines interlock their branches from opposing cliffs! This is a sight of wild romance—a vision of supernatural beauty.

But when you seek a vision of that pastoral loveliness, which fired the poets of Greece and Rome,—that loveliness which presents in one view, the ripeness of the orchard, the green slope of the meadow, the mirror-like beauty of tranquil waters,—then come with me to the shades of Brandywine!

In the southern part of old Chester County—near the line of Pennsylvania and Delaware—this valley bursts on your eye, in one vivid panorama of beauty and gloom.

It seems as though the hand of God, stretched out from yonder sky, had scattered his blessings broadcast over hill and dale.

A clear and glassy stream, now overshadowed by drooping elm or oaken trees, now open to the gleam of the sunlight, winds along amid the recesses of this valley. Sloping to the east, a plain of level earth spreads green and grassy—a lake of meadow—winding with each bend of the rivulet on the one side, and arising on the other into massive, mound-like hills. These hills are baptized in beauty. Here crowded into one glowing view, you may behold the chesnut, the oak, and the beech tree; here you may see the brown field of upturned earth, the green corn, the golden wheat, the meadowy pasturage.

It is, indeed, a lovely valley.

In the summer time, those ancient farm-houses, scattered along the bed of the vale, look out from amid the rustic beauty of embroidered verdure. Each knoll is magnificent with the foliage of its clustered trees. The wild vine on the rock, the forest flowers scattered over the ground, the grapes drooping in clusters from the tall trees, silence and shadow in the bushy dells, music and verdure on the plain—ah, it is beautiful in summer time, this valley of the meadow and rivulet. Here indeed, the verdure seems richer, the skies more serene; here the hills arise with a more undulating grandeur, than in any other valley throughout the Continent. The Hudson is sublime; the Susquehanna terrible and beautiful; the Wissahikon lone and supernatural in its beauty; but the witchery of the Brandywine is at once quiet, gentle, and full of peace. A sinless virgin with gentle thoughts gleaming from her mild eye, soft memories flushing over her young cheek, grace in her gestures and music in her voice—such is the Brandywine among rivers, such her valley among other valleys!

Far away from the Brandywine, yet within an half hour's ride in the centre of this Garden of the Lord, arises an old-time church.

Here are no towers to impress the soul with images of gloom; no marble monuments to glare upon you through the night; here is no majestic dome swelling up with the sky, with its cross gleaming in the stars. No!

A plain one storied fabric, stands in one corner of a small enclosure of dark green grass. This enclosure is fenced from the field and highway by a wall of grey stone; this fabric, built of the same kind of stone, is surmounted by a plain roof. Such is the Meeting House, such the Graveyard of the Brandywine.

Yet there are certain dim stains of blood upon those walls; there are marks of bullet and cannon ball along that roof.

I never shall forget that calm still hour, when my foot pressed the graveyard sod. It was in the purple glory of an evening in fall. The sky all azure and gold, arched calmly overhead. Around lay the beautiful sweep of hill and valley; here an orchard heavy with ripened fruit; yonder a quaint old farm-house; and far away the summit of the battle hill crowned with woods, rose up into the evening sky. There was a holy calmness, a softened sadness on the air.

Standing by that rude wall, I looked upon the mounds of the graveyard, and examined with a reverential glance, the most minute details of the old fabric, its walls and doors, windows and roof. As I stood there, a stranger and a pilgrim on that holy ground, an old man stood by my side, his wrinkled visage glowing with the last radiance of day. He was grey-haired. His dress was a plain farmer's costume, and as for his speech, although not a Quaker, he said "thee" and "thou."

And while the silence of evening gathered round us, that old man told me stories of the battle-field that thrilled my blood. He was but a boy on the battle-day, yet he remembered the face of Washington, the look of La Fayette, the hearty war-shout of Anthony Wayne. He also had a memory of a wild dusky figure, that went crashing over the field on a black horse, with long flakes of dark hair flying over his shoulders. Was this the Count Pulaski?

Yet there was one legend, falling from the old man's lips, which struck my soul with its supernatural beauty.

It was not the legend of the maiden, who watching the setting moon, in the silence of midnight, beheld a dark cloud lowering over the valley, and thronged with the phantoms of opposing armies.—Nor was it that wild tradition of Lord Percy, whose grave was at my feet. No! It was a legend of a Sabbath day, some forty years before the battle, when Peace stood serene and smiling on these hills, her hands extended in blessings over the valley. It was a legend which impresses us with the belief that God sends his warning voice to the sons of men, ere they pollute his earth with the blood of battle.

More than one hundred years ago—forty years before the battle—the plain walls of the Quaker Meeting House arose in the calm light of a Sabbath afternoon, in the first flush of June.

Here in the stillness of that Sabbath hour, the Quaker brethren were assembled, listening to the earnest words of the preacher, who stood in their midst.

He stood there, in that rude gallery which supplied the place of pulpit and altar, his snow-white hair sweeping to his shoulders, while his calm blue eyes shone with a mild light, as he spake of the Saviour, who hung upon the cross, for the salvation of all mankind.

Yes, in calm and even tones, touched with a deep pathos, he spoke of the life of Jesus. While his accents fell round the rude place—as the breeze of June came softly through the opened windows, as a vision of hill and valley lay there, mellowing in the light of the afternoon sun—his hearers were hushed into deep silence

Yon aged Quaker there—whose white hairs had once been pressed by the hands of William Penn, bent his head upon his staff and listened—yon

bold backwoodsman, standing beside the open window, in his robes of fur, crossed his arms upon his breast, as the story of the Saviour's life broke on his ears; nay, even the wild and wandering Indian, won by the tones of the preacher's voice, dropped his knife and rifle on the graveyard sod, and standing silent and motionless in yonder door-way, listened with a mute wonder to that strange story of JESUS.

And there, listening also to the preacher's words, was woman; yes, woman, with her big eyes dim with tears, her parted lips quivering with suspense, leaning forward with clasped hands as the name of Jesus trembled on her ear—yes, clad in her Quaker garb, yet with all her loveliness about her, there was woman, listening to that story which she is never tired of hearing: the story of the Saviour and the three beautiful women, who watched and wept with him, and when all the world forsook him, still came weeping to his tomb.

Then the old man, in a tremulous voice, pictured the horrors of that awful day when Jerusalem was deserted by her people; while Calvary throbbed with the beating of ten thousand hearts—when the world was dark, while its Saviour suspended to the cross, looked down, even in the moment of his agony, and beheld—*woman watching there!*

Dilating in this great theme, that aged man began to predict the reign of peace over all the world.

"This valley," he said, elevating his form, and speaking in the low deep tone of a prophet, "This valley shall never be stained with human blood!"

His attitude, his voice, that uplifted hand—all were sublime.

As he stood, a silence like the grave, prevailed throughout the Quaker church.

"Here Peace, driven from the old world shall find a home at last. War may ravage the old world, Murder may look down upon its battle-fields, and Persecution light its flames! But here, yea, here in this beautiful valley, shall the sons of men rear at last the altar to the UNKNOWN GOD—that God of Peace, whose face for near two thousand years, has been hidden by the smoke of slaughter. Here shall be reared the altar of peace; this valley shall never be stained with human blood!"

His manner was rapt, his tone eloquent, but even as the word "Peace," rung from his lips, an awful change came over him. He stood there clasping the railing of the pulpit with trembling hands—his brow was damp, as with death-sweat—his blue eye shone with a wild deep light.

The brethren started from their seats in awe and wonder.

"Look!" cried the aged preacher, in gasping tones, "Look! The vision of God is upon me!"

Then his eye was fixed upon vacancy, and in a hollow voice, as though some awful scene of human guilt was before his sight, he spoke this strange prophecy:

"This is a quiet and happy place, my brethren, and the Sabbath sunbeams shine with a mild glow upon your calm and peaceful faces!

"But the day cometh, yea, the Lord speaks, and I hear! The day cometh when those mild sunbeams shall shine through yonder windows, but shine upon heaps of dying, heaps of dead, piled up within these solemn walls!

"The day cometh when the red waves of battle shall roll over yonder meadow—when the quiet of these walls shall be broken by the cry of mortal agony, the groan of the parting soul, the blasphemy of the sinner, dying the death of murder, blood upon his brow, and despair in his heart!

"Here woman shall weep for her husband, butchered in battle; here the maiden shall place her hands upon the cold brow of her lover; little children shall kneel beside the corse of the murdered father!

"The Lord speaks, and I listen!

"The sword shall gleam within these walls; the bullet rain its iron hail upon this sacred roof; the hoofs of the war-horse stamp their bloody prints upon this floor!

"And yonder graveyard—do ye behold it? Is it not beautiful, as its grassy mounds arise in the mild glow of the afternoon sun? The day cometh when yon graveyard shall be choked with ghastly heaps of dead—broken limbs, torn corses, all crowded together in the graveyard of Peace! Cold glassy eyeballs—shattered limbs—mangled bodies—crushed skulls—all glowing in the warm light of the setting sun! For the Lord—for the Lord of Israel hath spoken it!"

This was the prophecy, preserved in many a home of Brandywine.

Years passed on. The old men who had heard it were with their fathers. The maidens who had listened to its words of omen, were grave matrons, surrounded by groups of laughing children. Still the prophecy lingered in the homes of Brandywine. Still it was whispered by the lips of the old to the ears of youth.

At last a morning came when there was panic in the very air. The earth shook to the tread of legions; the roads groaned beneath the weight of cannon. Suddenly a white cloud overspread the valley, and enveloped the Quaker temple. Then groans, shouts, curses, were heard. The white cloud grew darker. It advanced far over the plain, like a banner of colossal murder. It rolled around yonder hill, it lay darkening over the distant waters of the Brandywine.

At last, toward evening it cleared away.

The sun shone mildly over the beautiful landscape; the Brandywine rippled into light from afar.

But the beams of the sun lighted up the cold faces of the dead, with a ghastly glow.

For in the fields, along the slope of yonder hill, down by the spring under the wild cherry tree, in the graveyard there, and within the walls of

the meeting house, were nothing but dead men, whose blood drenched the sod, dyed the waters of the spring and stained the temple floor, while their souls gathered in one terrible meeting around the Throne of God.

The prophecy had met its fulfilment. The valley of Peace had been made the Gologotha of slaughter; the house of prayer, the theatre of blood.

III.—THE FEAR OF WAR.

It was in the month of September, in the year of our Lord, 1777, when the Torch of Revolution had been blazing over the land for two long years, that the fear of war first startled the homes of Brandywine.

For many days the rumor was vague and shadowy; the fear of war hovered in the air, with the awful indistinctness of the Panic, that precedes the Pestilence.

At last, the rumor took form and shape and grew into a Fact.

General Howe, with some 17,000 well armed and disciplined soldiers, had landed on the peninsula of Maryland and Delaware, above the mouth of the Susquehanna. His object was the conquest and possession of Philadelphia, distant some 30 or 40 miles.

To attain this object, he would sweep like a tornado over the luxuriant plains that lay between his troops and the city. He would write his footsteps on the soil, in the fierce Alphabet of blood—the blasted field, the burned farm-house, the bodies of dead men, hewn down in defence of their hearth sides, these all would track his course.

With this announcement, there came another rumor—a rumor of the approach of Washington; he came from the direction of Wilmington, with his ill-clad and half-starved Continentals; he came to face the British Invader, with his 17,000 hirelings.

It became a fact to all, that the peaceful valley of the Brandywine was soon to be the chess board, on which a magnificent game of blood and battle would soon be played for a glorious stake.——The city of Philadelphia, with its stores of provisions, its munitions of war, its Continental Congress.

IV.—THE GATHERING OF THE HOSTS.

It was the 9th of September.

The moon was up in the blue heavens. Far along the eastern horizon, lay a wilderness of clouds, piling their forms of huge grandeur up in deep azure of night.

The forests of Brandywine arose in dim indistinctness into the soft moonlight. There were deep shadows upon the meadows, and from many a farmer's home, the light of the hearth-side lamp poured out upon the night.

It was night among the hills of Brandywine, when there was a strange

sound echoing and trembling through the deep forests. There was a strange sound in the forest, along the hills, and through the meadows, and soon breaking from the thick shades, there came a multitude of dim and spectral forms.

Yes, breaking into the light of the moon, there came a strange host of men, clad in military costume, with bayonets gleaming through the air and banners waving overhead.

They came with the regular movement of military discipline, band after band, troop after troop, column after column, breaking in stern silence from the covert of the woods, but the horses of the cavalry looked jaded and worn, the footsteps of the infantry were clogged and leaden, while the broad banners of this strange host, waving so proudly in the air, waved and fluttered in rags. The bullet and the cannon ball had done their work upon these battle flags!

And over this strange host, over the long columns of troopers and foot-soldiers—over the baggage wagons bearing the sick, the wounded, nay, over the very flags that fluttered into light on every side, there rose one broad and massive banner, on whose blue folds were pictured thirteen stars.

Need I tell you the name of this host? Look down yonder, along the valley of the Brandywine, and mark those wasted forms, seared by the bullet and the sword, clad in rags, with rusted musquets in their hands and dinted swords by their sides——look there and ask the name of this strange host!

The question is needless. It is the army of George Washington, for poverty and freedom in those days, walked hand in hand, over rough roads and bloody battlefields, while sleek faces and broad clothed Loyalty went pacing merry measures, in some Royal ball room.

And thus, in silence, in poverty, almost in despair, did the army of Washington take position on the field of Brandywine, on the night of September 9th, 1777.

And over the banner of the Continental host, sat an omen of despair, a brooding and ghastly Phantom, perched above the flag of freedom, chuckling with fiend-like glee, as he pointed to the gloomy Past and then—to the Unknown future.

On the next day, the Tenth of the Month, the hosts of a well-disciplined army came breaking from the forests, with the merry peal of fife and drum, with bugle note and clarion sound, and while the morning sun shone brightly over their well burnished arms, they proceeded to occupy an open space of ground, amid the shadow of the woods, at a place called Kennet's Square, some seven miles westward of Chadd's Ford, where Washington had taken his position.

How grandly they broke from the woods, with the sunbeams, shining on the gaudy red coat, the silver laced cap, the forest of nodding plumes. How proudly their red cross banner waved in the free air, as though not ashamed

to toy and wanton in breeze of freedom, after it had floated above the fields of down-trodden Europe, and looked down upon the plains of ravaged Hindoostan!

Yes, there in the far East, where the Juggernaut of British Power had rolled over its ten thousand victims, father and son, mother and babe, all mingled in red massacre?

Who would have thought, that these finely-built men, with their robust forms, were other than freemen? That their stout hands could strike another blow than the blow of a free arm, winged by the impulse of a free thought?

Who, gazing on this gallant host, with its gleaming swords upraised in the air, its glittering bayonets shining in the light, who would have thought, that to supply this gallant host, the gaols of England had been ransacked, her convict ships emptied? That the dull slaves of a German Prince had been *bought*, to swell the number of this chivalric band! That these were the men who had crossed the wide Atlantic——with what object, pray?

To tame these American peasants, who dared syllable the name of freedom. To whip these rebel-dogs,——such was the courteous epithet, they applied to Washington and Wayne—back to their original obscurity. To desolate the fair plains and pleasant vallies of the New World, to stain the farmer's home with his own blood, shed in defence of his hearthside.

To crush with the hand of hireling power, the Last Hope of man's freedom, burning on the last shrine of the desolated world!

Who could have imagined that the majestic looking man, who led this host of hirelings onward, the brave Howe, with his calm face and mild forehead, was the Master-Assassin of this tyrant band?

Or that the amiable Cornwallis, who rode at his side, was the fit tool for such a work of Massacre? Or that the brave and chivalric sons of England's nobility, who commanded the legions of the invading host, that these men, gay and young and generous, were but the Executioner's of that Hangman's Warrant, which converted all America into one vast prison of convicted felons—each mountain peak a scaffold for the brave, each forest oak a gibbet for the free!

And here, while a day passed, encamped amid the woods of Kennet's Square, lay the British army, while the Continental host, spreading along the eastern hills of Brandywine, awaited their approach without a fear. The day passed, and then the night, and then the morning came——

Yet ere we mingle in the tumult of that battle morn, we will go to the American camp, and look upon the heroes in the shadows of the twilight hour.

V.—THE PREACHER OF BRANDYWINE.

It was the eve of the battle of Brandywine.

I see before me now that pleasant valley, with its green meadow stretching away into the dim shadows of twilight. The stream, now dashing around some rugged rock, now spreading in mirror-like calmness; the hills on either side, magnificent with forest trees; the farm houses, looking out from the embrace of orchards, golden with the fruitage of the fall; the twilight sky blushing with the last kiss of day—all are there now, as they were on the 10th of September, 1777.

But then, whitening over the meadow, arose the snowy tents of the Continential encampment. Then arms gleamed from these hills, and war-steeds laved their limbs in yonder stream. Then, at the gentle twilight hour, the brave men of the army, sword and rifle in hand, gathered around a Preacher, whose pulpit—a granite rock—uprose from the green hill-side, near Chadd's Ford.

Look upon him as he stands there, his dark gown floating around his tall form, his eye burning and his brow flushing with the excitement of the hour. He is a man in the prime of manhood—with a bold face, tempered down to an expression of Christian meekness—yet, ever and anon, a warrior soul looks out from that dark eye, a warrior-shout swells up from that heaving bosom.

Their memories are with me now; those brave men, who, with God for their panoply, shared the terrors of Trenton, the carnage of Brandywine, the crust and cold of Valley Forge; their memories are with me now, and shall be forevermore. They were brave men, those Preacher-Heroes of the Revolution. We will remember them in hymns, sung on the cold winter nights, around the hearthsides of our homes—we will not forget them in our prayers. We will tell the story to our children: "Children! there were brave men in the Revolution—brave men, whose hearts panted beneath a preacher's gown. There were brave men, whose hands grasped a Bible, a cross, and a sword. Brave men, whose voices were heard amid the crash of legions, and beside the quivering forms of the dying. Honest men were they, who forsook pulpit and church to follow George Washington's army, as it left its bloody footsteps in the winter snow. Honor to those Preacher-Heroes, who called upon their God in the storm and heard his answer in the battle-shout!"

We will sing to their memory in hymns of the olden time; on the Christmas night we will send up a rude anthem—bold in words, stern in thought, such as they loved in the Revolution—to the praise of these children of God.

Washington, Wayne, Pulaski, Sullivan, Greene; there all are grouped around the rock. The last ray of sunset gleams on their uncovered brows.

Far away spread the ranks of the army. Through the silence of the twilight hour, you may hear that bold voice, speaking out words like these.

Come—we will go to church with the Heroes. Our canopy the sky, the pulpit, yon granite rock, the congregation, a band of brave men, who, with sword and rifle in hand, await the hour of fight; our Preacher a warrior-soul, locked up in a sacerdotal robe. Come—we will worship with Washington and Wayne; we will kneel upon this sod, while the sunset gleams over ten thousand brows, bared to the beam and breeze.

Do you hear the Preacher's voice swelling through the twilight air?

And first, ere we listen to his voice, we will sing to his memory, this rugged hymn of the olden time—

HYMN TO THE PREACHER-HEROES.

'Twas on a sad and wintry night
  When my Grandsire died;
Ere his spirit took its flight,
  He call'd me to his side.

White his hair as winter snow,
  His voice all quiv'ring rung—
His cheek lit with a sudden glow—
  This chaunt in death he sung.

Honor to those men of old—
  The Preachers, brave and good!
Whose words, divinely bold,
  Stirr'd the patriot's blood.

Their pulpit on the rock,
  Their church the battle-plain;
They dared the foeman's shock,
  They fought among the slain.

E'en yet methinks I hear
  Their deep, their heart-wrung tones,
Rising all bold and clear
  Above their brothers' groans.

They preached, they prayed to-night,
  And read God's solemn word—
To-morrow, in the fight,
  They grasp'd a freeman's sword.

O! they were brave and true,
Their names in glory shine;
For, by the flag of blue,
They fought at Brandywine.

At Germantown—aye, there!
They pray'd the columns on!
Amen! to that bold pray'r—
"God and Washington!"

Honor to those men of old,
Who pray'd in field and gorge—
Who shar'd the crust and cold
With the brave, at Valley Forge.

On the sacramental day
Press we His cup agen—
'Mid our sighs and tears we'll pray
God bless those martyr-men.

Those Preachers, lion-soul'd,
Heroes of their Lord,
Who, when the battle roll'd,
Grasp'd a freeman's sword.

Grasp'd a freeman's sword
And cheer'd their brothers on—
Lifted up His word—
By Freedom's gonfalon.

Nor sect or creed we know,
Heroes in word and deed—
Bloody footprints in the snow
Mark'd each preacher's creed.

'Mid the snows of cold December,
Tell your son's the story;
Bid them for aye remember,
The Hero-Preacher's glory.

While glows the Christmas flame;
Sing honor to the good and bold—
Honor to each Preacher's name—
The lion-hearted men of old.

REVOLUTIONARY SERMON,

*Preached on the eve of the Battle of Brandywine, (September 10, 1777,) in presence of Washington and his Army, at Chadd's Ford.**

"They that take the sword, shall perish by the sword."

Soldiers and Countrymen:—We have met this evening perhaps for the last time. We have shared the toil of the march, the peril of the fight, the dismay of the retreat—alike we have endured toil and hunger, the contumely of the internal foe, the outrage of the foreign oppressor. We have sat night after night beside the same camp fire, shared the same rough soldier's fare; we have together heard the roll of the reveille which called us to duty, or the beat of the tattoo which gave the signal for the hardy sleep of the soldier, with the earth for his bed, the knapsack for his pillow.

And now, soldiers and brethren, we have met in the peaceful valley, on the eve of battle, while the sunlight is dying away beyond yonder heights, the sunlight that to-morrow morn will glimmer on scenes of blood. We have met, amid the whitening tents of our encampment—in times of terror and of gloom have we gathered together—God grant it may not be for the last time.

It is a solemn time. Brethren, does not the awful voice of nature, seem to echo the sympathies of this hour? The flag of our country, droops heavily from yonder staff—the breeze has died away along the plain of Chadd's Ford—the plain that spreads before us glistening in sunlight—the heights of the Brandywine arise gloomy and grand beyond the waters of yonder stream, and all nature holds a pause of solemn silence, on the eve of the bloodshed and strife of the morrow.

"*They that take the sword, shall perish by the sword.*"

And have *they* not taken the sword?

Let the desolated plain, the blood-soddened valley, the burned farm-house, the sacked village, and the ravaged town, answer—let the whitening bones of the butchered farmer, strewn along the fields of his homestead answer—let the starving mother, with the babe clinging to her withered breast, that can afford no sustenance, let her answer, with the death-rattle mingling with the murmuring tones that mark the last struggle for life—let the dying mother and her babe answer!

It was but a day past, and our land slept in the light of peace. War was not here—wrong was not here. Fraud, and woe, and misery, and want, dwelt not among us. From the eternal solitude of the green woods, arose the blue smoke of the settler's cabin, and golden fields of corn peered forth

* This Sermon was originally published, (before it was incorporated with the Lectures,) with fictitious names attached, etc. etc. There is no doubt that a sermon was delivered on the eve of the Battle of Brandywine, and I have substantial evidence to prove that the Preacher was none other than Hugh Henry Breckenridge, a distinguished Divine, who afterwards wrote "Modern Chivalry," an eminently popular production, and filled various official positions with honor to himself and his country. The Sermon is, I trust, not altogether unworthy of that chivalric band, who forsaking their homes and churches, found a home and church in the Camp of Washington.

from amid the waste of the wilderness, and the glad music of human voices awoke the silence of the forest.

Now! God of mercy, behold the change! Under the shadow of a pretext—under the sanctity of the name of God, invoking the Redeemer to their aid, do these foreign hirelings slay our people! They throng our towns, they darken our plains, and now they encompass our posts on the lonely plain of Chadd's Ford.

"They that take the sword, shall perish by the sword."

Brethren, think me not unworthy of belief when I tell you that the doom of the Britisher is near!—Think me not vain when I tell you that beyond that cloud that now enshrouds us, I see gathering, thick and fast, the darker cloud, and the blacker storm, of a Divine Retribution!

They may conquer us to-morrow! Might and wrong may prevail, and we may be driven from this field—but the hour of God's own vengeance will come!

Aye, if in the vast solitudes of eternal space—if in the heart of the boundless universe, there throbs the being of an awful God, quick to avenge, and sure to punish guilt, then will the man George of Brunswick, called King, feel in his brain and in his heart, the vengeance of the Eternal Jehovah! A blight will be upon his life—a withered brain, an accursed intellect—a blight will be upon his children, and on his people. Great God! how dread the punishment!

A crowded populace, peopling the dense towns where the man of money thrives, while the laborer starves; want striding among the people in all its forms of terror; an ignorant and God-defying priesthood, chuckling over the miseries of millions; a proud and merciless nobility, adding wrong to wrong, and heaping insult upon robbery and fraud: royalty corrupt to the very heart; aristocracy rotten to the core; crime and want linked hand in hand, and tempting men to deeds of woe and death; these are a part of the doom and retribution that shall come upon the English throne and people.

Soldiers—I look around among your familiar faces with a strange interest! To-morrow morning we will all go forth to battle—for need I tell you, that your unworthy minister will go with you, invoking God's aid in the fight? We will march forth to battle. Need I exhort you to fight the good fight—to fight for your homesteads, and for your wives and children?

My friends, I might urge you to fight by the galling memories of British wrong! Walton—I might tell you of your father, butchered in the silence of midnight, on the plains of Trenton: I might picture his grey hairs, dabbled in blood; I might ring his death-shriek in your ears.

Shelmire, I might tell you of a mother butchered, and a sister outraged—the lonely farm-house, the night-assault, the roof in flames, the shouts of the troopers as they despatched their victims, the cries for mercy, the pleadings of innocence for pity. I might paint this all again, in the terrible colors of vivid reality, if I thought your courage needed such wild excitement.

But I know you are strong in the might of the Lord. You will go forth to battle to-morrow with light hearts and determined spirits, though the solemn duty, the duty of avenging the dead, may rest heavy on your souls.

And in the hour of battle, when all around is darkness, lit by the lurid cannon-glare, and the piercing musquet-flash, when the wounded strew the ground, and the dead litter your path, then remember, soldiers, that God is with you. The Eternal God fights for you—he rides on the battle-cloud, he sweeps onward with the march of the hurricane charge.—The Awful and the Infinite fights for you, and you will triumph.

"They that take the sword, shall perish by the sword."

You have taken the sword, but not in the spirit of wrong and ravage. You have taken the sword for your homes, for your wives, for your little ones.—You have taken the sword for truth, for justice and right; and to you the promise is, be of good cheer, for your foes have taken the sword, in defiance of all that man holds dear—in blasphemy of God—they shall *perish by the sword.*

And now, brethren and soldiers, I bid you all farewell. Many of us may fall in the fight of to-morrow—God rest the souls of the fallen—many of us may live to tell the story of the fight of to-morrow, and in the memory of all, will ever rest and linger the quiet scene of this autumnal night.

Solemn twilight advances over the valley; the woods on the opposite heights fling their long shadows over the green of the meadow; around us are the tents of the Continental host, the half-suppressed bustle of the camp, the hurried tramp of the soldiers to and fro; now the confusion, and now the stillness which mark the eve of battle.

When we meet again, may the long shadows of twilight be flung over a peaceful land.

God in heaven grant it.

Let us pray.

PRAYER OF THE REVOLUTION.

Great Father, we bow before thee. We invoke thy blessing—we deprecate thy wrath—we return thee thanks for the past—we ask thy aid for the future. For we are in times of trouble, Oh, Lord! and sore beset by foes merciless and unpitying: the sword gleams over our land, and the dust of the soil is dampened by the blood of our neighbors and friends.

Oh! God of mercy, we pray thy blessing on the American arms. Make the man of our hearts strong in thy wisdom. Bless, we beseech thee, with renewed life and strength, our hope and Thy instrument, even GEORGE WASHINGTON. Shower thy counsels on the Honorable, the Continental Congress; visit the tents of our hosts; comfort the soldier in his wounds and afflictions, nerve him for the fight, prepare him for the hour of death.

And in the hour of defeat, oh, God of hosts! do thou be our stay; and in the hour of triumph, be thou our guide.

Teach us to be merciful. Though the memory of galling wrongs be at our hearts, knocking for admittance, that they may fill us with desires of revenge, yet let us, oh, Lord, spare the vanquished, though they never spared us, in the hour of butchery and bloodshed. And, in the hour of death, do thou guide us into the abode prepared for the blest; so shall we return thanks unto thee, through Christ our Redeemer.—GOD PROSPER THE CAUSE—AMEN.

As the words of the Preacher die upon the air, you behold those battle hosts—Washington in their midst, with uncovered brow and bended head—kneeling like children in the presence of their God.

For he is there, the Lord of Sabaoth, and like a smile from heaven, the last gleam of the setting sun lights up the Banner of the Stars.

VI.—THE DAWN OF THE FIGHT.

IT was the battle day.—The ELEVENTH of September!

It broke in brightness and beauty, that bloody day: the sky was clear and serene; the perfume of wild flowers was upon the air, and the blue mists of autumn hung around the summit of the mound-like hills.

The clear sky arched above, calm as in the bygone days of Halcyon peace, the wide forests flung their sea of leaves all wavingly into the light—the Brandywine, with its stream and vallies, smiled in the face of the dawn, nature was the same as in the ancient time, but man was changed.

The Fear of war had entered the lovely valley. There was dread in all the homes of Brandywine on that autumnal morn. The Blacksmith wrought no more at his forge, the farmer leaned wistfully upon the motionless plough, standing idly in the half-turned furrow. The fear of war had entered the lovely valley, and in the hearts of its people, there was a dark presentiment of coming Doom.

Even in the Quaker Meeting house, standing some miles away from Chadd's Ford, the peaceful Friends assembled for their Spirit Worship, felt that another Spirit than that which stirred their hearts, would soon claim bloody adoration in the holy place.

On the summit of a green and undulating hill, not more than half-a-mile distant from the plain of Chadd's Ford, the eye of the traveller is arrested, even at this day, by the sight of a giant chesnut tree, marked by a colossal trunk, while the wide-branching limbs, with their exuberance of deep green-leaved foliage, tell the story of two hundred years.

Under this massive chesnut tree, on that renowned morn, as the first glimpse of the dawn broke over the battlefield, there stood a band of men in military costume, grouped around a tall and majestic figure.

Within sight of this warlike group—a mound-shaped hill and rolling valley intervening,—lay the plain of Chadd's Ford, with the hastily-erected tents of the American encampment, whitening along its sward.

There floated the banner of the stars, and there, resting on their well-tried arms, stood the brave soldiers of the Continental host, casting anxious yet fearless glances towards the western woods which lined the rivulet, in momentary expectation of the appearance of the British forces.

And while all was expectation and suspense in the valley below, this warlike group had gathered under the shade of the ancient chesnut tree—a hurried Council of war, the Prelude to the blood-stained toil of the coming battle.

And the man who stood in their midst, towering above them all, like a Nobleman whose title is from God, let us look well upon him. He converses there, with a solemn presence about him. Those men, his battle-worn peers, stand awed and silent. Look at that form, combining the symmetry of faultless limbs, with a calm majesty of bearing, that shames the Kings of earth into nothingness——look upon that proud form, which dignifies that military costume of blue and buff and gold—examine well the outlines of that face, which you could not forget among ten thousand, that face, stamped with the silent majesty of a great soul.——

Ask the soldier the name he shouts in the vanguard of battle, ask the dying patriot the name he murmurs, when his voice is husky with the flow of suffocating blood, and death is iceing over his heart, and freezing in his veins——ask the mother for the name she murmurs, when she presses her babe to her bosom and bids him syllable a prayer for the safety of the father, far away, amid the ranks of battle, ask History for that name, which shall dwell evermore in the homes and hearts of men, a sound of blessing and praise, second only in sanctity to the name of the Blessed Redeemer.——

And that name—need I speak it?

Need I speak it with the boisterous shout or wild hurrah, when it is spoken in the still small voice of every heart that now throbs at the sound of the word—the name of George Washington.

And as the sunbeams came bright and golden through the foliage of the ancient chesnut tree, they shone upon the calm face of the sagacious Greene —the rugged brow of the fearless Pulaski—the bluff, good-humored visage of Knox—the frank, manly face of De Kalb—and there with his open brow, his look of reckless daring, and the full brown eye that never quailed in its glance, was the favorite son of Pennsylvania, her own hero, dear to her history in many an oft-told tradition, the theme of a thousand legends, the praise of historian and bard—Mad Antony Wayne!

Standing beside George Washington, you behold a young soldier—*quite a boy*—with a light and well-proportioned form, mingling the outlines of youthful beauty with the robust vigor of manly strength. His face was free, daring, chivalric in expression, his blue eye was clear and sparkling in its glance, and his sand-hued hair fell back in careless locks from a bold and lofty brow.

And who was he?

Not a soldier in the American camp, from the green mountain boy of the north, to the daring Ranger of the Santee, but knows his name and has his story at his tongue's end, familiar as a household word.

And why cast he friends and rank and hereditary right aside, why tearing himself from the bosom of a young and beautiful wife, did he cross the Atlantic in peril and in danger, pursued by the storm and surrounded by the ships of the British fleet—why did he spring so gladly upon the American shore, why did he fling wealth, rank, life, at the feet of George Washington, pledging honor and soul in the American cause?

Find your answer in the history of France—find your answer in the history of her Revolutions—the Revolution of the Reign of Terror, and the Revolution of the Three days—find your answer in the history of the world for the last sixty years—in every line, you will behold beaming forth that high resolve, that generous daring, that nobility of soul, which in life made his name a blessing, and in death hangs like a glory over his memory —the name—the memory of La Fayette.

Matter of deep import occupied this hurried council of war. In short and emphatic words, Washington stated the position of the Continental army. The main body were encamped near Chadd's Ford—the Pennsylvania militia under Armstrong two miles below; the Right Wing under Sullivan two miles above.

This Washington stated was the position of the army. He looked for the attempt of the enemy to pass the Brandywine, either at Chadd's or Brinton's Ford.

He had it is true, received information that a portion of the British would attack him in front, while the main body crossing the Brandywine some miles above, would turn his right flank and take him by surprise.

But the country—so Washington said in a tone of emphatic scorn—swarmed with traitors and tories; he could not rely upon this information.

While the chiefs were yet in council, all doubt was solved by the arrival of a scout, who announced the approach of Kniphausen towards Chadd's Ford.

An hour passed.

Standing on the embankment, which grim with cannon, frowned above Chadd's Ford, General Wayne beheld the approach of the Hessians along the opposite hills.

The word of command rang from his lips, and then the cannon gave forth their thunder, and the smoke of battle for the first time, darkened the valley of the Brandywine.

Standing on the embankment, Mad Antony Wayne beheld the valley below shrouded in smoke, he heard the cries of wounded and the dying!

He saw the brave riflemen, headed by Maxwell and Porterfield, dart down from the fortified knoll, hurry across the meadow, until the green trees overlooking the stream, received them in their thick shade.

Then came the fierce and deadly contest, between these riflemen and the Yager bands of the Hessian army!

Then came the moment, when standing in mid stream, they poured the rifle-blaze into each other's faces, when they fought foot to foot, and hand to hand, when the death-groan bubbled up to the water's surface, as the mangled victim was trodden down into the yellow sands of the rivulet's bed.

Then with a shout of joy, gallant Mad Anthony beheld the Hessians driven back, while the Banner of the Stars rose gloriously among the clouds of battle, and then ——

But why should I picture the doubt, the anxiety, the awful suspense of that morning, when Washington looking every moment for the attack of the British on his front, was yet fearful that they would turn his right wing and take him by surprise?

Suffice it to say, that after hours of suspense, one o'clock came, and with that hour came the thunderbolt.

A wounded scout brought intelligence of the approach of the British, in full force, above the heights of Birmingham Meeting House, toward the Right Wing of the Continental Army. The wounded scout gave this dread message, and then bit the dust, a dead man.

Come with me now, come with me through the lanes of Brandywine; let us emerge from these thick woods, let us look upon the hills around Birmingham Meeting House.

VII.—THE QUAKER TEMPLE.

It is now two o'clock.

The afternoon sun is shining over a lovely landscape diversified with hills, now clad with thick and shady forests, now spreading in green pasturages, now blooming in cultivated farms.

Let us ascend yonder hill, rising far above the plain—yon hill to the north east crowded with a thick forest, and sloping gently to the south, its bare and grassy bosom melting away into a luxuriant valley.

We ascend this hill, we sit beneath the shade of yonder oak, we look forth upon the smiling heavens above, the lovely land beneath. For ten wide miles, that map of beauty lies open to our gaze.

Yonder toward the south arise a ravage of undulating hills, sweeping toward the east, in plain and meadow—gently ascending in the west until they terminate in the heights of Brandywine.

And there, far to the west, a glimpse of the Brandywine comes laughing into light—it is seen but a moment a sheet of rippling water, among green boughs, and then it is gone!

Gaze upon yonder hill, in the south east. It rises in a gradual ascent. On its summit thrown forward into the sun by a deep background of woods, there stands a small one-storied fabric, with steep and shingled roof—with walls of dark grey stone.

This unpretending structure arises in one corner of a small enclosure, of dark green grass, varied by gently rising mounds, and bounded by a wall of dark grey stone.

This fabric of stone rests in the red sunlight quiet as a tomb. Over its ancient roof, over its moss covered walls, stream the warm sunbeams. And that solitary tree standing in the centre of the graveyard—for that enclosed space is a graveyard, although no tombstones whiten over its green mounds or marble pillars tower into light—that solitary tree quivers in the breeze, and basks in the afternoon sun.

That is indeed the quiet Quaker graveyard—yon simple fabric, one story high, rude in architecture, contracted in its form is the peaceful Quaker meeting house of Birmingham.

It will be a meeting house indeed ere the setting of yon sun, where Death and blood and woe shall meet; where carnage shall raise his fiery hymn of cries and groans, where mercy shall enter but to droop and die.

There, in that rude temple, long years ago, was spoken the Prophecy which now claims its terrible fulfilment.

Now let us look upon the land and sky. Let us look forth from the top of this hill—it is called Osborne's hill—and survey the glorious landscape.

The sky is very clear above us. Clear, serene and glassy, A single cloud hovers in the centre of the sky, a single snow white cloud hovers there in the deep azure, receiving on its breast, the full warmth of the Autumnal sun.

It hovers there like a holy dove of peace, sent of God!

Look to the south. Over hill and plain and valley look. Observe those thin light wreaths of smoke, arising from the green of the forest some two or three miles to the southwest—how gracefully these spiral columns curl upward and melt away into the deep azure. Upward and away they wind, away—away—until they are lost in the heavens.

That snowy smoke is hovering over the plain of Chadd's Ford, where Washington and Wayne are now awaiting the approach of Kniphausen across the Brandywine.

Change your view, a mile or two eastward—you behold a cloud of smoke, hovering over the camp fires of the reserve under General Greene; and yonder from the hills north of Chadd's Ford, the music of Sullivan's Division comes bursting over wood and plain.

We will look eastward of the meeting house. A sight as lovely as ever burst on mortal eye. There are plains glowing with the rich hues of cultivation—plains divided by fences and dotted with cottages—here a massive hill, there an ancient farm house, and far beyond peaceful mansions, reposing in the shadow of twilight woods

Look! Along these plains and fields, the affrighted people of the valley are fleeing as though some bloodhound tracked their footsteps. They flee

the valley of the Quaker Temple, as though death was in the breeze, desolation in the sunlight.

Ask you why they flee? Look to the west and to the north west,—what see you there?

A cloud of dust rises over the woods—it gathers volumes—larger and wider—darker and blacker—it darkens the western sky—it throws its dusky shade far over the verdure of the woodlands.

Look again—what see you now?

There is the same cloud of dust, but nothing more meets the vision. Hear you nothing?

Yes. There is a dull deadened sound like the tramp of war steeds—now it gathers volume like the distant moan of the ocean-storm—now it murmurs like the thunder rolling away, amid the ravines of far-off mountains—and now!

By the soul of Mad Anthony it stirs one's blood!

And now there is a merry peal bursting all along the woods—drum, fife, bugle, all intermingling—and now arises that ominous sound—the clank of the sword by the warrior's side, and all the rattle and the clang of arms—suppressed and dim and distant, but terrible to hear!

Look again. See you nothing?

Yes! Look to the north and to the west. Rank after rank, file after file, they burst from the woods—banners wave and bayonets gleam! In one magnificent array of battle, they burst from the woods, column after column—legion after legion. On their burnished arms—on their waving plumes shines and flaunts the golden sun.

Look—far through the woods and over the fields! You see nothing but gleaming bayonets and gaudy red-coats—you behold nothing but bands of marching men, but troops of mounted soldiers. The fields are red with British uniforms—and there and there ——

Do you see that gorgeous banner—do you see its emblems—do you mark its colors of blood—do you see ——

Oh, Blessed Redeemer, Saviour of the world, is that thy cross? Is that thy cross waving on that blood-red banner?

Thy Cross, that emblem of peace and truth and mercy, emblem of thy sufferings, thy death, thy resurrection, emblem of Gethemane and of Calvary! thy cross waves there, an emblem of HIDEOUS MURDER!

Look! The blood of the Nations drips from that flag! Look, it is stained with the blood of the Scot, the Irishman, RED INDIAN, and the dusky Hindoo—it is stained with the blood of all the earth! The ghosts of millions, from a thousand battlefields arise and curse that flag forever in the sight of God! And now—ah, now it comes on to the valley of the Brandywine—it comes on its work of murder and blood!

And there waving in the sun, that cross so darkly, so foully dishonored, courts the free air and does not blush for its crimes!

VIII.—WASHINGTON COMES TO BATTLE.

AGAIN turn we to the South. What see you there?

There is the gleam of arms, but it is faint, it is faint and far away! Hark! Do you hear that *sound?* Is it thunder, is it the throbbing of some fierce earthquake, tearing its way through the vitals of the earth?

No! No! The legions are moving.

Washington has scented the prey—doubt is over. Glory to the god of battles—glory! The Battle is now certain. There, there, hidden by woods and hills, advances the Banner of the New World—the Labarum of the Rights of man! There, the boy-general La Fayette gaily smiles and waves his maiden sword—there, there white-uniformed Pulaski growls his battle cry—there calm-visaged Greene is calculating chances, and there Wayne—Mad Anthony Wayne? Hah? What does he now? Listen to his cannon—they speak out over three miles of forest! That is the welcome of Mad Anthony to Kniphausen, as he attempts to cross the Brandywine!

And on they come, the American legions—over hill and thro' wood, a long lonely dell, band after band, battalion crowding on battallion—and now they move in columns! How the roar of the cataract deepens and swells! The earth trembles—all nature gives signs of the coming contest.

And over all, over the lonely valley, over the hosts advancing to the fight, there sits a hideous Phantom, with the head of a fiend, the wings of a vulture! Yes, yes, there, unseen and unknown, in mid-air, hovers the Fiend of Carnage! He spreads his dusky wings with joy! He will have a rare feast ere sundown—a dainty feast! The young, the gallant, the brave are all to sodden your graveyard with their blood.

Near the foot of this hill, down in the hollow yonder, a clear spring of cold water shines in the sun. Is it not beautiful, that spring of cold water, with its border of wild flowers, its sands yellow as gold?

Ere the setting of yonder sun, that spring will be red and rank and foul with the gore of a thousand hearts!

For it lays in the lap of the valley, and all the blood shed upon yon hill, will pour into it, in little rills of crimson red!

And on, and on, over hill and valley, on and on advances the Banner of the New World.

—Glory to the God of battle, how fair that banner looks in the green woods, how beautiful it breaks on the eye, when toying with the gentle breezes, it pours its starry rays among the forest trees, or mirrors its beauty in some quiet brook?

But when it emerges from the green woods, when tossing on the winds of battle, it seeks the open plain, and its belts of scarlet and snow float

grandly in the air, and its stars flash back the light of the sun—ah, then it is a glorious sight! Then let this prayer arise from every American heart!

Be thou enthroned above that banner, God of Battles! Guard it with thy lightnings, fan it with thy breezes, avenge it with thy thunders!

May it ever advance as now, in a cause holy as thy light! May the hand that would dare pluck one star from its glory, wither—may treason fall palsied beneath its shade!

But should it ever advance in the cause of a Tyrant, should its folds ever float over a nation of slaves, then crush Thou that banner in the dust—then scatter its fragments to space and night, then, then take back to Heaven thy Stars!

But may it wave on and on—may it advance over this broad continent—freedom's pillar of cloud by day—freedom's pillar of fire by night——until there shall be but one nation, from the ice-wilderness of the north, to the waters of the Southern Sea—a nation of Americans and of brothers!

IX.—THE HOUR OF BATTLE.

It was now four o'clock—the hour of battle.

It is the awful moment, when twenty-two thousand human beings, gazing in each other's faces from opposite hills, await the signal word of fight.

Along the brow of yonder high hill—Osborne's hill, and down on either side, into the valley on one hand, the plain on the other, sweeps the formidable front of the British army, with the glittering line of bayonets above their heads, another glittering line in their rear, while the arms of the Brigade in Reserve glimmer still farther back, among the woods on the hill-top——and yet farther on, a Regiment of stout Englishers await the bidding of their masters, to advance or retire, as the fate of the day may decree.

There are long lines of glittering cannon pointed toward the opposite hills, there are infantry, artillery and cavalry, a band of twelve thousand men, all waiting for the signal word of fight.

On that clear space of green hill-side, between the Regiment of horse and the Brigade in Reserve, General Howe and Lord Cornwallis rein their steeds, encircled by the chieftains of the British host.

And from the trees along the opposite hills, pour the hurried bands of the Continental Army, at the very moment that the British General is about to give the word of battle, which will send an hundred Souls to Eternity!

There comes the Right Division of the army under the brave Sullivan, the unfortunate Stephens, the gallant Stirling. They take their position in hurry and disorder. They file along the hills in their coats of blue and buff, they throw their rifle-bands into the Meeting House. With stout hands, with firm hearts, this division of the Continental host confront the formidable army, whose array flashes from yonder hill.

There mounted on his grey war-steed, Sir William Howe looked for a

moment over the ranks of his army, over their forest of swords and bayonets and banners, and then slowly unsheathing his sword, he waved it in the light.

That was the signal of battle.

An hundred bugles hailed that sign with their maddening peals, an hundred drums rolled forth their deafening thunder—Hark! The hill quivers as though an earthquake shook its grassy bosom!

Along the British line streams the blaze of musquetry, the air is filled with the roar of cannon!

Look down into the valley below! There all is shrouded in snow-white smoke—snow-white that heaves upward in those vast and rolling folds.

A moment passes!—

That cloud is swept aside by a breeze from the American army. That breeze bears the groans of dying men to the very ears of Howe!

That parting cloud lays bare the awful panorama of death—wounded men falling to the earth—death-stricken soldiers leaping in the air, with the blood streaming from their shattered limbs.

Where solid ranks but a moment stood, now are heaps of ghastly dead!

Another moment passes, and the voice of Sullivan is heard along the Continental line. From the southern heights there is a deafening report, and then a blaze of flame bursts over the British ranks!

The piercing musquet shot, the sharp crack of the rifle, the roar of the cannon, these all went up to heaven, and then all was wrapt in smoke on the southern hills.

Then the white pall was lifted once again! Hah! The Quaker Meeting House has become a fortress! From every window, nook and cranny peals the rifle-blaze, the death-shot!

And then a thousand cries and groans commingling in one infernal chorus, go shrieking up to yon sky of azure, that smiles in mockery of this scene of murder!—And yonder, far in the west, the waters of the Brandywine still laugh into light for a moment, and then roll calmly on.

Another moment passes! That loud shout yelling above the chorus of death—what means it? The order rings along the British line—Charge, charge for King George!

The Continental columns give back the shout with redoubled echo, Charge, charge in the Name of God, in the name of Washington!

And then while the smoke gathers like a black vault overhead—like a black vault built by demon hands, sweeping from either side, at the top of their horses speed the troopers of the armies meet, sword to sword, with banners mingling and with bugle pealing, fighting for life they meet. There is a crash, a fierce recoil, and another charge!

Now the Red Cross of St. George, and the Starry Banner of the New World, mingle their folds together, tossing and plunging to the impulse of the battle-breeze.

Hurrah! The fever of blood is in its worst and wildest delirium! Now are human faces trampled deep into the blood-drenched sod, now are glazing eyes torn out by bayonet thrusts, now are quivering hearts rent from the still-living bodies of the foemen!

Hurrah!

How gallantly the Continentals meet the brunt of strife. Rushing forward on horse and foot, under that Starry Banner, they seek the British foemen, they pour the death-hail into their ranks, they throttle them with their weaponless hands.

X.—THE POETRY OF BATTLE.

Talk not to me of the Poetry of Love, or the Sublimity of nature in repose, or the divine beauty of Religion!

Here is poetry, sublimity, religion! Here are twenty thousand men tearing each other's limbs to fragments, putting out eyes, crushing skulls, rending hearts and trampling the faces of the dying, deeper down—Poetry!

Here are horses running wild, their saddles riderless, their nostrils streaming blood, here are wounded men gnashing their teeth as they endeavor to crawl from beneath the horses' feet, here are a thousand little pools of blood, filling the hollows which the hoofs have made, or coursing down the ruts of the cannon wheels—Sublimity!

Here are twelve thousand British hirelings, seeking the throats of yon small band of freemen, and hewing them down in gory murder, because, oh yes, because they will not pay tax to a good-humored Idiot, who even now, sits in his royal halls of Windsor, three thousand miles away, with his vacant eye and hanging lip, catching flies upon the wall, or picking threads from his royal robe—yes, yes, there he sits, crouching among the folds of gorgeous tapestry, this Master Assassin, while his trained murderers advance upon the hills of Brandywine—there sits the King by right divine, the Head of the Church, the British Pope!—Religion!

How do you like this Poetry, this Sublimity, this Religion of George the Third?———

And now, when you have taken one long look at the Idiot-King, sitting yonder in his royal halls of Windsor, look there through the clouds of battle, and behold that warrior-form, mounted on a steed of iron-grey!

That warrior-form rising above the ranks of battle, clad in the uniform of blue and buff and gold——that warrior-form, with the calm blue eye kindling with such fire, with the broad chest heaving with such emotion—with the stout arm lifting the sword on high, pointing the way to the field of death—that form looming there in such grandeur, through the intervals of battle-smoke——

Is it the form of some awful spirit, sent from on high to guide the course of the fight? Is it the form of an earthly King?

Tell me the name of that warrior-form?

Have your answer in the battle-cry, which swells from a thousand hearts ——"WASHINGTON?"

XI.—LORD PERCY'S DREAM.

IT was at this moment—the darkest of the conflict—that Lord Cornwallis, surveying the tide of a battle, turned to a young officer who had been detained for a moment by his side.

"Colonel Percy—" said he—"The rebels have entrenched themselves in yonder graveyard. Would that I had a brave man, who would dare to plant the royal standard on those dark grey walls!"

"I will take it," said the young officer, as he gave his golden-hued steed the spur, "I will take it, or die!"

And now as with his manly form, attired in a uniform of dark green velvet, he speeds down the hill, followed by a band of thirty bold troopers, his long dark hair flying back from his pale face; let me tell you the strange story of his life.

Tradition relates, that accompanying the British host, urged by some wild spirit of adventure, was a young and gallant spirit—Lord Percy, a near connection of the proud Duke of Northumberland.

He was young, gallant, handsome, but since the landing of the troops on the Chesapeake, his gay companions had often noted a frown of dark thought shadowing his features, a sudden gloom working over his pale face, and a wild unearthly glare in his full dark eye.

The cause had been asked, but no answer given. Again and again, yet still no answer.

At last, Lord Cornwallis asked young Percy what melancholy feelings were these, which darkened his features with such a strange gloom. With the manner of a fated man, the young lord gave his answer.

(This scene occurred not ten minutes before the battle, when Cornwallis was urging his way thro' the thick wood, that clothed the summit of Osborne's Hill.)

He had left the dissipations of the English Court, for the wilds of the New World, at the request of the aged Earl, his father. That earl, when a young man, had wandered in the wilds of South Carolina—he had tricked a beautiful girl, in whose dark cheek there glowed the blood of an Indian King—he had tricked this beautiful girl into a sham marriage, and then deserted her, for his noble bride in England.

And now, after long years had passed, this aged Man, this proud Earl, had hurried his legitimate son to the wilds of America, with the charge to

seek out the illegitimate child of the Indian girl of Carolina, and place a pacquet in his hands.

This, in plain words, was the object of Lord Percy's journey to America.

And as to the gloom on his brow, the deathly light in his eye? This was the answer which Percy gave to Cornwallis ——

A presentiment of sudden death—he said—was on his mind. It had haunted his brain, from the very first moment he had trodden the American shores. It had crept like a Phantom beside him, in broad daylight, it had brooded with images of horror, over the calm hours devoted to sleep. It was ever with him, beside his bed and at his board, in camp and bouviac, that dark presentiment of sudden death.

Whence came this presentiment? was the query of Lord Cornwallis.

"One night when crossing the Atlantic, one night when the storm was abroad and the thunderbolt came crashing down the mainmast, then, my Lord, then I had a dream! In that dream I beheld a lovely valley, a rustic fabric, too rude for a lordly church and a quiet graveyard, without a tombstone or marble pillar! And over that valley, and around that graveyard, the tide of battle raged, for it was a battle fierce and bloody!

"And therein that graveyard, I beheld a form thrown over a grassy mound, with the life-blood welling from the death-wound near the heart! That form was mine! Yes, yes, I saw the eyes glaring upon the blue heavens, with the glassy stare of death! That form was mine!"

"Pshaw! This is mere folly," exclaimed Lord Cornwallis, as he endeavored to shake off the impression which the young Lord's earnest words had produced—"This is but a vain fancy——"

As he spoke they emerged from the thick wood, they reined their horses upon the summit of Osborne's hill——the valley of the meeting-house lay at their feet.

At this moment Lord Percy raised his face—at a glance he beheld the glorious landscape—a horrible agony distorted his countenance—

"MY DREAM! MY DREAM!" he shrieked, rising in his stirrups, and spreading forth his hands.

And then with straining eyes he looked over the landscape.

That single small white cloud hovered there in the blue heavens! It hovered in the blue sky right over the Meeting House! Hill and plain and valley lay basking in the sun. Afar were seen pleasant farm houses embosomed in trees, delightful strips of green meadow, and then came the blue distance where earth and sky melted into ONE!

But not on the distance looked Lord Percy—not on the blue sky, or glad fields, or luxuriant orchards.

His straining eye saw but the valley at his feet, the Quaker temple, the quiet graveyard!

"My dream! My dream!" he shrieked—"This is the valley of my dream—and yonder is the graveyard! I am fated to die upon this field!"

No words could shake this belief. Seeking his brother officers, Lord Percy bestowed some token of remembrance on each of them, gave his dearest friend a last word of farewell for his Betrothed, now far away in the lofty halls of a ducal palace, and then, with a pale cheek and flashing eye, rode forth to battle.

And now look at him, as with his dark hair waving on the wind, he nears the graveyard wall.

He raised his form in the stirrups, he cast one flashing glance over his trooper band, robed in forest green, and then his eye was fixed upon the graveyard.

All was silent there! Not a shot from the windows—not a rifle-blaze from the dark grey wall. There was that dark grey wall rising some thirty paces distant—there were the green mounds, softened by the rays of the sun, pouring from that parted cloud, and there back in the graveyard, under the shelter of trees, there is ranged a warrior-band, clad like his own in forest green, and with the form of a proud chieftain, mounted on a gold-hued steed, towering in their midst.

That chieftain was Captain Waldemar, a brave partizan leader from the wild hills of the Santee. His bronzed cheek, his long dark hair, his well-proportioned form, his keen dark eye, all mark his relationship to the Indian girl of Carolina.

Little does Lord Percy think, as he rides madly toward that graveyard, that there that half-Indian brother is waiting for him, with bullet and sword.

On with the impulse of an avalanche sweep the British troopers—behind them follow the infantry with fixed bayonets—before them is nothing but the peaceful graveyard sward.

They reach the wall, their horses are rearing for the leap—

When lo! What means this miracle?

Starting from the very earth, a long line of bold backwoodsmen start up from behind the wall, their rifles poised at the shoulder, and that aim of death securely taken!

A sheet of fire gleamed over the graveyard wall pouring full into the faces of the British soldiers—clouds of pale blue smoke went rolling up to heaven, and as they took their way aloft, this horrid sight was seen.

Where thirty bold troopers, but a moment ago rushed forward, breasting the graveyard wall, now were seen, thirty mad war-horses, rearing wildly aloft, and trampling their riders' faces in the dust.

Lord Percy was left alone with the British Banner in his hand, his horse's hoofs upon the wall!

"On Britons, on," shrieked Percy, turning in wild haste to the advancing columns of infantry—"On and revenge your comrades!"

At the same moment, from the farther extreme of the graveyard, was heard the deep-toned shout—

"Riders of Santee upon these British robbers! Upon these British robbers, who redden our soil with the blood of its children!"

And then the British infantry, and then other bands of British troopers came pouring over that fatal wall, upon the graveyard sward!

Then crashing on—one fierce bolt of battle—that band of Rangers burst upon the British bayonets; there was crossing of swords and waving of banners—steeds mingled with steeds—green uniforms with green uniforms, and scarlet with green—now right now left—now backward now forward, whirled the fiery whirlpool of that fight—and there, seen clearly and distinctly amid the bloody turmoil of that battle, two forms clad in green and gold, mounted on golden-hued steeds, with a gallant band of sworn brothers all around them, fought their way to each other's hearts!

Percy and the dark-visaged Partizan Waldemar, met in battle!

Unknown to each other, the Brothers crossed their swords—the child of the proud English Countess, and the son of the wild Indian girl! Both mounted on golden-hued steeds, both attired in dark green velvet, that strange resemblance of brotherhood stamped on each face, they met in deadly combat!

Say was not this Fate?

Their swords crossed rose and fell—there was a rapid sound of clashing steel, and then with his brother's sword driven through his heart, Lord Percy fell!

The Indian girl was avenged.

A wild whirl of the fight separated Captain Waldemar from his brother, but when the battle was past, in the deep silence of that night, which brooded over the battle-slain, this son of the Indian woman sought out the corse of the English Lord from the heaps of dead. Bending slowly down by the light of the moon, he perused the pale face of Lord Percy; he tore the pacquet from his bosom, he read the testimonial of his mother's marriage, he read the offers of favor and patronage, from the old Earl to the Indian woman's son.

Then he knew that he held the body of a dead brother in his arms. Then he tore those offers of favor into rags, but placed the marriage testimonial close to his heart.

Then he—that half Indian man, in whose veins flowed the blood of a long line of Indian kings mingling with the royal blood of England, he with tears in his dark eyes, scooped a grave for his brother, and buried him there.

And that fair young maiden gazing from the window of that ducal palace, far away yonder in the English Isle, that fair young maiden, whose long hair sweeps her rose-bud cheeks with locks of midnight darkness—look how her deep dark eyes are fixed upon the western sky?

She awaits the return of her betrothed, the gallant Lord Percy. She gazes to the west, and counts the hours that will elapse ere his coming!

Ah she will count the weeks and the months and the years, and yet he will not come.

He will not come, for deep under the blood-drenched earth of Brandywine, he the young, the gallant, the brave, rots and moulders into dust.

And she shall wait there many a weary hour, while her dark eye, dilating with expectation, is fixed upon that western sky! Ah that eye shall grow dim, that cheek will pale, and yet her betrothed will not come!

Ah while her eye gleams, while her heart throbs as if to greet his coming footstep, the graveworm is feasting upon his manly brow!

And there, in that lonely graveyard of Brandywine, without a stone to mark his last resting place, unhonored and unwept, the gallant Percy moulders into dust!

XII.—THE LAST HOUR.

Meanwhile the terror of the fight darkened around the Quaker Temple.

There is a moment of blood and horror. They fight each man of them as though the issue of the field depended upon his separate hand and blow—but in vain, in vain!

The enemy swarm from the opposite hills, they rush forward in mighty columns superior in force, superior in arms to the brave Continential Yeomen.

Again they advance to the charge—again they breast the foe—they drive him back—they leap upon his bayonets—they turn the tide of fight by one gallant effort—but now! They waver, they fall back, Sullivan beholds his Right Wing in confusion—but why need I pursue the dark history further?

Why need I tell how Washington came hurrying on to the rescue of his army, with the reserve under General Greene? How all his efforts of superhuman courage were in vain? How Pulaski thundered into the British ranks, and with his white-coated troopers at his back, hewed a way for himself thro' that fiery battle, leaving piles of dead men on either side?

Suffice it to say, that overpowered by the superior force of the enemy, the continental army retreated toward the south. Suffice it to say, that the British bought the mere possession of the field, with a good round treasure of men and blood—That if Washington could not conquer the enemy, he at all events saved his army and crippled his foe.

And there, as the American army swept toward Chester, there rushing upon the very bayonets of the pursuing enemy was that gallant boy of nineteen, imploring the disheartened fugitives to make one effort more, to strike yet another blow!

It was in vain! While his warm arm was yet raised on high, while his voice yet arose in the shout for Washington and freedom, La Fayette was wounded near the ancle by a musket ball. The blood of old France flowed warmly in the veins of that gallant boy!

That glorious French blood of Charlemagne, of Conde, of Navarre,

that glorious French blood, which in aftertime, making one wide channel of the whole earth, flowed on in a mighty river—on to triumph, bearing Napoleon on its gory waves!

Ah there was warm and generous blood flowing in the veins of that gallant boy of France!

Oh tell me you, who are always ready with the sneer, when a young man tries to do some great deed, tries with a sincere heart and steady hand to carve himself a name upon the battlements of time—oh tell me, have you no sneer for this boy at Brandywine? This boy La Fayette, who left the repose of that young wife's bosom, to fight the battles of a strange people in a far land?

There was a General Howe, my friends, who invited some ladies to take supper one night in Philadelphia, with this boy La Fayette, and then sent his troops out to Barren Hill, to trap him and bring him in,—but my friends, that night the ladies ate their viands cold, for Sir William failed to —"CATCH THE BOY."

There was a Lord Cornwallis, who having encircled the French Marquis with his troops, there in the forests of Virginia, wrote boastingly home to his king, that he might soon expect a raree-show, for he was determined to "CATCH THIS BOY," and send him home to London. The king had his raree-show, but it was the news of my Lord Cornwallis's surrender at Yorktown, but as for La Fayette, he never saw him, for my Lord Cornwallis failed to "Catch the Boy."

XIII.—PULASKI.

IT was at the battle of Brandywine that Count Pulaski appeared in all his glory.

As he rode, charging there, into the thickest of the battle, he was a warrior to look upon but once, and never forget.

Mounted on a large black horse, whose strength and beauty of shape made you forget the plainness of his caparison, Pulaski himself, with a form six feet in height, massive chest and limbs of iron, was attired in a white uniform, that was seen from afar, relieved by the black clouds of battle. His face, grim with the scars of Poland, was the face of a man who had seen much trouble, endured much wrong. It was stamped with an expression of abiding melancholy. Bronzed in hue, lighted by large dark eyes, with the lip darkened by a thick moustache, his throat and chin were covered with a heavy beard, while his hair fell in raven masses, from beneath his trooper's cap, shielded with a ridge of glittering steel. His hair and beard were of the same hue.

The sword that hung by his side, fashioned of tempered steel, with a hilt of iron, was one that a warrior alone could lift.

It was in this array he rode to battle, followed by a band of three hun-

dred men, whose faces, burnt with the scorching of a tropical sun, or hardened by northern snows, bore the scars of many a battle. They were mostly Europeans; some Germans, some Polanders, some deserters from the British army. These were the men to fight. To be taken by the British would be death, and death on the gibbet; therefore, they fought their best and fought to the last gasp, rather than mutter a word about "quarter."

When they charged it was as one man, their three hundred swords flashing over their heads, against the clouds of battle. They came down upon the enemy in terrible silence, without a word spoken, not even a whisper. You could hear the tramp of their steeds, you could hear the rattling of their scabbards, but that was all.

Yet when they closed with the British, you could hear a noise like the echo of a hundred hammers, beating the hot iron on the anvil. You could see Pulaski himself, riding yonder in his white uniform, his black steed rearing aloft, as turning his head over his shoulder he spoke to his men:

"FORWARTS, BRUDERN, FORWARTS!"

It was but broken German, yet they understood it, those three hundred men of sunburnt face, wounds and gashes. With one burst they crashed upon the enemy. For a few moments they used their swords, and then the ground was covered with dead, while the living enemy scattered in panic before their path.

It was on this battle-day of Brandywine that the Count was in his glory. He understood but little English, so he spake what he had to say with the edge of his sword. It was a severe Lexicon, but the British soon learned to read it, and to know it, and fear it. All over the field, from yonder Quaker meeting-house, away to the top of Osborne's Hill, the soldiers of the enemy saw Pulaski come, and learned to know his name by heart.

That white uniform, that bronzed visage, that black horse with burning eye and quivering nostrils, they knew the warrior well; they trembled when they heard him say:

"Forwarts, Brüdern, forwarts!"

It was in the Retreat of Brandywine, that the Polander was most terrible. It was when the men of Sullivan—badly armed, poorly fed, shabbily clad—gave way, step by step, before the overwhelming discipline of the British host, that Pulaski looked like a battle-fiend, mounted on his demon-steed.

His cap had fallen from his brow. His bared head shone in an occasional sunbeam, or grew crimson with a flash from the cannon or rifle. His white uniform was rent and stained; in fact, from head to foot, he was covered with dust and blood.

Still his right arm was free—still it rose there, executing a British hireling when it fell—still his voice was heard, hoarse and husky, but strong in its every tone—"Forwarts, Brüdern!"

He beheld the division of Sullivan retreating from the field; he saw the

British yonder, stripping their coats from their backs in the madness of pursuit. He looked to the South, for Washington, who, with the reserve, under Greene, was hurrying to the rescue, but the American Chief was not in view.

Then Pulaski was convulsed with rage.

He rode madly upon the bayonets of the pursuing British, his sword gathering victim after victim; even there, in front of their whole army, he flung his steed across the path of the retreating Americans, he besought them, in broken English, to turn, to make one more effort; he shouted in hoarse tones that the day was not yet lost!

They did not understand his words, but the tones in which he spoke thrilled their blood.

That picture, too, standing out from the clouds of battle—a warrior, convulsed with passion, covered with blood, leaning over the neck of his steed, while his eyes seemed turned to fire, and the muscles of his bronzed face writhed like serpents—that picture, I say, filled many a heart with new courage, nerved many a wounded arm for the fight again.

Those retreating men turned, they faced the enemy again—like greyhounds at bay before the wolf—they sprang upon the necks of the foe, and bore them down by one desperate charge.

It was at this moment that Washington came rushing on once more to the battle.

Those people know but little of the American General who call him the American Fabius, that is, a general compounded of prudence and caution, with but a spark of enterprise. American Fabius! When you will show me that the Roman Fabius had a heart of fire, nerves of steel, a soul that hungered for the charge, an enterprise that rushed from the wilds like the Skippack, upon an army like the British at Germantown, or started from ice and snow, like that which lay across the Delaware, upon hordes like those of the Hessians, at Trenton—then I will lower Washington down into Fabius. This comparison of our heroes, with the barbarian demi-gods of Rome, only illustrates the poverty of the mind that makes it.

Compare Brutus, the assassin of his friend, with Washington, the Saviour of the People! Cicero, the opponent of Cataline, with Henry, the Champion of a Continent! What beggary of thought! Let us learn to be a little independent, to know our great men, as they were, not by comparison with the barbarian heroes of old Rome.

Let us learn that Washington was no *negative* thing, but all chivalry and genius.

It was in the battle of Brandywine that this truth was made plain. He came rushing on to battle. He beheld his men hewn down by the British; he heard them shriek his name, and regardless of his personal safety, he rushed to join them.

Yes, it was in the dread havoc of that retreat that Washington, rushing

forward into the very centre of the melee, was entangled in the enemy's troops, on the top of a high hill, south-west of the Meeting House, while Pulaski was sweeping on with his grim smile, to have one more bout with the eager red coats.

Washington was in terrible danger—his troops were rushing to the south—the British troopers came sweeping up the hill and around him—while Pulaski, on a hill some hundred yards distant, was scattering a parting blessing among the hordes of Hanover.

It was a glorious prize, this MISTER Washington, in the heart of the British army.

Suddenly the Polander turned—his eye caught the sight of the iron grey and his rider. He turned to his troopers; his whiskered lip wreathed with a grim smile—he waved his sword—he pointed to the iron grey and its rider.

There was but one moment:

With one impulse that iron band wheeled their war horses, and then a dark body, solid and compact was speeding over the valley like a thunderbolt torn from the earth—three hundred swords rose glittering in a faint glimpse of sunlight—and in front of the avalanche, with his form raised to its full height, a dark frown on his brow, a fierce smile on his lip, rode Pulaski. Like a spirit roused into life by the thunderbolt, he rode—his eyes were fixed upon the iron grey and its rider—his band had but one look, one will, one shout for—WASHINGTON!

The British troops had encircled the American leader—already they felt secure of their prey—already the head of that traitor, Washington, seemed to yawn above the gates of London.

But that trembling of the earth in the valley, yonder. What means it?

That terrible beating of hoofs, what does it portend?

That ominous silence—and now that shout—not of words nor of names, but that half yell, half hurrah, which shrieks from the Iron Men, as they scent their prey? What means it all?

Pulaski is on our track! The terror of the British army is in our wake!

And on he came—he and his gallant band. A moment and he had swept over the Britishers—crushed—mangled, dead and dying they strewed the green sod—he had passed over the hill, he had passed the form of Washington.

Another moment! And the iron band had wheeled—back in the same career of death they came! Routed, defeated, crushed, the red coats flee from the hill, while the iron band sweep round the form of George Washington—they encircle him with their forms of oak, their swords of steel—the shout of his name shrieks through the air, and away to the American host they bear him in all a soldier's battle joy.

It was at Savannah, that night came down upon Pulaski.

Yes, I see him now, under the gloom of night, riding forward towards yonder ramparts, his black steed rearing aloft, while two hundred of his iron men follow at his back.

Right on, neither looking to right or left, he rides, his eye fixed upon the cannon of the British, his sword gleaming over his head.

For the last time, they heard that war cry —

"Forwarts, Brudern, forwarts!"

Then they saw that black horse plunging forward, his forefeet resting on the cannon of the enemy, while his warrior-rider arose in all the pride of his form, his face bathed in a flush of red light.

That flash once gone, they saw Pulaski no more. But they found him, yes, beneath the enemy's cannon, crushed by the same gun that killed his steed—yes, they found them, the horse and rider, resting together in death, that noble face glaring in the midnight sky with glassy eyes.

So in his glory he died. He died while America and Poland were yet in chains. He died, in the stout hope, that both would one day, be free. With regard to America, his hope has been fulfilled, but Poland ——

Tell me, shall not the day come, when yonder monument—erected by those warm Southern hearts, near Savannah—will yield up its dead?

For Poland will be free at last, as sure as God is just, as sure as he governs the Universe. Then, when re-created Poland rears her Eagle aloft again, among the banners of nations, will her children come to Savannah, to gather up the ashes of their hero, and bear him home, with the chaunt of priests, with the thunder of cannon, with the tears of millions, even as repentant France bore home her own Napoleon.

Yes, the day is coming, when Kosciusko and Pulaski will sleep side by side, beneath the soil of RE-CREATED POLAND.

XIV.—WASHINGTON'S LAST CHARGE AT BRANDYWINE.

THEY tell us that he was cold, calm, passionless; a heart of ice and a face of marble.

Such is the impression which certain men, claiming the title of Philosopher and Historian, have scattered to the world, concerning our own Washington.

They compare him with the great man of France. Yes, they say Napoleon was a man of genius, but Washington a man of talent. Napoleon was all fire, energy, sublimity; Washington was a very good man, it is true, but cold, calculating, common-place.

While they tell the mass of the people that Washington was a saint, nay, almost a demi-god, they draw a curtain over his heart, they hide from us, under piles of big words and empty phrases, WASHINGTON THE MAN.

You may take the demi-god if you like, and vapor away whole volumes

of verbose admiration on a shadow, but for my part, give me Washington the Man.

He *was* a Man. The blood that flowed in his veins, was no Greenland current of half-melted ice, but the warm blood of the South; fiery as its sun, impetuous as its rivers. His was the undying love for a friend; his, the unfathomable scorn for a mean enemy; his, the inexpressible indignation when the spirit of party—that crawling thing, half-snake, half-ape—began to bite his heel.

I like to look at Washington the Man. Nay, even at Washington the Boy, dressed in plain backwoodsman's shirt and moccasins, struggling for his life, yonder on the raft, tossed to and fro by the waves and ice of Alleghany river.

Or at Washington the young General, sitting in his camp at Cambridge, the map of the New World before him, as sword by his side, and pen in hand, he planned the conquest of the Continent.

Or yet again, I love to behold Washington the Despised Rebel, sitting so calm and serene, among those wintry hills of Valley Forge, while the Pestilence thins his camp and Treason plots its schemes for his ruin in Congress. Yes, I love to look upon him, even as he receives the letter announcing the Cabal, which has been formed by dishonest and ambitious men, for his destruction; I see the scorn flush his cheek and fire his eye; I hear the words of indignation ring from his lips; as I look, his broad chest heaves, his clenched hand grasps his sword.

And yet in a moment, he is calm again; he has subdued his feelings of indignation, not because they are unjust, but from the sublime reason that the Cause in which he is engaged is too high, too holy, for any impulse of personal vengeance.

Here is the great key to Washington's heart and character. He was a Man of strong passions and warm blood, yet he crushed these passions, and subdued this fiery blood, in order to accomplish the Deliverance of his Country. He fervently believed that he was called by God to Deliver the New World.—This belief was in fact, the atmosphere of all his actions; it moulded the entire man anew, and prepared the Virginia Planter, the Provincial Colonel, for the great work of a Deliverer.

They tell me that he was never known to smile. And yet there never breathed a man, whose heart bounded more freely at the song and jest, than his. But there was a cause for the deep solemnity, which veiled his face when he appeared in public. The image of his Country bleeding on her thousand hills, under the footsteps of British Tyranny, was ever before him, calling as with the voice of a ghost, upon him, her Champion and Saviour.

After the Revolution, there were as substantial and important reasons for his solemnity of look and presence as before.

The country which he had redeemed, was torn by the fangs of party-

spirit. The wolves of faction, who had lain somewhat stilled and subdued during the war, came out from their dens as soon as the day broke over the long night, and howled their watch-words in the ear of Washington and around the Ark of the Country's Freedom.

How to crush these creatures, without endangering that Ark, or embroiling the land in a civil war—this was the thought that always shadowed, with deep solemnity, sometimes gloom, the countenance of Washington, the President.

It is a bitter thought to me that the heart of this great, this good, this warm-hearted man, was as much torn and pained during his Presidential career, by the war of opposing factions, as it was in the Revolution by his contest with a British foe.

To him there never came an hour of rest. His anxiety for his country followed him to Mount Vernon, and ended only with his last breath. Too pure for a party-man, soaring far above the atmosphere of faction, he only held one name, one party dear to his heart—the name and party of the AMERICAN PEOPLE.

In order to reveal a new page in this man's character and history, let us look upon him in the hour of battle and defeat. Let us pierce the battle-mists of Brandywine, and gaze upon him at the head of his legions.

"PULASKI!"

The noble countenance of the brave Pole stood out in strong relief from the white smoke of battle. That massive brow, surmounted by the dark fur cap and darker plume, the aquiline nose, the lip concealed by a thick moustache, and the full square chin, the long black hair, sweeping to the shoulders—this marked profile was drawn in bold relief, upon the curtain of the battle-smoke. An expression of deep sadness stamped the face of the hero.

"I was thinking of Poland!" he exclaimed, in broken accents, as he heard his name pronounced by Washington.

"Yes," said Washington, with a deep solemnity of tone, "Poland has many wrongs to avenge! But God lives in Heaven, yonder"—he pointed upward with his sword—"and he will right the innocent at last!"

"He will!" echoed the Pole, as his gleaming eye reaching beyond time and space seemed to behold this glorious spectacle—Poland free, the cross shining serenely over her age-worn shrines, the light of peace glowing in her million homes.

"Pulaski," said Washington, "look yonder!"

The Polander followed with his eye the gesture of Washington's sword. Gazing down the hill, he beheld the last hope of the Continental Army embosomed among British bayonets; he saw the wreck of Sullivan's right wing yielding slowly before the invader, yet fighting for every inch of ground. He beheld the reserve under Greene, locked in one solid mass, faces, hands, musquets, swords, all turned to the foe; an island of heroes,

encircled by a sea of British hirelings. The Royal Army extended far over the fields to the foot of Osbourne's hill; the Red Cross banner waved over the walls of the Quaker Temple. Far to the South, scattered bands of Continentals were hurrying from the fields, some bearing their wounded comrades, some grasping broken arms, some dragging their shattered forms slowly along. Still that brave reserve of Greene, that wreck of Sullivan's right wing, fought around the banner of the Stars, while the Red Cross flag glared in their faces from every side.

The declining sun shone over the fight, lighting up the battle-clouds with its terrible glow. It was now five o'clock. But one hour since the conflict began, and yet a thousand souls had gone from this field of blood up to the throne of God!

The sky is blue and smiling yonder, as you see it through the rifted clouds—look there upon the serene azure, and tell me! Do you not behold the ghosts of the dead, an awful and shadowy band, clustering yonder—ghastly with wounds—dripping with blood—clustering in one solemn meeting around that Impenetrable Bar?

At one glance, Pulaski took in the terrible details of the scene.

"Now," shouted Washington, "Let us go down!"

He pointed to the valley with his sword. All his reserve, all his calmness of manner were gone.

"Let us go down!" he shouted again. "The day is lost, but we will give these British gentlemen our last farewell. Pulaski—do you hear me—do you echo me—do you feel as I feel? The day is lost, but we will go down!"

"Down!" echoed Pulaski, as his eye caught the glow flashing from the eye of Washington—"Give way there! Down to the valley, for our last farewell!"

Washington quivered from head to foot. His eye glared with the fever of strife. The sunlight shone over his bared brow, now radiant with an immortal impulse.

His hand gathered his sword in an iron grasp—he spoke to his steed—the noble horse moved slowly on, through the ranks of Pulaski's legion.

Those rough soldiers uttered a yell, as they beheld the magnificent form of Washington, quivering with battle-rage.

"Come, Pulaski! Our banner is there! Now we will go down!"

Then there was a sight to see once—and die!

Rising in his stirrups, Washington pointed to the fight, and swept down the hill like a whirlwind, followed by Pulaski's band, Pulaski himself vainly endeavoring to rival his pace, at the head of the iron men.

General Greene, turning his head over his shoulders, in the thickest of the fight, beheld with terror, with awe, the approach of Washington. He would have thrown his horse in the path of the chief, but the voice of

Washington—terrible in its calmness, irresistible in its rage—thundered even amid the clamor of that fight.

"Greene—come on!"

Who could resist that look, the upraised sword, the voice?

The band of Pulaski thundered by, and Greene followed with horse and foot, with steed and bayonet! The fire blazing in Washington's eye spread like an electric flash along the whole column. The soldiers were men no longer; no fear of bayonet or bullet now! The very horses caught the fever of that hour.

One cry burst like thunder on the British host:—"Give way there! Washington comes to battle!"

Far down the hill, La Fayette and the Life Guard were doing immortal deeds, for the banner of the stars.

Brows bared, uniforms fluttering in rags, they followed the Boy of Nineteen, into the vortex of the fight, waving evermore that banner overhead.

They saw Washington come. You should have heard them shout, you should have seen their swords how, dripping with blood, they glittered on high.—La Fayette saw Washington come, yes, the majestic form, the sunlighted brow! That sight inflamed his blood—

"Now, La Fayette, come on!"

They were ranged beside the band of Pulaski, these children of Washington; the gallant Frenchman led them on.

Thus Washington, Pulaski, Greene, La Fayette, thundered down into the fight. It was terrible to hear the tramp of their horses' hoofs.

Captain Waldemar—the brave partizan—with the last twenty of his riders, was holding a de perate fight with thrice the number of British troopers.—He too beheld Washington come, he too beheld that solid column at his back; with one bound he dashed through the British band; in another moment he was by the side of La Fayette. Washington turned to him ——

"Waldemar, we go yonder to make our last farewell! Come on!"

And they went,—yes, Washington at the head of the column led them on. With banners waving all along the column, with swords and bayonets mingling in one blaze of light, that iron column went to battle.

The British were in the valley and over the fields; you might count them by thousands.

There was one horrid crash, a sound as though the earth had yawned to engulph the armies.

Then, oh then, you might see this bolt of battle, crashing into the British host, as a mighty river rushing into the sea, drives the ocean waves far before it. You might see the bared brow of Washington, far over swords and spears; then might you hear the yell of the British, as this avalanche of steel burst on their ranks! Men, horses, all were levelled before the path of this human hurricane. Follow the sword of Washington, yonder,

two hundred yards right into the heart of the British army, he is gone,—gone in terrible glory! On either side swell the British columns, but this avalanche is so sudden, so unexpected, that their proud array are for the moment paralyzed.

And now Washington turns again. He wheels, and his band wheel with him. He comes back, and they come with him. His sword rises and falls, and a thousand swords follow its motion.

And down—shrieking, torn, crushed,—the foemen are trampled; another furrow of British dead strew the ground. Vain were it to tell the deeds of all the heroes, in that moment of glory. Greene, La Fayette, Pulaski, Waldemar, the thousand soldiers, all seem to have but one arm, one soul! They struck at once, they shouted at once, at once they conquered.

"Now," he shouted, as his uniform, covered with dust and blood, quivered with the glorious agitation that shook his proud frame, "Now, WE CAN AFFORD TO RETREAT!"

It was a magnificent scene.

Washington—his steed halted by the roadside, the men of Pulaski and his own life-guard ranged at his back—Washington gazed upon his legions as they swept by. They came with dripping swords, with broken arms;—horse and foot, went hurrying by, spreading along the rode to the south, while the banner of the stars waved proudly overhead. First, the legions of Greene, then the band of Waldemar, with the gallant La Fayette riding in their midst. He was ashy pale, that chivalrous boy, and the manly arm of a veteran trooper held him in the saddle. His leg was shattered by a musquet ball. Yet, as he went by, he raised his hand, still grasping that well-used sword, and murmured faintly that word his French tongue pronounced so well—"Washington!" Washington beheld the hero, and smiled,

"God be with you, my brave friend!"

Then came the wreck of Sullivan's division, blood-stained their faces, broken their arms, wild and wan their looks, sad and terrible their shattered array. They swept by to the south, their gallant General still with his band.

"Now," said Washington, while the Life Guard and Pulaski's men encircled him with a wall of steel, "Now we will retreat!"

At this moment, while the British recovered from their late panic, were rushing forward in solid columns, the face and form of Washington presented a spectacle of deep interest.

He sat erect upon his steed, gazing with mingled sadness and joy, now upon the retrearing Continentals, now upon the advancing British. Around him were the stout troopers; by his side the warrior form of Pulaski, far away hills and valleys, clouded with smoke, covered with marching legions; above, the blue sky, seen in broken glimpses—the blue sky and the declining sun.

The blue and buff uniform of the Hero was covered with dust and blood.

His sword, lifted in his extended arm, was dyed with crimson drops.

You could see his chest heave again, and his eye glare once more:

"On, comrades, now we can afford to retreat!"

And the sunlight poured gladly over the uncovered brow of Washington.

This was the last incident of the battle! But an hour since the conflict began, and yet the green valley is crowded with the bodies of dead men. The Quaker temple throbs with the groans of the dying. The clear spring of cold water, down in the lap of the valley, is now become a pool of blood, its yellow sands clotted with carnage.

A thousand hearts, that one brief hour ago, beat with the warmest pulsations of life, are now stilled forever. And at this dread hour, as if in mockery of the scene, *while the souls of the slain thronged trembling to their dread account, the sun set calmly over the battle field, the blue sky smiled again—the Brandywine went laughing on!*

Let us group together these Legends of the past, illustrative of the Romance and Tragedy of Brandywine.

XV.—THE HUNTER-SPY.

Not in the dim cathedral aisle, where the smoke of the incense ascends for evermore, and the image of the Virgin smiles above the altar—not in the streets of the colossal city, where the palace and the hut, the beggar and the lord, are mingled in the great spectacle of life—not even in the quiet home of civilization, where the glow of the hearth-side flame lights up the face of the mother as she hushes her babe to slumber—

But among the mountains, where sky, and rock, and tree, and cataract, speak of the presence of their God,—Nature, with her thousand voices, sings forever, her anthem of thankfulness and prayer.

It is a sublime anthem which she sings out yonder, in the untrodden wilderness. The cataract thunders it, as in all the glory of its flashing waters, it springs from the cliff into the darkness below. The breeze, too, softly murmuring among the tops of the evergreen pines, in the calmness of the summer morn, in the shadows of the summer eve, whispers that anthem, as with an angel's voice. The sky writes it upon her vault, not only in the sun and stars, and moon, but in every feathery cloud that skims over its blue dome, in the deep silence of a summer noon.

But at night, when the storm comes out, and mingles cataract and rock, forest and sky, in one fierce whirlpool of battle; then the thunder sings the anthem, and the lightning writes it on the universe.

It was noon among the mountains, nearly a hundred years ago, when the sun shone down through the woods upon the waters of a cataract, trembling in tumultuous beauty on the verge of a granite cliff, ere it dashed into the abyss below.

Let us pause upon the verge of this cliff, and gaze upon Nature as she

stands before us, clad in the wild glory which she has worn since the hour when "Let there be Light!" from the lips of Divinity, thundered over the chaos of the new-born world.

Upon the verge of the cliff. Grey and hoary, overgrown with vines, and clumps of moss. It trembles beneath our feet—trembles as with the pulse of the cataract. Look yonder—a mass of waters, not fifty yards in width, emerging from the foliage, gliding between walls of rocks, gleaming for a moment in bright sunshine on the edge of darkness, and then dashing in one long stream of light and spray, far down into night.

Look below—ah! you tremble, you shrink back appalled. That void is terrible in its intense blackness. And from that abyss, for evermore, arises a dull, sullen sound, like the whispering of a thousand voices. It is the cataract, speaking to the rocks which receive it.

There is a rugged beauty in the spectacle. The woods all around, with grey cliffs breaking from the canopy of leaves; the sky, seen there, far above the cataract and its chasm; the cataract itself, bridged by fallen tree.

A massy oak, rent from the earth by the storm, extends across the cataract, just where it plunges into darkness. Here, on the western side, you behold its roots, half torn from the ground—yonder, on the eastern side, its withered branches, strongly contrast with the waving foliage all around. And between the rocks and the fallen tree, glide the waters, ere they dash below.

As we stand here, on this rock, leaning over the darkness, tell me, does not the awful silence of these primeval woods—only broken by the eternal anthem of the mountain stream—strike your hearts with a deep awe?

Another music shook the woods an hour ago. Strange sounds, scarce ever heard in these woods before; sounds deeper than the roar of the cataract, yet not so loud as thunder. Distant shouts, too, like the yell of maddened men, were borne upon the breeze, and, for a moment, the cataract seemed to hush itself into silence, as a horrible chorus of groans broke over the woods.

What meant these sounds, disturbing the sanctity of the Almighty's forest? We cannot tell; but, only yesterday, a brave band of men, attired in scarlet and gold, with bayonets gleaming over their heads, passed this way in solid columns.

Only yesterday, their commander—a man of courtly look and glittering apparel—rode through these woods, pointing gaily with his sword, as the warm hope of victory flushed his face: while at his side, journeyed a young man, with thoughtful eye and solemn face. The commander was clad in scarlet and gold—the young man, in blue and silver. The commander was General Braddock; the young man, Colonel Washington.

All day long the sounds of battle, borne from afar by the breeze, have shrieked through the woods, but now all is still.

Yet hold—there is a crashing sound among the branches, on this western side of the waterfall—look! A face is seen among the leaves, another, and another. Three faces, wan, and wild, and bloody. In a moment, three forms spring from the covert and stand upon this rock, gazing around upon chasm, and wood, and sky, with the wild glare of hunted tigers.

The first form, standing on the verge of the cliff, with the blue uniform, fluttering in ribbands over his broad chest, and spotted with blood on the arms. A man in the prime of life, with brown hair clustering around his brow, and a blue eye lighting up his sunburnt face. Though his uniform is rent and torn, you can recognize the Provincial Sergeant in the native troops of General Braddock's army.

At his back stand two British regulars, clad in scarlet, with long military boots upon each leg, and heavy grenadier caps upon each brow. As they gaze around—their weaponless hands dripping with blood—a curse breaks from each lip.

"Don't swear," exclaims the Sergeant, as he turns from the chasm to his brother soldiers. "It's bad enough as it is, without swearing! It's like to drive me mad when I think of it! Only yesterday we hurried on, through these very woods, and now—ugh! D'ye remember what we saw, by the banks of the river, not an hour ago? Piles of dead men, those men our comrades, each brow with the scalp torn from the scull—little rivers of blood, each river running over the sod, and pouring into the Monongahela, until its waves became as red as your uniform. Ah! I tell you, boys, it makes a man sick to think of it!"

"And them Injins," exclaimed the tallest of the British soldiers, "how like born devils they screech! The fightin' I don't mind, but I confess the screechin' hurts one's feelin's."

The other soldier, with a darkening brow, only muttered a single word, hissing it, as with the force of his soul, through his set teeth:

"The Spy!"

At that word, the Sergeant started as though bitten by a rattle-snake. His face, so frank in its hardy manliness of expression, was violently contorted, his hands clenched.

"Aye, the Spy!" he growled: "Would that I had him here!"

He bent over the chasm, his blue eye glaring with dangerous light, as his fingers quivered with the frenzy of revenge.

"Would that I had him here, on this rock! By that home which I never hope to see again, I would give my life to hold him, for one moment only, on the verge of this rock, and then —"

"Send him yelling down into the pool below!" added the tall soldier.

The other soldier merely wiped the blood from his brow, and muttered a deep oath, coupled with the ominous words—"The Spy!"

"Come, my boys, we must hurry on!" cried the Sergeant, his form rising proudly in the sunlight.—"Them Injin devils are in our rear, and

you know the place where all us fellows, who dont happen to be killed, are to meet! Aye, aye! Come on! Over this fallen tree be our way!"

Followed by the regular soldiers, the Provincial Sergeant crosses the fearful bridge. You see them quivering there, with but a foot of unhewn timber between them and the blackness of the chasm; the sunbeam lights up their tattered uniform and blood-stained faces.

In the centre of the fallen tree, even while the roar of the cataract deafens his ears, the Sergeant suddenly turns and confronts his comrades:

"Did n't he look beautiful?" he shouts; and his eye flashes, and his cheek glows—"Yes, beautiful's the word! I mean our young Virginia Colonel, charging in the thickest of the fight, with his sword uplifted, and his forehead bare! Did you see his coat, torn by the bullets, which pattered about him like hail-stones? And then, as he knelt over the dyin' General, shielding him from bullet and tomahawk, at the hazard of his life,—I vow he did look beautiful!"

As he speaks, his form trembles with the memory of the battle, and the tree trembles beneath him. The British soldiers do not speak a word—their position is too fearful for words—but with upraised arms they beseech the Sergeant to hurry on.

Across the perilous bridge, and along this eastern rock—a murmur of joy escapes from each lip.

Then, through the thickly-gathered foliage, into this forest-arbor, formed by the wild vines, hanging from the limbs of this centuried oak.

A quiet place, with gleams of sunshine escaping through the leaves, and lighting up the mossy sod, and the massive trunk of the grand old tree.

What means that half-muttered shriek, starting from each heart, and hushed by the biting of each lip?

The Sergeant starts back, places a hand on the mouth of each soldier, and his deep whisper thrills in ears—

"In the name of Heaven be still!"

Then every breath is hushed, and every eye is fixed upon the cause of that strange surprise.

There, at the foot of the tree, his head laid against its trunk, his limbs stretched along the sod, slumbers a man of some fifty years, one arm bent under his grey hairs, while the other clasps the barrel of a rifle. Gaze upon that sunburnt face, pinched in the lips, hollow in the cheeks, the brow narrow and contracted, the hair and eyebrows black, sprinkled with grey, and tell me, is it not the index of a mean heart, a cankered soul?

The form, clad in the shirt, leggins and moccasins of one of the outcasts of civilization, in whom were combined the craft of the pale face, with the ferocity of the savage, is lean, straight and angular, with the sinews gathered around the bones like iron thongs.

And while the three soldiers, with darkening faces, gaze upon him, he sleeps on, this wild hunter of the wild woods.

Do you see that silken purse, slightly protruding from the breast of the coarse hunting shirt. Look—even as the sunbeam falls upon it, the gleam of golden guineas shines from its net-work.

There is a strange story connected with that silken purse, with its golden guineas.

Not ten days ago, the British General was encountered in the wild forest of the Alleghany mountains, by a tall hunter, who offered to act as his guide to Fort Pitt, where the French held their position. The offer was accepted —the reward fifty guineas. The young Colonel Washington distrusted this hunter—traitor was stamped on his face—but Braddock laughed at his distrust.

The guide led them forward—led them into the ambush of this morning, and then disappeared.

At this moment, five hundred hearts are cold on Braddock's field—there are an hundred little rills of blood pouring into the waves of Monongahela river; Braddock himself lies mangled and bleeding in the arms of Washington;—and here, in this arbor of the wild wood, lulled to rest by the anthem of the cataract, sleeps the hunter-guide, with the silken purse and its fifty guineas, protruding from his breast. Every guinea bears on its surface the head of King Louis. Every guinea was given as the price of a life, and yet there is no blood upon them; but the sun, shining through the foliage lights them with a mild, warm glow.

And all the while the three soldiers stand there, biting their lips, and clenching their hands together. There is something fearful in this ominous silence.

At last the Sergeant advances, stealthily, it is true, yet the sound of his footstep echoes through the wood. Still the Hunter sleeps on. Then with a rude knife he severs a piece of the wild vine, ties one end around a projecting limb of the oak, pushes the leaves aside, and you behold the other end dangling over the chasm.

A flood of sunlight rushes in through the opening, bathes with its glow the darkened face of the Sergeant, and the withered face of the sleeping man. Around the form of the Sergeant, so vigorous in its robust manhood, extends the mass of foliage, like a frame around a picture. For a moment, he stands there, on the edge of the eastern rock, the grape vine dangling in one hand, while his straining eye peruses the darkness of the abyss.

As he turns to his comrades again, he utters this singular sentence in a whisper:

"Does n't it seem to you that a man tied to this grape-vine by the neck, and forced to leap from the rock, would stand a mighty good chance of being—hung?"

A grim smile passes over each face—still the hunter sleeps on; he sleeps the sound slumber of hardship and toil.

Presently the Sergeant advances, shakes him roughly by the shoulder, and shouts in his ear—

"Come, Isaac, get up. To-day you die!"

The sleeping man quivered, opened his eyes, beheld the darkened face above, and then clutched for his rifle.

With a sudden movement, the Sergeant flings it beyond his reach.

"You know me, Isaac. You see the blood upon my coat. You know your doom. Get up, and say your prayers."

This was said in a very low voice, yet every word went to the Hunter's heart. In silence he arose. As he stood erect upon the sod, it might be seen that he was a man of powerful frame and hardened sinews. He gazed from face to face, and then toward the cliff—his countenance changed from sunburnt brown to asky paleness.

"What d'ye mean?" he falters. "You don't intend mischief to an old man?"

Paler in the face, tremulous in each iron limb—ah! how cowardice and crime transform a man of iron sinews into a trembling wretch!

"Say your prayers, Isaac," was the only answer which awaited him. As the Sergeant spoke, the light in his blue eye grew wilder; he trembled from his heart to his finger-ends, but not with fear.

Again the Hunter raised his stealthy grey eye, ranging the arbor with a glance of lightning-like rapidity. All hope of escape was idle.

"Let me finish him with the knife!" growled the tall soldier.

"Say the word, Sergeant, and I'll send a bullet from his own rifle through his brain!"

"I know'd ye when ye was a boy, down yander in the hills of old Virginny, Isaac," said the Sergeant; "and know'd ye for a liar and thief. Now ye're grown to a tolerable good age—grey hairs, and wrinkles, too,—I know ye for a traitor and a murderer!"

"But, Jacob, you won't kill me here, like a dog?" exclaimed the Hunter, in a hollow voice.

"There's a matter of five or six hundred men dead, this hour, on yonder battlefield. Not only dead, but mangled—their skulls peeled—ugh! It's an ugly word, I know, but it's a fact—their skulls *peeled*, and their bodies cut to pieces by musquet balls and tomahawks. You did it all, Isaac. You sold your countrymen—your flesh and blood, as I might say, and sold 'em to the French and Injins.——Come, Isaac, say your prayers!"

There was a strange contrast between the broad, manly figure of the Sergeant, rising to its full stature, and the slender form of the Hunter, cringing as from the danger of a threatened blow. The sunlight fell over both faces, one flushed with a settled purpose, the other livid with the extremity of fear. In the shadows of the woody arbor the British soldiers stood, awaiting in silence the issue of the scene.

And ever and anon, in the pauses of the fearful conversation, the cataract howled below.

"I've no prayers to say," said the Hunter, in a dogged tone. "Come—murder me—if you like, I'm ready!"

There was something sublime in the courage of the Coward, who trembled as with an ague fit, as he said the words.

The words, the tone, the look of the man seemed to touch even the determined heart of the Sergeant.

"But you may have a wife, Isaac, or a child—" he faltered—"You may wish to leave some message?"

"I may have a wife and child and I may not," said the Hunter, quietly baring his throat. "Come, if you're goin' to murder me, begin!"

Then commenced a scene, whose quiet horror may well chill the blood in our veins, as we picture it.

The Sergeant advanced, seized the end of the grape-vine, and, while the wretch trembled in his grasp, knotted it firmly about his neck, gaunt and sinewy as it was.

The doomed man stood on the edge of the cliff.—Below him boiled the waters—above him smiled the sky. His deathsman was at his side.

For a moment, the Hunter turned toward the comrades of the Sergeant.

"Kill him like a dog!" growled one of the soldiers.

"Remember the battle, and choke him until his eyes start!" exclaimed the other.

The eye of the miserable man wandered to the face of his Executioner. Calm and erect the Sergeant stood there; the only signs of agitation which he manifested, were visible in a slight tremulous motion of his lip, a sudden paleness of his cheek.

"Ain't there no pity?" whined the Hunter. "Ye see I'm not fit to die—the waterfall skeers me. No pity, did ye say?"

"None!" thundered the Sergeant, and with one movement of his arm pushed the doomed man from the rock.

Then—as the limb quivered with the burden of the fearful fruit which it bore—as the blackened face and starting eyes, and protruding tongue glowed horribly in the sunlight—as one long, deep cry of agony mingled with the roar of the cataract—the Sergeant seized the purse of guineas and hurled it far down into the darkness of the chasm.

"Let the traitor's gold go with his soul!" he cried, as the coin, escaping from the purse, sparkled like spray-drops through the air.

The level rays of the setting sun streamed over the dead man's face.

All was desolate and silent in the forest—the Sergeant and his comrades had passed on their way—the deep anthem of the waterfall arose to the sunset Heaven.

There was a footstep on the fallen tree, and a boy of some twelve years,

bearing a burden on his back, came tripping lightly over the cataract. He was roughly clad, in a dress of wild deer's hide, yet there was a frankness about his sunburnt face, a daring in his calm grey eye, which made you forget his uncouth attire. As he came bounding on, as fearlessly as though the floor of some quiet home were beneath him—the breeze tossed his brown hair aside from his face, until it waved in curls of glossy softness.

"Father!" his young voice resounded through the woods, clear and shrill as the tones of careless boyhood. "Father, do you sleep yet?" he cried, as he crossed the tree. "You know I went this morning to the Indian's wigwam to procure food and drink for you. Here it is—I'm safe back again. Father, I say!"

Again he called, and still no answer.

He stood on the astern side of the waterfall, near the forest arbor.

"Ah! I know what you're about!" he laughed, with childish gaiety. "You want me to think you're asleep—you want to spring up and frighten me! Ha, ha, ha!"

And gaily laughing, he went through the foliage, and stood in the forest arbor—stood before the DEAD MAN.

His FATHER, hanging by the grape-vine to the oaken limb, his feet above the chasm, the sunset glow upon his face. That face as black as ink; the eyes on the cheek; the purpled tongue lolling on the jaw—*his father!* Every breath of air that stirred waved his grey hairs about his brow, and swayed his stiffened body to and fro.

The boy gazed upon it, but did not weep. His father might be a thief, traitor, murderer, but the son knew it not. The old man was kind to him—yes, treacherous to all the world, he loved his motherless child!

"*Father!*" the boy gasped, and the bread and bottle which he bore on his shoulders, fell to the ground.

He approached and gazed upon the body of the dead man, You might see a twitching of the muscles of his young face, a strange working of the mouth, an elevation and depression of the eye-brows, but his grey eyes were undimmed by a tear. There was something terrible in the silent sternness with which the child gazed into his murdered father's face.

There was a paper pinned to the breast of the dead man, a rough paper scrawled with certain uncouth characters. The boy took the paper—he could not read—but carefully folding it, he placed it within the breast of his jacket, near to his heart.

Twenty years afterward, that paper was the cause of a cold-blooded and horrible murder, wild and unnatural in its slightest details.

Long and earnestly the boy stood gazing upon that distorted face. The same sunbeam that shone upon the visage of the dead, lighted up the singular countenance of the boy.

At last, approaching the edge of the cliff, he took his father's hands within his own. They were very cold. He placed his hands upon the old man's

face. It was clammy and moist. The boy began to shudder with a fear hitherto unknown to him. For the first time, he stood in the presence of Death.

His broken ejaculations were calculated to touch the hardest heart.

"Father!" he would whisper, "you aint dead, are you? If you are dead what 'll I do? Come, father, and tell me ye aint dead? Father! I say, father!"

As the sun went down, that cry quivered through the woods.

The moon arose. Still by her pale light, there on the verge of the cliff, stood the boy, gazing in his father's face.

"I'll cut him down, that's what I'll do!" he said, taking a hunter's knife from his girdle.

Standing on tip-toe he hacked the grape-vine with the knife; it snapped with a sharp sound: she boy reached forth his arms to grasp his father's body; for a moment he held it trembling there, the blackened face silvered by the light of the moon.

But his grasp was feeble, compared to the weight which it sustained, and the body passed from his hands. There was a hissing sound in the air—a dead pause—a heavy splash in the waters below.

The boy knelt on the rock and gazed below. I confess, as I see him kneeling there, the light of the moon upon his waving locks—the silence of night only broken by the eternal anthem of the cataract,—that I cannot contemplate without a shudder, that sad and terrible picture:

The Boy, leaning over the rock, as he gazes with straining eyes, far down into the darkness of the abyss, for the DEAD BODY OF HIS FATHER!

XVI.—THE SON OF THE HUNTER-SPY.

THE gleam of the hearthside taper flashed far over the valley of the Brandywine. From the upper window of that peaceful home, it flamed a long and quivering ray of golden light.

The old house stood alone, some few paces from the road, at least an hundred yards from the waters of the Brandywine. A small fabric of dark grey stone, standing in the centre of a slope of grassy sod, with steep roof, narrow windows, and a rustic porch before the door. On either side of the grassy slope, the woods darkened, thick and luxuriant; above, the universe of stars shed their calm, tranquil light, over the slumbering valley; from afar, the musical murmur of the waves, rolling over their pebbled bed, broke the deep silence of the night.

Let us look through the darkness, and by the clear starlight, behold this small two-storied fabric, in all its rustic beauty, while yonder, not twenty yards distant, a hay-rick rises from the level of the sod. All is still around this home of Brandywine,—the house, the gently-ascending slope, the conical hay-rick, the surrounding woods, present a picture of deep repose.

We will enter the home, yes, into the upper room, from whose narrow window the ray of the fireside taper, gleams along the shadowy valley.

An old man, sitting easily in his oaken arm-chair, the glow of the candle upon his wrinkled face and snowy hairs. The smoke of his pipe winds around his face and head; his blue eyes gleaming with calm light, and composed features, and attitude of careless ease, all betoken a mind at peace with God and man.

On one side you behold his couch, with its coverlid of unruffled white; yonder a rude table, placed beneath a small mirror, with a Bible, old and venerable, laid upon its surface. There is a narrow hearth, simmering with a slight fire of hickory faggots; beside the hearth, you see the door of a closet, its panels hewn of solid oak, and darkened into inky blackness by the touch of time.

In the centre of the room, his calm face glowing in the light of the candle, sits the old man, coat and vest thrown aside, as he quietly smokes his grateful pipe. As he knocks the ashes from the bowl, you may see that he is one-armed; for the right arm has been severed at the shoulder: the sleeve dangles by his side.

You will confess that it is but a quiet, nay, a tame picture, which I have drawn for you—an old and one-armed man, smoking his evening pipe, ere he retires to rest, his wrinkled face melowed with unspeakable content, his blue eyes gleaming from beneath the thick grey eye-brows, as with the light of blessed memories.

And yet this scene, placed beside another scene which will occur ere an hour passes, might well draw tears from a heart of granite.

Suddenly the old man places his hand against his brow, his mild blue eye moistens with a tear. His soul is with the past—with the wife who now sleeps the last slumber, under the sod of the Quaker graveyard—with the scenes of battle in the dim forests, where the rifle-blaze streams redly over the leaves, and the yell of the Indian mingles with the war of the cataract.

All at once there comes a memory which blanches the old man's cheek, fills with wild light his calm blue eye. Looking back into time, he beholds a dim recess of the forest, perched above the waters of the cataract, the sunbeam playing over its moss, while the face of a dead man glares horribly in the last flush of the sunset hour.

The old man rises, paces the floor, with his only hand wipes the moisture from his brow.

"It was right," he murmurs—"He had betrayed a thousand brave men to death, and he died!"

And yet, look where he might, through that quiet room, he beheld a dead man, suspended to the limb of a forest oak, with the sunlight—that last red flush of sunset, which is so beautiful—playing warmly over the livid features.

This you will confess, was a terrible memory, or a strange frenzy. An

old man whose life for at least twenty years, had been spent in the scenes of a quiet home, to behold a livid face, working convulsively in death, wherever he turned!

"I know not why it is, but wherever I turn, I seem to see—yes, I do see—a dead man's face! And whenever I try to think of my dead wife, I hear a voice repeating—'*this night, this night you die!*'"

As the old man spoke, resuming his pipe, a slight sound disturbed the silence of the room. He turned, and there, like a picture framed by the rough timbers of the doorway, beheld the form of a young girl, clad slightly, in her night-dress with a mass of brown hair about her neck and shoulders.

One hand was raised, the finger to her lip, and the round white arm, gleaming in the light; the other grasped the handle of the door.

There was something very beautiful in the sight.

Not that her dress was fashioned of silk or purple, or that her white neck shone with the gleam of diamonds or pearls. Ah, no! Her dress was made of coarse homespun cloth; it left her arms, and neck, and feet, bare to the light. Still there was a beauty about her young face, which glowed on the lips and cheeks, with the warmth of a summer dawn, and shone in the deep blue eyes, with the tranquil loveliness of a starlight night.

Her hair too; you cannot say that it gathered in curls, or floated in tresses; but to tell the sober truth, in color it was of that rich brown which deepens into black, and waving from her white forehead, it fell in one glossy mass, down to the white bosom, which had never been ruffled by a thought of sin.

With regard to the young form, whose outlines gleamed on you, even from the folds of her coarse dress, you could not affirm that it rivalled the dream of the Sculptor, the Venus de Medici, or burst forth in all the majestic beauty of one of Raphael's Painted Poems. It was but the form of a Peasant Girl, reminding you in every hue and outline, of a wild forest rose, that flourishing alone amid large green leaves, trembles on the verge of its perfect bloom; not so gorgeous as a hot-house plant, still very warm, and very loveable, and very beautiful.

And she stood there, even on the threshold, her finger to her lip, gazing with a look of wild alarm, upon the wrinkled face of her father, the one-armed schoolmaster of Brandywine.

"Mary!" the old man exclaimed, his eyes expanding with wonder.

"Hush, father! Do you not hear the tread of armed men? Listen! Do you not hear the rattling of arms? Hark! That deep-toned whisper, coupled with an oath—'*Mayland the spy—break the door—arrest, and bear him to the British camp!*'"

And while the word trembled on her lip, a dull, heavy sound broke like a knell upon the air. It was the crashing of a musket-stock against the door of the schoolmaster's home.

"Fly! For God's sake, fly!" exclaimed Mary, darting forward, and laying her white hand on the old man's arm.

"Fly!" he echoed, with a bewildered look—"Wherefore? Whom have I wronged, that I should fly from my own home at midnight, like a hunted beast?"

In brief words, uttered with gasping breath and tremulous bosom, the Daughter revealed the strange secret:

"A week ago, you gave shelter to an old man, clad in the garb of forest-hunter. That man left in your charge a pacquet, which you promised to transmit without delay, to the Camp of Washington!"

"And did so, this very morning."

"That pacquet was stolen from the camp-chest of General Howe. It contained his plans of battle—Now do you guess wherefore the British soldiers surround your house, whispering your name as 'Mayland the Spy?'"

The old man's countenance fell.

"Oh, that I had my own good right arm again!" he cried, after a moment's pause—"I would defy the whole pack of red-coat hounds!"

Harsh language, this! But it must be confessed that the old schoolmaster was prejudiced against the British; he had seen but one side of the question—aye, read it too, in the smouldering ruins of the homes they had burned, in the livid faces of the farmers they had butchered.

The Peasant Girl—clad lightly as she was, in her night dress—tripped softly to the opposite side of the room, and opened the closet door. In a moment, she had torn the loose boards from the floor.

"Father, the way of escape lies before you! This ladder descends from the closet into the cellar; from the cellar a subterranean passage leads to the side of the hill! Quick—there is no time to be lost! For God's sake—fly!"

'The ladder was used as a stairway in the old times; the underground passage was made in the time o' the Injings," murmured the old man. "But my daughter, who will protect you?"

"They seek not to harm me," she hurriedly exclaimed—"Hark! Do you hear their shouts?"

And, as if in answer to her words, there came a hoarse and murmuring cry from beneath the windows.

"One blow, and we'll force the door!" a deep voice was heard—"Remember, comrades! a hundred guineas, if we catch the Spy!"

The old man hesitated no longer. Placing a foot on the ladder, he began to descend. His daughter bending over him, held the light in her extended hand; its rays lighted his grey hairs, and warmed the soft outlines of her face.

"Quick, father!" she gaspingly whispered—"The passage leads out on the hill-side, near the hay-stack! Ha! he descends—one moment more and he will stand in the passage! Another moment, and he will be free!"

Holding the light above her head, she swept her brown hair aside from her face, and gazed into the darkness beneath with dilating eyes.

Still from beneath the windows arose that hoarse cry; again the crash of musquet-stocks against the door.

"In truth, thee father is in great danger," said a mild voice, which made the young girl start as though she had trod on a serpent's fang.

She turned, and beheld a man of slender frame, clad in the plain garb of the Quaker faith. Gaze upon him and tell me, in that contracted face, with sharp nose and hawk-like grey eyes, thin lips and brown hair, curling to the shoulders, do you recognize some Memory of the Past?

Does it look like the face of the Hunter-Spy, who hung above the chasm, long years ago, or like the countenance of his Son, the laughing boy, whose blood was congealed to ice, by the vision of the murdered man?

"Gilbert Gates!" exclaimed Mary; "here, too, in this hour of peril! Then indeed, does evil threaten us!"

"Maiden, thee wrongs me," exclaimed that soft and insinuating voice. "Passing along the valley, on the way to my farm, which—as thee knows—lies near Brenton's ford, I beheld thee father's house surrounded by armed men, who clamored for his blood. I found entrance by a back window, and am here to save thee."

"Burst open the door!" arose the shout from beneath the windows. "We'll trap the Rebel in his den!"

"You here to save me?" exclaimed Mary, as she blushed from the bosom to the brow with scorn. "I tell you man, there is Traitor on your forehead and in your eye!"

"Look thee, maiden—but two hours ago, thee father did reject the offer of marriage which I made to thee, with words of bitterness and scorn. Now he is threatened with death—nay, smile not in derision—thy honor is menaced with ruin! Be mine—yea, consent to receive my hand in marriage, and I will save ye!

"Ah! his footsteps are in the cellar—he gains the passage—he is saved!" exclaimed Mary, as she flung the rays of the light into the gloom below. "Be yours!" and while every pulse throbbed tumultuously with loathing, she turned to the strange man by her side—"Neither your assumed dress, nor awkward attempt at the Quaker dialect, can deceive me! I know you—scorn you! Nay, do not advance—I am but a weak girl, but dare to pollute me, with but a finger's touch, and as heaven nerves my arm, I will brain you with this oaken brand!"

She stood on the verge of the closet, one hand grasping the light, while the other raised aloft a solid piece of oak, which she had seized from the floor.

You can see the man of slender figure and Quaker dress shrink back appalled. A wild light blazes in his grey eye; his long, talon-like fingers are pressed convulsively against his breast. Suddenly his hard features were

softened by a look of emotion, which played over his face like a sunbeam trembling on a rock of granite.

"Maiden, did thee know my life—MY OATH—thee would not taunt me thus. HE *died alone in the wild wood—ah, even now, I see the sunset flush upon his icy face!* My father—the only friend I ever had—the only thing I ever loved. Maiden, become mine, and all shall be forgotten—all, even my OATH!"

Clasping his hands, while his cold grey eyes were wet with tears, he advanced, and gazed upon the warm bloom of the maiden's face.

For a moment, she gazed upon him, while the flush of scorn, which reddened her cheeks, was succeeded by a look of deep compassion.

Again that deep roar beneath the windows—hark! A crash—a wild yell —"We have the Rebel up stairs, and the guineas are ours!"

"Does thee consent?" exclaimed Gilbert Gates, advancing a single step.

"Ha! The door between the cellar and the passage is unfastened! But I will save my father at the hazard of my life!"

With one bound she flung herself upon the ladder, and with the light above her head, descended into the darkness of the cellar. As she went down, her hair fell wavingly over her neck and shoulders, over the bosom which heaved tumultuously into the light.

Gilbert Gates in his Quaker garb, with his hands folded over his narrow chest, stood alone in the darkness of the school-master's bed-room. All was darkness around him, yet there was a light within, which burned his heart-strings, and filled his blood with liquid fire.

Darkness around him; no eye to look upon the writhings of his face; and yet, even there through the gloom, he beheld that fearful vision—a dead man swinging over the abyss of a cataract, with the sunset flush upon his icy face.

Suddenly there was the sound of trampling feet upon the stairs; then the blaze of torches flashed into the room, and some twenty forms dressed in the attire of Tory Refugees—half-robber, half-soldier—came rushing over the threshhold.

"The schoolmaster—where is he?" exclaimed their leader, a burly ruffian, with crape over his face, and a white belt across his breast. "Speak, Gilbert!"

"The Spy!" echoed the deep voices of the Tories, as they waved their torches, their rifles, and their knives, above their heads.

"Yes, Smoothspeech, where's the schoolmaster, and the purty robin his daughter, Polly?" cried a voice which issued from a mass of carbuncled face, which in its turn, surmounted by a huge form clad in scarlet. "A hundred guineas for the lass, you know; eh, comrades?"

The answer of Gilbert was short and concise.

"In truth, it seems to me, the old man Mayland and his daughter Mary, are even now in the cellar, attending to their household affairs!"

With one movement, the Tory Captain and his comrades rushed down the stairway.

Gilbert approached the closet; a light, gleaming from the cellar below, bathed his face in a red glare.

"He will emerge from the passage on the hillside, near the hay-stack," he muttered, while a demoniac look worked over his contracted face.—"Fairer tombs have I seen—but none so warm!"

As he gazes down the narrow passage, the light from beneath, reddening his face, while his slender form quivers with a death-like agony: Let us go back through the vista of twenty years, and behold the boy gazing into the darkness of the chasm, in search of his father's corse.

Who, in the cold-featured, stony-eyed Gilbert Gates, would recognize the boy with laughing eyes and flowing hair?

The blaze of torches illumined the cellar.

Before a door of solid oak, which separated the cellar from the subterranean passage, the Tories paused. Then deep-muttered oaths alone disturbed the midnight silence.

"Quick—we have no time to lose—he is hidden in the underground passage—let us force the door, before the people of the valley come to his rescue!"

Thus speaking, the Tory leader, whose face was hidden beneath the folds of crape, pointed with his sword towards a heavy billet of wood, which laid on the hard clay of the cellar floor.

Four stalwart Tories seize it in their muscular grasp; they stand prepared to dash the door from its hinges.

"One good blow and the Spy is ours!" shouts the Tory leader, with an oath.

"And the guineas—don't forget the guineas, and the girl!" growled the red-faced British Sergeant.

The torch-light fell over their faces, frenzied by intoxication and rage, over their forms, clad in plain farmer's costume, with a belt across every chest, a powder horn by each side.

And at this moment, as they stand ready to dash the door into fragments, on the other side stands Mary, the peasant girl, her round white arm supplying the place of bar and fastening. Yes, with the light in her extended right arm, she gazes after the retreating form of her father, while her left arm is placed through the staples, in place of the bar.

One blow, and the maiden's arm will be rent in fragments, even to the shoulder, one blow, and over her crushed and trampled body, will be made the pathway of the ravager and robber!

"Heaven, pity me! My father has not sufficient strength to roll the rock from the mouth of the passage! I hear their voices—their threats—

they prepare to force the door, but I will foil them even yet! They shall not pass to my father's heart, save over the dead body of his child!"

Meanwhile, on the opposite side of the door, the four ruffians stood ready with the billet of oak, in their iron grasp.

"Now!" shouted the Tory Captain, "one good blow, and it is done!"

They swayed the log slowly to and fro—it moved forward,—all the impulse of their iron sinews concentrated in the effort—when a heavy body fell from the narrow window of the cellar and beat the billet to the ground.

The curse of the Tory leader echoed through the vault.

In a moment, ere they could raise a hand, up from the darkness there rose the form of a giant negro, bared to the waist, his broad chest heaving, while his eyes rolled wildly in his inky face.

"Black Sampson!" growled the Tory. "Stand aside charcoal, or I'll cut you down!"

"Look heah!" shouted the Negro, confronting the armed Tories with his bared arms and breast, while his teeth grated convulsively. "Stan' off—I say s-t-a-n' off! Ole Massa Maylan' kind to Sampson—gib him bread when he hungry—med'cin' when he sick! Now you gwain to hurt de ole man? I 'spose not, while Sampson hab an arm! Stan' off—I'm dangerous!"

And the black Hercules towered aloft, his sinews writhing, his teeth clenched, his features—moulded with the aquiline contour of the Ashantee race—quivering with rage.

There was a struggle—the gleam of arms—shouts and curses—yet still the Negro beat them back—dashing their swords aside with his weaponless hands.

Still, true to that wild fidelity—which burned in his savage heart like a gleam from Heaven—he shouted his hoarse war-cry.

"De ole man kind to Sampson! 'Spose you hurt him? You mus' kill dis nigga fust!"

Again he beat them back—but at last, by a simultaneous effort they bore him to the earth.

At the same moment, the door flew open, and a shriek quivered through the cellar.

"Saved—my father—saved!"

There, beneath the glare of the torches, lay the form of the fainting girl—her bosom pulseless, her face as white as death.

"This way!" cried the Tory Captain. "We will secure the Spy first, and then his daughter!"

They rushed after their leader—their shouts and cries, echoed far along the passage.

In another moment, a light shone over the cellar and a man of some twenty-six years, attired in the brown dress of a farmer, with blue eyes and flaxen hair, advanced toward the unconscious girl.

"Here's a purty business!" he exclaimed, with a strong German accent —"De nigga kilt, and Polly half dead!"

And thus speaking, honest Gotleib Hoff knelt before the unconscious girl.

On the green slope, which arose from the school-master's home, toward the woods, on the hill-top stood the strange being whom we have known as the son of the Hunter-Spy, and the Pretended Quaker—Gilbert Gates.

Above him arched the universe of stars—around him, slumbered the peaceful valley of Brandywine—within him, burned the tortures of a lost soul.

In his talon-like fingers he crushed a much-worn paper; it had been pinned to the dead man's breast some twenty years ago.

There were cold drops of sweat upon his brow; he trembled from his heart to his finger ends.

"They are on his track, the dupes, the tools of my vengeance! Mine—mine—father and daughter, both mine! For him a death of horror—for her a life of shame! Hah! I hear their shouts—they pursue him to the death!"

As he spoke, a long column of light was flung over the green sward where he stood, as if from the bosom of the earth. A huge rock was rolled from the mouth of the mound, and the shouts and yells of the ruffian band swelled on the air.

A figure sprang from the shelter of the mound—a weak and aged man—his attire covered with earth, and torn in fragments—his blue eyes, wandering in their glance, his grey hairs tossing to the impulse of the night breeze.

As he sprung out upon the sod, he muttered the name of God:

"It is hard for an old man like me to be hunted to death like a mad dog! Let me see, which way shall I turn? I must take to the woods!"

"Nay, friend Mayland, nay," said a mild and conciliating voice: "Thee has never trusted in me, yet now will I save thy life. Not to the woods, for the bloodhounds are too near; in truth they are. But to the hay-stack! Behold this cavity, which I have made to conceal thee, amid this pile of hay!"

"Gilbert Gates!" cried the old man, starting back. "I trust you not—there is Traitor written on your face!"

"Hark! Does thee hear the shouts of thee pursuers? 'Death, death to Mayland the Spy!' Will thee trust to them?"

"To the hay-stack be it, then!" cried the bewildered old man: "Bless me, what does this mean? A hole hollowed out in the centre of the stack!"

"I'll tell thee when thou art saved!" cried Gilbert, with his peculiar smile. "In, friend Mayland, in! They will never suspect thee hiding-place—I will conceal it with this loose hay!"

In a moment Jacob Mayland disappeared, while Gilbert Gates stood alone in the centre of the sward.

The hay-stack, round, compact and uniform in appearance, rose darkly in the dim light of the stars. Within its centre, cramped, confined, scarce able to breathe, crouched Jacob Mayland, the one-armed schoolmaster.

A shout from the mound, a flash of light, and some twenty forms leap one by one, from the mouth of the passage.

"Ha! Gilbert Gates!" shouted the Tory leader—"which way went they spy?"

"To the woods! to the woods!" cried Gilbert, as his sharp features glowed in the light of twenty torches.

"Look, you smooth-speech!" cried the huge British Sergeant, stumbling forward—"I don't trust you. Your bread-brimmed hat don't hide your villainous face. By ——, I believe you've helped this Spy to escape!"

A hoarse murmur arose from the bravoes, who with ominous looks, came grouping round the False Quaker.

"Now, friend Hamsdroff, do not get into a passion," said Gilbert, in his mildest tones—"or if thee does get into a passion, I beseech—' his face assumed an expression which, in its mingled mildness and hatred, chilled even the drunken Sergeant to the heart—"do not, I beseech thee, *fire the poor man's hay-stack!*"

"Ha, ha! Won't I though?" shouted the Sergeant. "The old fox has escaped, but we'll burn his nest!"

He seized a torch and dashed it along the hay.

"Fire the hay-stack, my boys!" shouted the tory leader: "Fire the hay-stack, every man of you! Burn the rebel out of house and home!"

As you look, twelve of the band rush forward and encircle the hay-stack with a belt of flame. Another moment—a sudden breeze from the forest—the hay-stack glows from the sward a mass of living flame.

The fire whizzed, and crackled, and hissed, winding around the cone of hay, and shooting in one long column, into the midnight sky. Abroad over the meadow, abroad over the forest, crimsoning each leaf with a blood-red glow, high and higher, fierce and madder, it whirled and rose, that column of flame.

Now the Tories, half in rage and half in drunken joy, mingled hand in hand, and danced around the burning pile.

"Hurrah for King George!" shouted the Sergeant, leaping from the ground. "Death to all Rebels!"

"So perish all rebels!" echoed the Tories.

And higher and higher rose the flame.

Up to the heavens, paling the stars with its burning red—over the green of the meadows—down upon the waters of the Brandywine—up the hill-side—along the woods, it rose, that merry flame!

As in the blaze of noonday, lay the level sward, the grey stone house of the schoolmaster, the frame barn with its fences and outhouses—while around the burning pile, merrier and gayer danced the soldiers, flinging their

swords in the blood-red light, and sending the name of the Good King George to the skies!

Retired in the background, some few yards from the burning stack, his arms folded on his breast, his head turned to one side, stood Gilbert Gates, the Son of the Hunter-Spy. A smile on his pinched lips, a cold gleam in his eye.

"Fire the house!" shouted the Tory leader.

They turned to fire the house, but a low, moaning sound broke on the air—it caused the troopers, brutal as they were, to start with horror. The leader of the Tories wheeled suddenly round bending his head to catch the slightest whisper; the face of the Sergeant grew white as his sword belt.

That low, moaning sound swelled to a shriek—a shriek that curdled their blood. It came from the bosom of the burning hay-stack—along the breeze it yelled, and died away. Another shriek and another! Three sounds more horrible never broke on the ears of man. In a moment all was still as death—the hay-stack crashed down with a deadened sound. Nothing was left but a pile of smouldering embers. All was still as death, but a dim object moved amid the last remains of the burning hay—moved, struggled, and was still.

For the last time, the flame glared into the midnight sky.

Disclosed by that red glare, stood Gilbert Gates, perusing the crushed paper which he grasped in his talon-fingers.

These are the words which he read by the glare of the hay-stack, words written in a cramped hand—perhaps in blood—and dated more than twenty years before this, September day in 1777:

"*Isaac Gates—a Traitor and Spy—Hung by three soldiers of his Majesty's Army.* JACOB MAYLAND."

"He died alone in the wild woods—and I—his son, and his avenger!"

With these words, the son of the Hunter-Spy passed behind the barn, and was lost to sight.

And from the accursed pile of death fled the soldiers, spurring their horses to their utmost speed—with the fear and horror of coward guilt they fled—while far over the plain, far over the valley, came the men of Brandywine, roused from their sleep by the burning hay-stack. Yes, from the hill-top and valley they came, as the last embers of the fire were yet glowing on the green sward.

And two figures emerged from the door of the schoolmaster's house, the form of a stout and muscular man, and the form of a trembling maiden.

"Gotlieb, it seems like a dream," said the maiden. "The flight of my father, the chase in the passage—the swoon! Thank God, my father has escaped! But what means this sudden stillness—yon flickering fire?"

They reached the burning embers on the hill-side and stood for a moment gazing upon the scene.

A mass of burning hay, a pile of ashes, the wreck of some splintered boards, were all that remained to tell of the location of the hay-stack.

"What is that dark thing in the fire?" exclaimed Mary Mayland—"Quick, Gotlieb—hold the light nearer—it seems to move, to stir!"

Gotlieb held the light over the darkened mass. Here let me pause for a single moment.

You may charge me with painting horrors that never existed?

And yet there is not a hill or a valley in any one of the old Thirteen States unstained with the blood of peaceful men, shed by the hirelings of King George.

Not only on the soil of Brandywine, but in a quiet home of Germantown, was a deed similar to the one in question, committed by American Tories and their British brethren.

An old man burned to death in cold blood by the soldiers of King George: it is horrible, but having occurred in the course of that beautiful game of War, which Kings and Tyrants have played for some four thousand years; let us write it down, aye, in its darkest and bloodiest details, so that the children of our day may know the features of CIVIL WAR.

War has been painted too long as a pretty thing, spangled with buttons, fluttering with ribbons, waving with plumes.

Let us learn to look upon it as it is; a horrible bandit, reeking with the blood of the innocent, the knife of murder in his hand, the fire of carnage in his eye.

The war which Washington waged, was not *war*, in the proper sense of the term. It was only the *defence of one's hearthside against the robber and murderer.*

But of all the hideous murders which have been done, for two thousand years, the war waged by the British King, against the American People, was the foulest, the dastardliest, the bloodiest.

It was a massacre of eight years, beginning to kill at Bunker Hill, and ending its work of butchery, only when it was crushed at Yorktown.

Let no mawkish sympathy for Great Britain shake this truth from our souls. The Englishman we do not hate; he is the countryman of Shakspeare and Milton, he is our brother.

But it will take a thousand years of good deeds to wash from the History of England, the horrid and merciless butcheries which she perpetrated in the Eight Years' War.

To forgive these crimes is our duty, but to forget them—

Can a child forget the wretch who butchered his mother?

Why, at the thought, the dead of our battlefields bleed again—aye, from the shades of Mount Vernon, armed for the combat, starts the solemn ghost of Washington!

Let us follow this tragedy to the end, and at the same time, remember—it is only one among a thousand.

Gotlieb held the light over the darkened mass.

Yes, while the men of Brandywine formed a circle about the scene, grouping around the form of the farmer and the maiden, the light streamed over that hideous object among the embers.

Mary, the daughter advanced, her face glowing mildly in the light, advanced and—looked—

—There are some sights which it is blasphemy to paint, and this is one of them!—

Some Angel of Mercy, at the sight, took from her sense and consciousness. She fell: her white hands outstretched, touched the mangled form of her father.

Then one groan heaving from an hundred hearts, swelled on the air.

A dark form came rushing to the scene; breasting the spectators aside, Sampson, the Giant Negro stood there, gazing upon the horrid mass at his feet.

And he knelt there, and his lips moved, and murmured a vow—not in English—but in his wild Ashantee tongue. A heathen, with but an imperfect notion of the Christian Truth, dragged from his native land into slavery when but a child, the son of a savage king, he murmured above the old man's skeleton his horrible vow, devoting the murderers to his Moloch God.

How that vow was kept let the records of Brandywine witness!

At the moment while stout Gotlieb, appalled and stricken into stone, stood holding the light over the dead—as Mary, pale and beautiful, lay beside *that* which was her father, only an hour ago—as the huge negro bent above the witness of murder, his sinews quivering, lips clenched and eyes glaring, as he took the vow—at this moment, while the spectators stood alternately melted into tears and frozen into the dead apathy of horror.——

There came a peaceful man, gliding silently through the crowd, his bosom trembling with deep compassion, his eyes wet with tears.

"Ah, this is a terrible thing!" said a tremulous voice—"In truth is it!"

And the Son of the Hunter-Spy stood gazing on the miserable remains of his Father's Executioner.

XVII.—BLACK SAMPSON.

How beautiful in yonder graveyard, the wild flowers bloom, above the Mother's grave!

Fond hopes are buried here, yes, beneath the rank grass and the dark mould, a true heart that once throbbed with the pulsations of that passion which is most like Heaven—a Mother's Love—moulders into dust.

And yet from the very rankness of the mould, that encloses the Mother's form, from the very eyes and skull of Death, fair flowers bloom beautifully into light, and with their fragrance sanctify the graveyard air.

So from the very blood and horror of the battle-field, many a tender virtue is born, yes, from the carnage which floods the green meadow with the life-current of a thousand hearts, many a god-like heroism springs gloriously into life.

War is the parent of many virtues. Not Invading War, which attracts ten thousand crimes with its blood-red sword, and fills the land with the dead bodies of its children. No! *Invading* War is the Vulture of the Andes, gorgeous in its plumage, bloody and merciless in its hatred, loathsome in its appetite. It feeds only on the bodies of the dead.

But War for Home, and for Home's holiest altar, honest war waged with a sword, that is taken from its resting place above the poor man's hearth, and sanctified with the tears of his wife. War that is fought beneath a clear sky, on a native soil, with the eyes of angels watching all the while; this is a holy thing in the sight of Heaven.

From such a war, fought on the Continent of America, during the long course of Eight years, and extending its battle-field from the rock of Quebec to the meadows of Savannah, a thousand unknown virtues rushed into birth.

I speak not now, of the sublime virtue of Washington, the heroism of La Fayette, the wild energy of Anthony Wayne. No! The hero whose savage virtue is yet recorded in every blade of grass, that waves above the field of Brandywine, was a poor man. A very humble man who had toiled from dawn until dusk, with the axe or spade. A rude man withal, who made his home in a miserable hut, yet still a Hero!

The virtue that he cherished was a savage virtue, meaning in plain words, Fidelity unto Death and after Death, yet still a virtue.

Start not when I tell you, that this hero was—a Negro! His hair crisped into wool, his skin blackened to the hue of ink, by the fiery sun of his clime and race, his hands harsh and bony with iron toil.

He was a Negro and yet a Hero!

Do not mistake me. I am no factionist, vowed to the madness of treason, under the sounding name of—Humanity. I have no sympathy—no scorn—nothing but pity for those miserably deluded men, who in order to free the African race, would lay unholy hands upon the American Union.

That American Union is a holy thing to me. It was baptized some seventy years ago, in a river of sacred blood. For that Union thousands of brave men left their homes, their wives, all that man holds dear in order to die, amid ice and snows, the shock of battles, the dishonor of gibbets. No one can count the tears, the prayers, the lives, that have sanctified this American Union, making it an eternal bond of brotherhood for innumerable millions, an altar forever sacred to the Rights of Man. For seventy years and more, the Smile of God has beamed upon it. The man that for any pretence, would lay a finger upon one of its pillars, not only blasphemes the memory of the dead, but invokes upon his name the Curse of all ages

yet to come. I care not how plausible his argument, how swelling his sounding periods, how profuse his '*sympathy for suffering humanity*,' that man is a Traitor to the soil that bore him, a Traitor to the mother whose breast gave him nourishment, a Traitor to the Dead, whose very graves abhor the pollution of his footsteps.

All that such a person can plead in extenuation, is the miserable excuse of cowardice combined with folly. Arnold was a hero, a man of genius, although a Traitor. The man who would taint with one unhallowed word the sanctity of THE UNION, stands arrayed in the leprosy of Arnold's Treason, without one redeeming ray of his heroism, one spark of his genius.

For the American Union is to Political Freedom, what the Bible is to Religious Hope. There may be differences of opinion in relation to the sacred volume, various creeds may spring from misconstruction of its pages, defects of translation may mar the sublimest of its beauties.

Would *you* therefore blot the Bible from the earth? Give us a better, a holier book, before you take this from our homes and hearts!

So the American Union may be the object of honest differences of opinion; it may be liable to misinterpretation, or be darkened by the smoke of conflicting creeds; yes, it may shelter black slavery in the south, and white slavery in the north.

Would *you* therefore destroy it? Give us a better, a holier Union, before you sweep this into chaos!

With this protest against every illegitimate creation of a feverish philanthrophy, whether it takes the shape of affection for the suffering African, or —like the valorous bull who contended with the steam engine—pitches with head down, eyes closed, horns erect, against the Happiness of Millions, let me turn to my hero. A negro Hero, with hair like wool, skin as black as ink.

Against the porch of the murdered Schoolmaster's home, just before the break of day, on the Eleventh of September, 1777, there leaned the figure of a tall and muscular man.

You can see him yonder through the dimness of the day-break hour, resting with bent arms against the railing of the porch. His attire is very simple; rough coat and trowsers of plain homespun, yet through their loose folds, you can discern the outlines of a noble, yes, magnificent form.

It is not his form however, with its breadth of chest, its sinewy arms, its towering height, or Herculean outline of iron strength, that arrests your attention.

His head placed erect upon his shoulders, by a firm bold neck. His face with its unmistakable clearness of outline. The brow full and prominent, the nose aquiline with slight and tremulous nostrils, the lips not remarkable

for thickness, set together with a firm pressure, the chin square and bold, the cheek-bones high and angular.

And yet he is a Negro, and yet he has been a slave!

A Negro, without the peculiar conformation, which marks whole tribes of his race. Neither thick lips, flat nose, receding chin or forehead, are his. He stands in the dimness of this hour, a type of the war-like Ashantee race, whose forms remind you at once of Apollo and Hercules, hewn from a solid mass of anthracite—black in hue yet bold in outline, vigorous in the proportions of each manly limb.

Black Sampson—so they called him—stood leaning against the porch of his murdered master's home, while around him, certain white objects arose prominently in the dim air, and a vague murmur swelled above the meadow of the Brandywine.

These white objects were the tents of the Continential Encampment, stretching over the valley afar. That murmur was the omen of a terrible event. It meant that brave men, with stout hearts in their bosoms, were sharpening their swords, examining their rifles, and eating their last meal before the battle.

But Sampson looked not upon the white tents, nor heard the murmur. Nor did he gaze upon a space of earth, some few paces up the hill-side, where a circle had been described on the soft sward, by the action of fire.

There, the night before last, his friend, his master, the veteran who had served with Washington in Braddock's war, had been—*burned to death.*

Nor did the eye of Black Sampson, rest upon a rude hut, which you can see, down the meadow yonder, half way between the stream, and the foot of the hill. That was Black Sampson's home—there, when sick and at death's door, he had been fed by the old schoolmaster, and there, his dreams of Pagan Superstition had been broken by the prayers of the schoolmaster's child.

Sampson's thoughts were neither with the murdered man and his blue-eyed daughter, nor with the army whose murmur swelled around.

No! Gathering his coarse garb, to his breast, he folded his arms, and talked to himself.

Now you will understand me, this Negro, could not speak ten clear words of our English tongue. He could not master the harsh elements of our northern language. But when he *thought*, it was in the musical syllables of his native Ashantee: shall we translate his thoughts into English?

"Years—years—O, years of horrible torture, how ye glide away! Back into my native land again—the land of the desert and the sun, the land of the Lion and the Tiger,—back once more into my father's *kraal!* Yonder it stands among those trees, with the large green leaves, and many colored birds upon each bough! Yonder by the deep river, whose waves are white with lillies—yonder beneath the shadow of the palm, yonder with its roof, evergreen with vines!

"And my father is here! Yes, with his people and his children round him, he sits before his palace gate, gold bracelets on his wrists, the iron spear in his hand, a chain of diamonds and pearls about his neck. But Ka-Loloo, the king of the Ashantee has grown old; he mourns for his son —his son, who was stolen away, long years—ah, long, long years ago by the pale face! Look! The old man weeps—he loved that son—see! the rays of the setting sun light up his aged brow—he weeps! His people in vain attempt to comfort him. "My son, my son," he cries, "who shall lead the Ashantees to battle, when I am gathered to the Kroal of the dead!" So speaks Ka-Loloo king of the Ashantees, sitting with his people round him at his palace gate!"

—Laugh if you please, at these strange memories of the Negro, but I assure you, there were tears in the rude fellows eyes, even as he stood there leaning against the porch.

For his Father was a King—he was the Prince of three thousand warriors—he, whose native name was now lost in the cognomen, BLACK SAMPSON—had been sold from his home into slavery.

The People of the valley of Brandywine knew but little about him. About five years ago, he had appeared in the valley, a miserable skeleton, covered from head to foot with scars. It was supposed that he was a slave from the far south. No one asked his history, but the old veteran, even Jacob Mayland, gave him a home. Therefore, Black Sampson clung to the memory of his murdered master with all his soul.

The day began to dawn; light clouds floating over the eastern horizon, saw the sun approach, and caught his golden smile upon their snowy breasts.

It was at this hour, that Black Sampson, leaning against the porch of the murdered man's home, beheld a strange figure come slowly over the sward, toward him.

Was it a Ghost? So strangely beautiful, with those white feet, pressing the soft grass, that flowing brown hair sweeping over the bared arms?

At a second glance, he recognized the daughter of the schoolmaster, warm and lovable and bewitching Mary Mayland, whom Gotlieb Hoff, the rough farmer loved with all his heart.

Warm and lovable and bewitching no longer! For she came with her blue eyes fixed and glassy—she came, clad in her night dress as a shroud —she came, the image of a Woman, whose dearest hope has all at once been wrecked, whose life has suddenly been transformed from a garden of virgin hopes, into a desert of blasted ashes.

Sampson was a Negro—a rude man, who had an imperfect idea of the Blessed Saviour, mingling *His* Religion with the dreams of Pagan superstition—and yet, as he beheld this pale girl come slowly toward him, with her white arms folded over her almost pulseless bosom, he, the black man, shuddered.

Still the young woman came on, and stood before him—a miserable wreck —telling in her mad way, the story of her unutterable wrong. She did not see Sampson, for her glassy eyes looked on the vacant air, but still she told her story, making the honest negro's blood run cold in his veins.

—The night before she had been lured from her home, and ——. The story cannot be told. All that we can know is, that she stands before us, in the light of the breaking day, a mad and ruined girl. In her ravings—oh, that name is too harsh! In her mild, deep voice, she told the story of her wrong, and murmured the name of Gilbert Gates, and the name of a British officer.

You can see Sampson start forward, gather her gently in his rude arms, and place her quietly on the seat of the porch.

"Dis am berry bad, Missa Polly—" he said, and you will remember that he spoke very uncouth English—"Enuf to break a nigga's heart! And dey took you from yer home, and ——"

The negro did not utter another word, for he saw the stout form of Gotlieb Hoff coming briskly over the sod, a rifle on his shoulder, an oaken sprig in the band of his hat. Gotlieb whistled gaily as he came, his light curling hair waving about his ruddy face.

He did not dream of the agony in store for him.

And while he came, the poor girl sat on the porch of her Home, folding her white arms over her bosom, and muttering in that low deep voice, the story of her wrong.

The negro Black Sampson, could not endure the sight. Even as Gotlieb came gaily on, the black man bounded from the porch, and hastened toward yonder barn.

If he—the negro—turned away from the agony of this meeting between the Plighted Husband and his Ruined Bride, shall we take hearts of stone to our bosoms, and gaze upon the horror of that interview?

Black Sampson approached the barn whose walls of logs you see piled up yonder, on the side of the hill.

He opened a narrow door and called for his dog. The dog bounded forth, a noble animal, in shape something like the kingly dogs of St. Bernard, yet white as the driven snow. He came with fierce eyes and formidable teeth, ears and head erect, and crouched low at his master's feet.

Then Sampson entered the barn, and in a moment appeared, holding a scythe in his right arm. He wound one arm around the handle, and with the fingers of his other hand, tested the sharpness of the edge.

Then a low, deep, yet unnatural chuckle passed the African's lips.

"Look heah, Debbil—" that was the name of his dog—"Hah, yah! Sampson am gwain a-mowin' dis day!"

The dog darted up, as with mingled rage and joy.

You will admit that Sampson's movements are peculiar. In order to

understand this strange magnetic sympathy between the master and the dog, let us follow Sampson's steps into the barn.

He flings open the large door, and by the dim morning light you behold a strange object in the centre of the threshing floor among heaps of straw.

Is it a man, or an image?

It is a British uniform, stuffed with straw and glittering with epaulettes of gold. There is a gay chapeau placed on the shoulders of the figure, military boots upon its legs.

The moment that 'Debbil' beholds it, he howls with ungovernable rage, displays his teeth, and shoots fire from his eyes.

But Sampson holds him by the collar, talking merrily to him all the while —

"Look heah Debbil, we am gwain a-mowin' dis day! De ye know what we gwain to mow? I tells ye. De night afore last, de dam British, dey burn your Massa alive——d'ye hear dat, ye stupid Debbil? Dis berry hour dey abuse your young Missus—you understand me Debbil? Dat's de reason we am gwain a-mowin'! Dat is! An' whenebber ye see anyting like dat Debbil—" pointing to the figure—"Den at 'em trote, and lap um blood!"

He loosed the collar of the Dog and suffered him to go.

—You hear a deep howl, you see the dog spring forward. Look! His teeth are fixed in the throat of the figure; he tears it, drags it, crushes it in his rage, while Black Sampson stands laughing by.

Laughing a low, deep laugh, that has something else than mirth in its tone.

"Dat's de way we am gwain a-mowin' dis day!"

He turned from the barn followed by the spotless dog. He stood amid the cinders of the burned haystack, where his master had died in bitter agony the night before last.

Then, while the armies were mustering for the conflict, while over the valley of the Brandywine the Continentals formed in columns, their starry banner waving overhead, while on yonder porch Gotlieb listens to the story of the veteran's child, here, on this circle of withered grass, Black Sampson prepared for battle.

The manner of his preparation was singular.

The sun came on—the gleam of British arms shine on the opposite hills —the battle was about to commence its Liturgy of yells and groans, yet still Sampson stood there, in the centre of the blasted circle.

On the very spot where the veteran's bones had laid, he stood.

Muttering again that terrible oath of vengeance to his Moloch God, he first stripped from his form his coat of coarse homespun. Then, with his broad, black chest glittering in the sunlight, he wound his right arm around the handle of his scythe.

He laid the other hand upon the head of his dog. His eye gleamed with deadly light.

Thus, scythe in hand, his dog by his side, his form, in all its herculean proportion, bared to the waist, Black Sampson stood prepared for battle.

Look yonder over the valley! Behold that sweep of level meadow, that rippling stream of water. On these eastern hills, you see the men of Mad Anthony Wayne, ranged in battle-order. Yonder, from the western woods, the gleam of Kniphausen's arms, shoots gaily over the leaves,

Suddenly there is a sound like thunder, then white columns of smoke, then a noise of trampling hoofs.

Black Sampson hears that thunder and quivers from head to foot. He sees the white smoke, and lifts his scythe. The trampling hoofs he hears, and speaks to his dog—"Debbil, dis day we am gwain a-mowin'!"

But then, through the clamor of battle, there comes a long and ringing cry. It is the battle-shout of Anthony Wayne.

Black Sampson hears it, darts forward, and with his dog by his side, rushes into the folds of the battle-smoke.

You see him yonder, far down the valley, you see him yonder, in the midst of the stream; now he is gone among the clouds, now he comes forth again, now the whirlpool of battle shuts him in. Still the white dog is by his side, still that scythe gleams aloft. Does it fall?

At last, yonder on the banks of the Brandywine, where a gush of sunlight pours through the battle-clouds, you see Black Sampson stand. A strange change has passed over himself, his scythe, his dog. All have changed color. The color they wear is a fiery red—look! You can see it drip from the scythe, crimson Sampson's chest and arms, and stain with gory patches, the white fur of his dog.

And the word that Sampson said, as he patted his noble dog, was something like this:

"Dat counts *one* for Massa!"

Had the scythe fallen? Had the dog hunted his game?

Through the entire battle of Brandywine, which began at break of day, and spent its last shot when the night set in, and the stars came smiling out upon the scene of murder, that Black Hercules was seen, companioned by his white dog, the sharp scythe flashing in dazzling circles above his head.

On the plain or meadow, extending in a lake of verdure where the battle begun; four miles away in the graveyard of the Quaker Meeting house, where thousands of contending foemen, fought until the sod was slippery with blood; at noon, at night, always rushing forward that Negro was seen, armed only with a sharp scythe, his only comrade a white dog, spotted with flakes of blood.

And the war-cry that he ever shouted, was in his rude way—

"Dat counts one for Massa, Debbil!"

Whenever he said this, the dog howled, and there was another mangled corse upon the ground.

The British soldiers saw him come—his broad black chest gleaming in the sun—his strange weapon glittering overhead—his white dog yelling by his side, and as they looked they felt their hearts grow cold, and turned from his path with fear. Yes fear, for with a superstition not unnatural, they thought they beheld, not a warrior armed for the fight, but a Demon, created by the horror of battle, rushing on with the fiend-animal by his side.

Many a British throat that had been fondly pressed by the hands of mother, wife, or sister, that day felt the teeth of the white dog! Many a British eye that had gazed undismayed into the muzzle of American cannon, quailed with involuntary cowardice at the sight of that circling scythe. Many a British heart that had often beat with mad pulsations, in the hour when American homes had been desolated, American fathers murdered, American mothers outraged, that day lay cold in the bosom which was pressed by the foot of Black Sampson, the Prince of the Ashantee.

Do not impute to me a morbid appetite for scenes of blood. I might pourtray to you in all their horrors, the several deaths of the murderers of Jacob Mayland, the veteran of Braddock's war. How this one was hurled from his horse by the white dog, while the scythe of Sampson performed its terrible office. How another, pursuing the Americans at the head of his men, uttered the shout of victory, and then heard the howl of the dog and died. How a third gentleman, while in the act of listening to my Lord Cornwallis, (who always went out to murder in clean ruffles and a wig, perfumed with *Marechale* powder,) was startled by the apparition of a giant negro, a whirling scythe, a white dog crimsoned with blood, and how when he saw this apparition a moment only, he never saw or felt anything more.

But I will not do it. My only object is to impress upon your minds, my friends—for sitting alone in my room, with but this pen in my hand, I can talk to you all; you, the half-a-million readers of this page and call you *friends*—the idea of Black Sampson's conduct, his religion, his ruling motive.

It was this: The old man Mayland and his daughter, had been very kind to him. To them in his rude negro heart, he had sworn eternal fidelity. In his rude African religion, *to revenge the death of a friend, was not only a duty, but a solemn injunction from the lips of the dead.*

Therefore arming himself but with a scythe, he called his dog, and went out to hunt Englishmen, as he had often hunted wild beasts.

Pass we then the carnage of that fearful day.

It was in the calm of twilight, when that sweet valley of Brandywine looks as lovely as a young bride, trembling on the threshold of the Bridal Chamber—a blushing, joyous, solemn thing, half-light, half-shadow—that a rude figure stumbled into a room, where a dead woman lay.

It was in a house near Dilworth corner, one or two miles from the battle-field of the meeting house.

A quiet chamber filled with silent people, with hushed breath and deeply saddened faces, and the softened glow of a glorious sunset pouring through the closed curtains of yonder window.

Those people gathered round a bed, whose snow-white coverlet caught a flush of gold from the setting sun. Stout men were in that crowd, men who had done brave work in that day's battle, and tender girls who were looking forward with hope to a future life of calm, home-born joys, and aged matrons, who had counted the years of their lives by the burial of dear friends. These all were there.

And there at the foot of the bed, stood a man in the dress of a farmer, his frank honest face, stained with blood, his curling hair curling no longer, but stiffened with clotted gore. He had been in battle, Gotlieb Hoff striving earnestly to do some justice on these British spoilers, and now at the evening hour—after scenes that I may picture at some future time—came to look upon the burden of that bed.

It was no wonder that honest Gotlieb muttered certain mad sentences, in broken English, as he gazed upon this sight.

For believe me had you been there, you would have felt your senses gliding from you at that vision. It was indeed, a pitiful sight.

She looked so beautiful as she lay there upon the bed. The hands that were gently clasped, and the bosom that had heaved its last throb, and the closed eyelids that were never to open more, and —— you see they wept there, all of them, for she looked so sadly beautiful as she lay dead, even Mary sweet gentle lovable Mary, with the waving brown hair and the laughing blue eyes.

She was dead now. About the hour of noon when the battle raged most horribly, the last chord of her brain snapt, and on the altar of her outraged life the last fire went out. She was dead, and O, she wore the saddest, sweetest smile about her young face as she lay there, that you ever saw.

That was what made them weep. To have looked stiff and cold and dismal, would have seemed more like Death, but to smile thus upon them all, when her honor, her reason, her life, had all in one hour been trampled into nothingness, to smile thus peacefully and forgivingly as she lay dead, in her simple night-dress—ah! It cut every heart with a sudden sharp pain, and made the eyes overflow with bitter tears.

I have said that a rude figure stumbled into a room, where a dead woman lay.

Yes, in the very moment when the last ray of the sun—that never more should rise upon the dead girl—was kissing her closed lids as if in pity, there came a rude figure, breasting his way through the spectators.

Black and grim—almost horrible to look upon—bleeding from many wounds, the scythe in his hand, Sampson stood there. He looked long and

fixedly upon the dead girl. They could see a tremulous motion at his nostrils, a convulsive quivering about his mouth.

At last with an oath—and O, forgive it kind Heaven, for it was but sworn to hide the sincere feeling of his heart—he laid his hand upon the head of the dog, which had crept silently to his side, and told the faithful animal ——

"Debbil you am a rale brute, and no mistake! Dars Missa Maylan' layin' dead—stone dead—she dat feed you and your Massa, many a hunder time—and you no cry one dam' tear!"

Two large tears rolled down his face as he spoke, and the last sunbeam kissed the eyelids of the dead girl, and was gone.

Some three or four years since, a ploughshare that upturned the soil where a forest had stood in the Revolution, uncovered the grave of some unknown man. In that grave were discovered the skeleton of a human being, the bones of an animal, and the rusted and blood-clotted blade of a scythe.

Did the hand of the Avenger ever strike the tinselled wretch who had crushed into dishonor, the peasant-girl of Brandywine?

Even in the presence of Washington, while encircling the Chieftain with British soldiers he fell, stricken down by the quiet Gilbert Gates, who whispered in his freezing ear "Thou didst dishonor her—thou, that hadst no father's blood to avenge!"

As the handsome Captain writhed in the dust—Washington amazed, the British soldiers maddened by the sight—the pretended Quaker true to his instinct of falsehood, whispered to the one, "Washington I have saved thee!" and to the others—"Behold the order of friend Cornwallis, commanding this deed!"

Need we gaze upon the fate of this strange man, Gilbert Gates the Son of the Hunter-Spy? His crimes, his oath, his life, were all dyed with innocent blood, but the last scene which closed the page of this world to him forever, is too dark and bloody to be told.

In a dim nook of the woods of Brandywine, two vigorous hickory trees bending over a pool of water, in opposite directions, had been forced by strong cords together, and firmly joined into one. Those cords once separated—the knot which combined them once untied—it was plainly to be seen that the hickory trees would spring back to their natural position, with a terrific rebound.

The knot was untied by a rifle-ball. But the moment, ere the trees sprung apart with a sound like thunder, you might see a human form lashed by the arms and limbs, to their separate branches.

It was the form of Gilbert Gates, the Son of the Hunter-Spy. The ball that untied the knot, was sped from the rifle of Gotlieb Hoff, the plighted husband of the dishonored girl.

We have followed to its end, the strange and varied career of Gilbert Gates, the False Quaker of Brandywine. Now let us look upon a Friend of another kind. The day before the battle, there stood in the shadows of the forest, at a point where two roads met, a man of some fifty-eight years, one hand resting on the bridle-rein of his well-fed nag, and the other pressed against his massive brow. He was clad in the Quaker dress. A man of almost giant stature, his muscular limbs clad in sober drab, his ruddy face and snow-white hairs crowned by a broad-rimmed hat. The leaves formed a canopy above his head, as he stood wrapped in deep and exciting thoughts, while his sleek, black horse—a long known and favorite animal—bending his neck, cropped the fragrant wild grass at his feet.

The stout Quaker felt the throes of a strange mental contest quivering through his veins. The father butchered by his hearthstone, the mother dishonored in the presence of her children, the home in flames, and the hearth a Golgotha—these are not very Christian sights, and yet the old Quaker had seen them all. And now with his heart torn by the contest between his principles and his impulses,—his principles were '*Peace!*', his impulses shrieked '*Washington!*'—he had come here to the silent woods to think the matter over. He wished to shoulder a rifle in the Army of freedom, but the principles of his life and creed forbade the thought. After much thought, and it must be said, severe though silent Prayer, the stout Quaker resolved to test the question by a resort to the ancient method of ordeal or lottery. "Now," said he, as the sunlight played with his white hairs—"I stand here, alone in the woods, where two roads meet. I will turn my favorite horse, even Billy, loose, to go wherever he pleaseth. If he takes the road on the right, I will get me a rifle and join the Camp of Friend Washington. But in case he takes the road on the left, I will even go home, and mind my own business. Now, Billy, thee is free—go where it pleaseth thee—and mind what thee's about!"

The loosened rein fell dangling on Billy's sleek neck. The patriotic friend beheld him hesitate on the point where the two paths joined; he saw him roll his large eyes lazily from side to side, and then slowly saunter toward the road on the left—the '*Home*' road.

As quick as thought, the stout Quaker started forward, and gave the rein almost imperceptible, but powerful inclination toward the 'Washington Road,' exclaiming in deprecatory tones—"*Now thee stupid thing! I verily thought thee had better sense!*"

Whether the words or the sudden movement of the Quaker's hand, worked a change in Billy's mind, we cannot tell, but certain it is, that while the grave Friend, with his hands dropped by his side, calmly watched the result, the sagacious horse changed his course, and entered the 'Washington road.'

"Verily, it is ordered so!" was the quiet ejaculation of the Quaker, as he took his way to the camp of Washington. We need not say, that he did a brave work in the battle of Brandywine.

XVIII.—THE MECHANIC HERO OF BRANDYWINE.

NEAR Dilworth corner, at the time of the Revolution, there stood a quiet cottage, somewhat retired from the road, under the shade of a stout chesnut tree. It was a quiet cottage, nestling away there in one corner of the forest road, a dear home in the wilderness, with sloping roof, walls of dark grey stone, and a casement hidden among vines and flowers.

On one side, amid an interval of the forest trees, was seen the rough outline of a blacksmith's shop. There was a small garden in front, with a brown gravelled walk, and beds of wild flowers.

Here, at the time of the Revolution, there dwelt a stout blacksmith, his young wife and her babe.—What cared that blacksmith, working away there in that shadowy nook of the forest, for war? What feared he for the peril of the times, so long as his strong arm, ringing that hammer on the anvil, might gain bread for his wife and child!

Ah, he cared little for war, he took little note of the panic that shook the valley, when some few mornings before the battle of the Brandywine, while shoeing the horse of a Tory Refugee, he overheard a plot for the surprise and capture of Washington. The American leader was to be lured into the toils of the tories; his person once in the British camp, the English General might send the "*Traitor* Washington" home, to be tried in London.

Now our blacksmith, working away there, in that dim nook of the forest, without caring for battle or war, had still a sneaking kindness for this *Mister* Washington, whose name rung on the lips of all men. So one night, bidding his young wife a hasty good-bye, and kissing the babe that reposed on her bosom, smiling as it slept, he hurried away to the American camp, and told his story to Washington.

It was morning ere he came back. It was in the dimness of the autumnal morning, that the blacksmith was plodding his way, along the forest road. Some few paces ahead there was an aged oak, standing out into the road—a grim old veteran of the forest, that had stood the shocks of three hundred years. Right beyond that oak was the blacksmith's home.

With this thought warming his heart, he hurried on. He hurried on, thinking of the calm young face and mild blue eyes of that wife, who, the night before, had stood in the cottage door, waving him out of sight with a beckoned good-bye—thinking of the baby, that lay smiling as it slept upon her bosom, he hurried on—he turned the bend of the wood, he looked upon his home.

Ah! what a sight was there!

Where, the night before, he had left a peaceful cottage, smiling under a green chesnut tree, in the light of the setting sun, now was only a heap of black and smoking embers and a burnt and blasted tree!

This was his home!

And there stood the blacksmith gazing upon that wreck of his hearthstone;—there he stood with folded arms and moody brow, but in a moment a smile broke over his face.

He saw it all. In the night his home had taken fire, and been burned to cinders. But his wife, his child had escaped. For that he thanked God.

With the toil of his stout arm, plying there on the anvil, he would build a fairer home for wife and child; fresh flowers should bloom over the garden walks, and more lovely vines trail along the casement.

With this resolve kindling over his face, the blacksmith stood there, with a cheerful light beaming from his large grey eyes, when——a hand was laid upon his shoulder.

He turned and beheld the face of a neighbor.

It was a neighbor's face; but there was an awful agony stamping those plain features—there was an awful agony flashing from those dilating eyes—there was a dark and a terrible mystery speaking from those thin lips, that moved, but made no sound.

For a moment that farmer tried to speak the horror that convulsed his features.

At last, forcing the blacksmith along the brown gravelled walk, now strewn with cinders, he pointed to the smoking embers. There, there—amid that heap of black and smoking ruins, the blacksmith beheld a dark mass of burnt flesh and blackened bones.

"*Your wife!*" shrieked the farmer, as his agony found words. "The British they came in the night they"——and then he spoke that outrage, which the lip quivers to think on, which the heart grows palsied to tell—that outrage too foul to name—"Your wife," he shrieked, pointing to that hideous thing amid the smoking ruins; "the British they murdered your wife, they flung her dead body in the flames—they dashed your child against the hearthstone!"

This was the farmer's story.

And there, as the light of the breaking day fell around the spot, there stood the husband, the father, gazing upon that mass of burned flesh and blackened bones—*all that was once his wife.*

Do you ask me for the words that trembled from his white lips? Do you ask me for the fire that blazed in his eye?

I cannot tell you. But I can tell you that there was a vow going up to Heaven from that blacksmith's heart; that there was a clenched hand, upraised, in the light of the breaking day!

Yes, yes, as the first gleam of the autumnal dawn broke around the spot, as the first long gleam of sunlight streamed over the peeled skull of that fair young wife—she was that last night—there was a vow going up to Heaven, the vow of a maddened heart and anguished brain.

How was that vow kept? Go there to Brandywine, and where the carnage gathers thickest, where the fight is most bloody, there you may see a

stout form striding on, lifting a huge hammer into light. Where that hammer falls, it kills—where that hammer strikes, it crushes! It is the blacksmith's form. And the war-cry that he shouts? It is a mad cry of vengeance—half howl, half hurrah? Is it but a fierce yell, breaking up from his heaving chest?

Ah no! Ah no!

It is the name of—MARY! It is the name of his young wife!

Oh, Mary—sweetest name of women—name so soft, so rippling, so musical—name of the Mother of Jesus, made holy by poetry and religion—how strangely did your syllables of music ring out from that blacksmith's lips, as he went murdering on!

"*Mary*!" he shouts, as he drags that red-coated trooper from his steed: "Mary!" he shrieks, as his hammer crashes down, laying that officer in the dust. Look! Another officer, with a gallant face and form—another officer, glittering in tinsel, clasps that blacksmith by the knees, and begs mercy.

"I have a wife—mercy! I have a wife yonder in England—spare me!"

The blacksmith, crazed as he is, trembles—there is a tear in his eye.

"I would spare you, but there is a form before me—the form of my dead wife! That form has gone before me all day! She calls on me to strike!"

And the hammer fell, and then rang out that strange war-cry—"Mary!"

At last, when the battle was over, he was found by a wagoner, who had at least shouldered a cartwhip in his country's service—he was found sitting by the roadside, his head sunken, his leg broken—the life blood welling from his many wounds.

The wagoner would have carried him from the field, but the stout blacksmith refused.

"You see, neighbor," he said, in that voice husky with death, "I never meddled with the British till they burned by home, till they——" he could not speak the outrage, but his wife and child were there before his dying eyes—"And now I've but five minutes' life in me. I'd like to give a shot at the British afore I die. D'ye see that cherry tree? D'ye think you could drag a man of my build up thar? Place me thar; give me a powder-horn, three rifle balls an' a good rifle; that's all I ask."

The wagoner granted his request; he lifted him to the foot of the cherry tree; he placed the rifle, the balls, the powder-horn in his grasp.

Then whipping his horses through the narrow pass, from the summit of a neighboring height, he looked down upon the last scene of the blacksmith's life.

There lay the stout man, at the foot of the cherry tree, his head, his broken leg hanging over the roadside bank. The blood was streaming from his wounds—he was dying.

Suddenly he raised his head—a sound struck on his ears. A party of British came rushing along the narrow road, mad with carnage and thirsting for blood. They pursued a scattered band of Continentals. An officer led the way, waving them on with his sword.

The blacksmith loaded his rifle; with that eye bright with death he took the aim. "That's for Washington!" he shouted as he fired. The officer lay quivering in the roadside dust. On and on came the British, nearer and nearer to the cherry tree—the Continentals swept through the pass. Again the blacksmith loaded—again he fired. "That's for mad Anthony Wayne!" he shouted as another officer bit the sod.

The British now came rushing to the cherry tree, determined to cut down the wounded man, who with his face toward them, bleeding as he was, dealt death among their ranks. A fair-visaged officer, with golden hair waving on the wind, led them on.

The blacksmith raised his rifle; with that hand stiffening in death, he took the aim—he fired—the young Briton fell with a sudden shriek.

"And that," cried the blacksmith, in a voice that strengthened into a shout, "and that's for ——"

His voice was gone! The shriek died on his white lips.

His head sunk—his rifle fell.

A single word bubbled up with his death groan. Even now, methinks I hear that word, echoing and trembling there among the rocks of Brandywine. That word was—MARY!

XIX.—ANTHONY WAYNE AT BRANDYWINE.

ON a cold winter's day—far back in the olden time—in front of a rude stone school-house, that arose from among an orchard, whose leafless branches stood out against the clear blue sky, a crowd of school boys might have been seen hurrying to and fro, in all the excitement of battle.

Their cheeks glowed crimson with the fever of the fight, as armed with little globes of snow, they raised their battle shout, they met in conflict, now rallying here, now retreating yonder, one party defending the entrenchments of ice and snow, while another band came on, the forlorn hope of the mimic fray.

It was true, the weapons that they hurled, the fort, which was at once the object of attack and defence, were all of frozen snow, yet the conflict was carried on with an energy and skill worthy of many a bloodier fight.

You see the fort, rising before the dark school-house wall, a mound of ice, over a waste of snow, its summit lined with the brave defenders, while the forlorn hope of the enemy come rushing to the conflict, resolved to force the entrenchments and put the conquered soldiers to the sword. Not sword of steel, but a formidable blade carved with a pen-knife from a branch of oak or hickory.

The hearty shouts of the combatants, ring out upon the air, their cheeks flush, their eyes fire; the contest deepens and the crisis of the fight is near.

You see that boy, not more than ten years old, standing erect upon the fortress wall, his hazel eyes rolling like sparks of fire, in his ruddy face, while his curly hair, white with snowy fragments, is blown around his brow, by the winter wind?

He is the Master Spirit of the scene.

He urges his comrades with his merry shout, now bending to gather new balls of snow, now hurling them in the face of the enemy, while his chest heaves, expands, his nostrils quiver, his lips curl with the excitement of the hour.

It was he that raised this fort, and leading his comrades from their books, marshalled them in battle array.

It is he, that retreating behind the wall, lures the enemy to the attack, and then suddenly starting into view, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, shouts the word of command, and pours confusion in their ranks.

Backed by his comrades, he springs from the fort—again that shout—one charge more and the day is ours! Not a moment does he allow the enemy to recover their broken ranks, but piles the snow upon their heads, and sends the battle home. The air is thick with bombs of snow; a frosty shower whitens their cheeks, and dangles in glittering gems from their waving hair.

Still that hearty shout, still that brave boy in front, still his little hands are raised, wielding the missiles of the fight, as with his chest heaving and one foot advanced, he stands upon the frozen snow, and shouts his comrades to the charge.

The enemy break, they scatter, they fly!

The boy with the clear eye of hazel, the curling hair of chesnut brown, is victor of the field.

You may smile at this contest, laugh at the gloom of the gruff schoolmaster's visage, projecting from yonder window, and yet the day will come, when the enraged Pedagogue will hear this boy's name rung in the lips of the nation, as the hero of an hundred bloody battles! The day is coming, when that little hand will yield an iron sword, while the hazel eye, flaming from a face bathed in sweat and blood, will, with frenzied joy, survey the mists, the glare, the hurrying ranks, the awful panorama of no mimic fight.

Time passed on, and the people of the good old county of Chester often noted, a stripling, with his gun on his shoulder, wandering through the woods of Brandywine, or sitting beside these still waters, holding the fishing rod, from the brow of a projecting rock, his bare feet dipping in the waves, as his hazel eye shone with visions of the future.

Time passed on, and there came a day, when this boy, grown to manhood, stood on the summit of a mound that rose from the meadows of the Brandywine.

It was in the early morning time, when the light of the stars was scarcely paled by the glow of the autumnal dawn.

Looking from the height of the fortified knoll, defended by a deep ditch and grim with cannon, General Wayne awaited the approach of the enemy. Beneath him spread the valley, gleaming with American arms; yonder rippled the stream, so soon to be purpled in its every wave, with the life-drops of human hearts. On the opposite shore of the Brandywine, arose wooded steeps, towering abruptly from the bed of the rivulet, crowned from the ripple to the sky with forest trees.

Wayne stood on the summit of the knoll, his face flushed with deep anxiety. He was about to fight, not like La Fayette, for a strange people of a far land, not like Pulaski, as an Exile and a Wanderer, nor yet like Washington, the leader of a People. No! Surrounded by the memories of childhood, his foot upon his native soil, his chest swelling with the air that came rich and fragrant over the orchards of his native valley, he had buckled on the sword to fight for that soil, he stood prepared to spend his blood in defence of that valley.

By his side stood his gallant roan, caparisoned for the battle.

Tradition tells us, that it was a noble steed, with small head, broad chest and tapering limbs. When he rushed into the fight, it was with neck arched, eye rolling in fire, and dark mane quivering on the battle breeze. But when his master's shout rung on the air, sounding the charge which mowed the foemen down like stubble before the flame, then the gallant roan uttered his battle neigh and went through the smoke and into the fire like a bomb shell, hurled from the mortar along the darkened sky.

Wayne stood with his hand resting on his sword hilt. In stature, not more than an inch above the middle heigth, in form displaying a hardy energy, an iron vigor in every outline, was clad in a blue coat faced with buff, and falling open on his broad chest. There was a belt of dark leather over his breast, military boots on his limbs, a plain chapeau, surmounted by a plume of mingled red and white, surmounted his brow.

Beneath that plume you might behold the broad forehead, the aquiline nose, the clear, deep hazel eyes. It was the face of a warrior, nurtured from boyhood to love the blaze of cannon, and hail the clang of contending swords, as the bridegroom hails the marriage music.

Surrounded by his brave men, Wayne looked upon the opposite steeps, and looked for the bayonets of the foe.

At last they came. By the first gleam of morning light, he saw the Hessian soldiers, burly in form, loaded with ornaments and armed to the teeth, emerge from the shadows of the trees. Their heavy accoutrements, their lofty caps, bushy with fur, their well-filled knapsacks, were all clearly perceptible in the morning light. And the same sun that shone over their bayonets, revealed not only the British banner, waving slowly in the morn-

ing air, but the flags of Hesse and Anspach fluttering above their hordes of slaves.

Wayne beheld them come, and spoke to the cannoniers, arrayed in their faded uniform of blue and buff.

In a moment, those cannon at his feet uttered a volume of smoke, that rolled in folds of gloomy grandeur, high upward into the azure heavens.

He spoke to the Riflemen, in their rude hunting shirts of blue, with the powder horn and knife at their sides.

He saw them rush from the embankment, he beheld them overspread the meadow. Here, the steel cap of Porterfield, with its bucktail plume, there, the short sword of Maxwell, gleaming over the heads of his men. Bending from the fortified knoll, Wayne watched their career, with an interest that fired his eye with deeper light.

Over the meadow, into the trees,—a solitary rifle shot yelled on the air, a solitary death-groan shrieked into the clear heavens.

The battle had begun.

Then crash on crash, peal on peal, the bands of Maxwell and Porterfield poured their balls into the faces of the Hessian foe.

Wayne beheld them glide among the trees, he saw the enemy recoil in the midst of the waters, he heard their cries, but did not hear the shouts of his Riflemen. For these Riflemen, in the hour of battle, scarcely ever spoke a word with their lips. When they had a message to send, it spoke out from the tubes of their rifles. And these rifles always spoke to the heart!

For the first time, that blue sky was clouded by the smoke of conflict. For the first time, the groans of Christians hewn down by Christians, yelled on the air. For the first time, the Brandywine was stained with blood of the white man; for the first time, dead men, borne onward by its waves, with their faces to the light, looked up with glassy eyes and glided on!

Wayne beheld it all!

While the Hessian cannon answered to his own, while the fire from this knoll was answered by the blaze yonder, Wayne bent forward, laid his hand on the neck of his steed and watched the current of the fight.

He was about to spring on his steed and rush into the conflict, when he saw his Riflemen come out from the woods again, their arms dimmed, their faces dabbled with blood. They had driven the Hessians back step by step, foot by foot they had hurled them back upon the opposite shore, and now while the water dripped from their attire, silently lined the banks, awaiting the next onset of the foe.

The morning passed away, and the enemy did not resume their attack. Their arms gleamed far over the hills, their banners waved on every side, between the leaves of the forest oaks, and yet they dared not cross the Brandywine again. Five thousand strong, they held their position in silence, planted their cannon, arrayed their columns, and silently prepared the destruction of the Rebel Foe.

The morning passed. Shaken by a thousand conflicting emotions, Washington hurried along the eastern heights of Brandywine, his grey horse, now seen among the trees of Brenton's Ford, now darting through the battle-smoke of Chadd's Ford, now halting beside the gallant roan of Anthony Wayne. He knew not, whether the attack of Kniphausen was a mere feint; at one moment he anticipated the approach of the British in full force, eighteen thousand strong, across the Brandywine, at another, turning his eye away from the waters of the stream, he awaited the gleam of Cornwallis' arms, from the northern woods.

Wayne and Washington stood on the summit of the fortified knoll, talking long and earnestly together. The same expression of suspense and anxiety animated the lineaments of each warrior face.

The morning passed away.

Meanwhile, pausing on their arms, the Americans awaited the renewal of the attack, but they waited for hours in vain. It was not made when eleven o'clock came, and the sun was rising towards his noonday height; and Sullivan looked anxiously and eagerly from the heights were he was stationed, for the appearance of the enemy at Brinton's Ford, but they came not; nor could his scouts give him any intelligence of the movements of Howe or Cornwallis.

General Kniphausen, he well knew, had made the attempt to cross at Chadd's Ford, and had been nobly and gallantly repulsed; but the larger divisions of the enemy—where were they? What was their plan of operations? Where would Howe appear, or in what quarter would Cornwallis commence the attack?

All was wrapt in mystery to the minds of Washington, Wayne and the leader of his right wing. This silence of Howe and Cornwallis they feared had something of *omen*—dark and fearful omen—of defeat and dismay, for its explanation.

Eleven o'clock came, and Washington, with Sullivan by his side, stood gazing from an elevated knoll, about half-way between Brinton's and Chadd's Ford.

A horseman was observed riding up the hill-side at the top of his horse's speed. His attire seemed to be that of a substantial yeoman, his coat hung on his arm, his hat was extended in his upraised hand; his dress was disordered, his face covered with dust, and, as he rode up the hill-side, he sank the spurs in the flanks of his horse, whose eye glared wildly, while the dust and foam on his limbs showed that he had borne his master long and far.

In a moment the horseman flung himself from his horse, and rushed to the side of Washington. In hurried words he told his story, his manner was warm, urgent even to agony. He was a farmer—his name was Chaytor—he lived some miles northward of Kennet's Square—early on that

morning he had been aroused by the tread of armed men and the tramp of war steeds.

He looked from his window, and beheld the British army passing northward—General Howe and Lord Cornwallis were with them.

He believed it to be the intention of the enemy to make the passage of the Brandywine at Trimble's Ford and Jeffrey's Ford, some miles above the forks of the river—to occupy the high hills to the northward of Birmingham meeting-house, and thus having the entire right wing of the Continental forces laid open to his attack, Howe thought he might accomplish an easy victory.

This was the story of the farmer, and Washington would have given it credence, were it not for one fearful doubt that darkened over his mind. The surrounding country swarmed with tories—might not this be a tory spy in disguise? He discredited the story of the farmer, though he enforced its truth by an appeal to an oath, and even continued to utter it, with tears in his eyes, yet still under the influence of this fearful suspicion, Washington refused his credence to the story of Farmer Chaytor. *This mistake lost the battle of the Brandywine.*

Soon after this incident, Sullivan received information by the hands of Lieutenant Colonel Ross, that the enemy had just passed the forks of the Brandywine, some two or three miles above the Fork, five thousand strong, and provided with sixteen or eighteen field pieces.

No sooner was this information transmitted to Washington, than he ordered Sullivan to advance towards the Forks, and attack this division of the enemy. But as Sullivan is about to undertake this movement, fresh scouts come in, and report no intelligence of the British army whatever in the quarter named. The movement was postponed; and while Sullivan was thus shifting from one opinion to another, while Washington, with Wayne, was expecting the attack at Chadd's Ford, through this unfortunate contradiction of conflicting intelligence, the enemy was allowed to take a secure and powerful position, some three miles north-east of Brinton's Ford, and some four miles from Chadd's Ford.

We have seen the battle which ensued, and gone through its varies phases of ferocity and chivalry.

While Washington with his Generals, Sullivan, Greene, and La-Fayette was doing immortal deeds in the valley of the Quaker Temple, alone on the heights of Chadd's Ford, stood Anthony Wayne, breasting the overwhelming force of the Hessian army, with his little band of heroes.

With a thousand half-armed Continentals, he opposed five thousand hirelings, prepared in every respect for the game of war, their cannon glooming in every steep, their bayonets gleaming on every hill.

It was at four o'clock, that the valley of the Brandywine near Chadd's Ford, presented a spectacle worthy of the brightest days of chivalry.

At first looking from the steep where Wayne watched the fight, his hand laid on the neck of his steed, you behold nothing but vast clouds of smoke rolling like the folds of an immense curtain over the valley. Through these clouds, streamed every instant great masses of flame. Then long and arrowy flashes of light, quivered through their folds. Now they wore the blackness of midnight, in a moment they were changed into masses of snow.

And as they swayed to and fro, you might behold a strange meeting which took place in the lap of the valley. Pouring from the woods above the stream, the Hessian hordes in their varied and picturesque costume, came swarming over the field. As they advanced, the cannon above their heads on the western hills, belched volumes of fire and death, and lighted them on their way. As they came on, their musquets poured volley after volley, into the faces of the foe. Their wild battle-shout was heard, in the din of conflict. Altogether the war of cannon, the sharp clang of musquetry, the clouds now rolling here, now floating yonder, the bayonets gleaming like scattered points of flame, far along the field, presented a scene at once wild and beautiful.

And there in the centre of the valley, under the very eye of Wayne, a band of men, some clad in plain farmer's attire, some in the hunting shirt of the backwoodsman, stood undismayed while the Hessians swarmed on every side. No shout broke from their sturdy ranks. Silently loading their rifles, they stood as though rooted to the sod, every one selecting a broad chest for his target, as he raised his piece to the shoulder.

The sod beneath was slippery with blood. The faces of dead men glared horribly all around. The convulsed forms of wounded soldiers—whose arms had been torn off at the shoulder, whose eyes had been darkened forever, whose skulls had been crushed from the crown to the brow—were beneath their feet.

And yet they fought on. They did not shout, but waiting patiently until they might almost touch the bayonets of the Hessians, they poured the blaze of rifles in their faces. And every time that blaze lighted up the cloud, a new heap of dead men littered the field.

Still the Hessians advanced. Sold by their King to Murder, at so much per day, very brutes in human shape whose business it was to Kill, they trampled the dead bodies of their own comrades into the sod, uttered their yell and plunged into the ranks of the Continental soldiers.

In vain the gleam of their bayonets which shone so beautiful, in vain their hoarse shout, which echoed afar like the howl of savage beasts, mangling their prey, in vain their elegantly arranged columns, displayed in the most approved style of European warfare!

The American riflemen met them breast to breast, and sent their bullets home. Their faces darkened by powder, spotted with blood, their uncouth attire fluttering in rags, they did not move one inch, but in stern silence only

broken by the report of their rifles, these Continental heroes met the onset of the foe.

Suddenly the sun broke through the clouds, and lighted up the theatre of battle.

Almost at the same moment a venerable mansion rising among the woods on yonder shore of the Brandywine, ascended to the sky, in a whirling cloud of smoke and flame. Blown up by the explosion of powder, it shot a long column of fire and blackness into the sky, and then its fragments strewed the battle-field, mingled with the mangled wrecks of human forms.

Anthony Wayne, resting his hand on the neck of his steed, beheld it all.

He quivered in every nerve with the excitement of the combat, and yet pressing his lip between his teeth, awaited the moment when his sword should flash from the scabbard, his roan war-horse dash like a thunderbolt into the storm of battle.

That moment came at last. It was when the bloody contest had rolled over the valley for an hour and more, that the crisis came.

Look yonder along the summit of the western hills, where the Hessian banner darkens through the trees! Look yonder and behold that gallant company of warriors wind slowly down the hill, their swords, their helmets, their plumes, brightening in the glow of the setting sun. Four hundred strong, all attired in midnight black, relieved by gold, each helmet bearing the ominous skull and cross bones emblazoned on its front, the dragoons of Anspach came to battle.

At their head mounted on a snow-white steed, whose uplifted head and quivering nostrils denote the fever of the strife, rides a man of warrior presence, his steel helmet shadowed beneath a mass of dark plumes, his broad chest clad in a rich uniform, black as the raven's wing, glittering with stars and epaulettes of gold. It is Kniphausen, the General of the Hessian horde, riding at the head of veteran troopers, the bravest assassins of his hireling band.

In their rude faces, darkened by the heavy mustachio and beard, cut and hacked by scars, you read no gleam of pity. The cry of "Quarter!" falls unheeded on the ears of men like these. No matter how just or infamous the cause, their business is war, their pastime butchery. Unfurling the black flag of their Prince—you see the Skull and Cross bones glittering in the sun—they descend the hill, dash through the stream, and pour the avalanche of their charge upon the Continental host.

Wayne saw them come, and glanced for a moment on their formidable array. Then turning he beheld the steeds of some two hundred troopers, scattered through the orchard at his back, the swords of their riders touching the ripe fruit which hung from the bending boughs.

Wayne silently removed his plumed chapeau, and took from the hands of a soldier at his side, his trooper's helmet, faced with steel and adorned with a single bucktail plume.

Then vaulting in the saddle, he unsheathed his sword, and turning to the troopers shouted in his deep, indignant tones, the simple battle-word—"Come on!"

He plunged from the embankment, and ere his gallant roan had reached the base of the knoll, forth from the orchard trees burst that band of tried soldiers, and with their swords steadily gleaming, thundered in one solid mass down into the whirlpool of the fight.

Their banner, a White Horse painted on a blue field, and surrounded with Thirteen Stars, fluttered out upon the breeze; that single peal of the trumpet sounding the charge, shrieked far along the meadow.

Right through the battle Kniphausen crashes on, the swords of his men describing fiery circles in the air, the riflemen fall back, cut by their steel, crushed by their horses hoofs, panic stricken by their Hessian hurrah.

But courage, brave yeomen! Wayne is coming; his banner is on the breeze, his sword rises above his head, a glittering point of flame amid that sea of rolling clouds.

The soldiers who remained on the embarkment, beheld a strange and stirring sight.

Anthony Wayne, at the head of two hundred brave troopers, dashing toward the centre of the meadow, from the east—the Hessian Kniphausen, at the same moment advancing to the same point from the west. Between the Generals lay heaps of dead and dying; around them, the riflemen and Yagers, these in the hunting shirt, the others in a gaudy dress of green, waged a desperate and bloody contest.

Wayne turned his head over his shoulder, and waved his sword—"Come on!" the deep words rung through his clenched teeth.

They knew his voice, knew the glare of his battle eye, knew that uplifted arm, and dented sword!

Never has Kniphausen, crashing on, in the full current of impetuous slaughter, beheld the trooper at his side, fall dead on the neck of his steed, the marks of the rifle-ball oozing from his brow, he also looked up and beheld the coming of Mad Anthony Wayne!

It cannot be said that Wayne fought after the most approved style of European tactics.

But there was an honest sincerity about his manner of fighting, an unpretending zeal in the method of his charge, when riding the enemy down, he wrote his name upon their faces with his sword, that taught them to respect the hardy son of Chester.

"Upon them!" he shouted, and at once his two hundred troopers went into the heart of the Hessian column. They did not move very slowly you will observe, nor advance in scattered order, but four abreast, a solid bolt of horses, men and steel, they burst upon the foe, just as you have seen a rock hurled from an enormous height, crush the trees in the valley beneath.

The banner of the White Horse and Stars, mingled with the Black Flag of Anspach—a cloud of men, horses and swords, whirled like the last effort of a thunderstorm along the valley. In a moment, you can see nothing, but the points of swords, gleaming from the confusion of the conflict. Then, troopers bending over the mane of their steeds, their good swords quivering together, ere the fatal blow—horses themselves, fired with the fury of the hour, tearing each other's necks with their teeth—wounded men, plunging from their saddles to the sod—the banners of the foemen waving over all!

It was in the centre of that whirling fight, that Kniphausen and Wayne, cutting their way with their swords, silently confronted each other. The dark figure on the white steed drew near and nearer to the form, attired in blue and buff, and mounted on a roan war-horse. Each man beheld his foe, and their eyes met in a look, as searching as it was momentary.

The appearance of Wayne indicated violent emotion. His lip compressed between his teeth, his hazel eye firing beneath the frontlet of his cap, he grasped his sword, and for one moment looked around.

It was a hideous spectacle that met his eye. The Continentals scattering over the meadow, in broken array; the ground heaped with the bodies of the dead; the Brandywine, ghastly with the forces of the slain, thrown into light by its crimson waves.

That look seemed to make the blood within him, boil like molten lead. For raising himself in his stirrips, he called to his brother knights—to Marshall of Virginia, to Proctor of the Land of Penn, to the heroic riflemen, Maxwell and Porterfield—he shouted, the day was not yet lost, and then, with one impulse, himself and his horse, charged Kniphausen home.

No human arm might stand the fury of that charge. In a moment Kniphausen found himself alone in the midst of his enemies, the sword of Wayne, glaring near and nearer to his heart, the faces of the Continentals darkening round.

He appealed to his men, but in vain. To drive them back on the rivulet, to hurl them, horses and men together, into the red embrace of the waves, to cut the banner staff, and trail their banner in the mire, to sabre them by tens and twenties, as they strove to recover their battle order—this was a brilliant thing to do, but right brilliantly it was done, by Mad Anthony and his men.

That sight thrilled like electric fire along the field. In a moment the Continentals rallied; the riflemen advanced; the artillery began to play, the air thundered once more with the battle shout!

Reining his roan war-horse on the banks of the Brandywine, his sword in sober truth dripping with blood, Anthony Wayne, his face quivering with the intoxication of the battle, shouted to his soldiers, cheered them to the charge, saw them whirl the whole Hessian force into the stream.

How brilliantly the fire of hope and glory, lit up the hazel eye of Wayne!

At the instant, while the Hessian army in all its varied costume thronged the bed of the rivulet and scattered in dismay along the western shore, while Kniphausen mad with chagrin, hurried from rank to rank, cursing the men who would not fight, while Marshall and Proctor, Maxwell and Porterfield were hurrying their forces to the charge, the sun shone out from the western sky and lighted up the Brandywine, the valley, the forces of the living and the crushed countenances of the dead.

The sudden gush of sunlight bathed the brow of Anthony Wayne, as thrilling to his inmost heart, he waved his sword, and once more sounded the charge.

At the very moment, in the very flush of his triumph, a strange sound from the east growled on the ears of the General. It was the tramp of the right wing under Washington, Sullivan and Greene, retreating from the field of the Quaker Temple. Wayne saw their broken array, and knew that the field, not the day was lost.

His sword sank slowly to his side, with his face to the foe, he pointed the way to old Chester; he uttered the deep words of command.

"The soldiers of the right wing have been forced to retreat before superior numbers—we will protect their retreat!"

With surprise, indeed with awe, Kniphausen beheld the victorious band, who had just hurled his forces back upon the stream, slowly form in the order of retreat, their swords and banners gleaming in the sun.

And as the Continental forces slowly wound along the eastern hills—as Kniphausen proceeded to occupy the ground which they had deserted—a solitary warrior, the last of the rebel army, reined his steed on the knoll of Chadd's Ford, and with his blood-stained face glowing in the sunshine looked back upon the field, and in one glance surveyed its soil, transformed into bloody mire, its river floating with dead, its overlooking hills glittering with Hessian steel!

That one look, accompanied by a quivering of the lip, a heaving of his broad chest, the last gaze over, and the roan war-horse turned away, bearing from the field of Brandywine its own hero, Mad Anthony Wayne!

From the rising to the setting of the sun, he had maintained the fight; on the hills of his childhood, he had worked out his boyhood's dream, and wrote his name on the column of ages, with his battle sword.*

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* Note.—Among the many ridiculous anecdotes which are told of great men, none are more contemptible than two stories which are gravely written in connection with the name of Anthony Wayne. It is said on one occasion, when Washington desired the presence of Wayne, at his council, the latter sent this message—"*You plan, and I'll execute! Plan an attack on Hell, and I'll storm the gates!*" Whether the wit of this consists in its gross profanity, or drunken bravado, those grave gentlemen, who record it in their pages, may best answer. It is an insult on the memory of the chival-

XX.—FORTY-SEVEN YEARS AFTER THE BATTLE.

It was a calm and lovely day in summer—the time was morning, and the place the valley of the Birmingham meeting house. The place was calm and lovely as on the battle morn, but forty-seven long years had past since that day of terror, and yet the bye roads the hills and the plains, were all alive with people clad in their holiday costume. A long procession wound with banners and with the gleam of arms, around the base of Osborne's Hill, while in their front the object of every eye, there rolled a close carriage, drawn by six magnificent steeds, and environed by civic soldiers who rent the air with shouts, and flung wreaths of flowers and laurel beneath the horses' hoofs.

Slowly and with peals of solemn music—the summer sun above, shining serenely from a cloudless sky—the carriage wound along the ascent of the Hill and in a few moments, while valley and plain below were black with people, the elegantly caparisoned steeds were reined in on the broad summit of that battle-mount.

There was a pause for a moment, and then an aged man, a veteran tremulous with the burden of seventy years, and grim with scars—clad in the costume of the Revolution, approached and opened the carriage door.

The crowd formed a silent circle around the scene.

A man of some sixty years, tall in stature, magnificent in his bearing, stepped from the carriage, his form clad in a plain dress of blue, his uncovered brow glowing in the sun, with the grey hairs streaming to the breeze.

He stepped on the sod with the bearing of a man formed to win the hearts of men; he advanced with the manner of one of nature's Kings. For a moment he stood uncovered on the brow of the hill, with the sun shining on his noble brow, while his clear blue eye lighted up, as with the memories of forty-seven years.

And then from plain, from hill, from valley, from the lips of ten thousand freemen arose one shout—the thunder of a Peoples' gratitude—loud, prolonged and deafening. The soldiers waved their swords on high—they raised their caps in the air—and again, and again, the shout went up to the clear heavens.—In that chorus of joy, only a word was intelligible, a word that bubbled from the overflowing fountains of ten thousand hearts:

"La Fayette!"

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ric Pennsylvanian, whose glory is the treasure of our history. The other anecdote, reads something like this: "Can you take that battery, Wayne," said Washington. "I will take it *by the Lord!*" "Do not swear, Anthony,"—"*Then, with or without the Lord, I'll take it!*" Can anything be more utterly unlike, Wayne? He was not a ruffian, but a gentleman. Why will these journeymen historians, transform a brave and heroic man, into a braggart and blasphemer?

The Stranger was observed to tremble with a strange emotion. He who had fought undaunted in the battle of that valley forty-seven years ago, trembled like a child. The Hero of Two Revolutions, the Boy of Brandywine, the Prisoner of Olmutz, who flung his broad lands and princely revenues in the lap of freedom, now bowed his head, leaned upon the shoulder of the veteran and veiled his eyes from the light.

When he raised his face again, there were tears in his eyes.

So beautiful that country bloomed before him, so darkly on his memory rushed the condition of blighted France! The land of his birth trodden under the hoofs of the invader, the Bourbon-Idiot on her Throne, the Napoleon of her love, dead in his island-gaol of St. Helena. And here an Exile—almost a homeless Wanderer—stood the Man of Two Revolutions, gazing upon the battle plain, which forty-seven years before had been crowded by British legions, but now bloomed only with the blessings of peace, the smile of an all-paternal God!

The contrast between the Land of Washington and the Land of Napoleon, was too much for La Fayette.

He gazed upon the hills crowned with woodlands, the farms blooming with cultivation and dotted with Homes upon the level plains, green as with the freshness of spring, the wide landscape glowing in the sun, the very Garden of the Lord—he gazed—he thought of—FRANCE. The tears streamed freely down his cheeks.

Then his blue eye surveyed the Quaker temple, rising on its far-off hill, surrounded by its grassy mounds. As on the battle-day it looked so with its grey walls and rude roof and narrow windows it now arose, the trees around it, quivering their tops in the morning light.

Again the shout of that dense crowd thundered on the air, Welcome, welcome the friend of Washington, La Fayette!

But it fell unheeded on his ear. His soul was with the Past. There forty-seven years before, he had seen Washington in all his chivalric manhood; there Pulaski in his white array and battle-worn face, thundering on, in his hurricane charge; there Sullivan and Wayne and Greene, with all the heroes doing deeds that started into history ere the day was gone; he had seen, known them all, and loved the Chief of all.

And *now*——

He stretched forth his arms, and clasped the veteran of the Revolution to his heart.

"They're all gone, now—" were the earnest words that bubbled from his full heart: "All comrade, but you! Of all the chivalry of Brandywine that forty-seven years ago, blazed along these hills, what now remains?"

Then as the vision of his blighted France, rushed once again upon his soul, he murmured incoherently, "My God! My God! Happy country—happy People!"

There on the summit of the Battle-Hill he leaned his arm upon his

brother veteran, not trusting his tongue with further speech. His heart was too full for words. As he stood overwhelmed by his emotions, the shout of the people was heard once more—

"Welcome the Champion of Freedom in two Worlds, the hero of Brandywine and friend of Washington, welcome La Fayette!"

BOOK FIFTH.

THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1776.

MEN AND THEIR MISSION.

THE DECLARATION; ITS SOURCE; ITS ACTION UPON MANKIND IN THE REVOLUTIONS OF AMERICA AND FRANCE.

THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1776.

I.—THE DAY.

Let me paint you a picture on the canvass of the Past.

It is a cloudless summer day. Yes, a clear blue sky arches and smiles above a quaint edifice, rising among giant trees, in the centre of a wide city. That edifice is built of red brick, with heavy window frames and a massy hall door. The wide-spreading dome of St. Peter's, the snowy pillars of the Parthenon, the gloomy glory of Westminster Abbey—none of these, nor any thing like these are here, to elevate this edifice of plain red brick, into a gorgeous monument of architecture.

Plain red brick the walls; the windows partly framed in stone; the roof-eaves heavy with intricate carvings; the hall door ornamented with pillars of dark stone; such is the State House of Philadelphia, in this year of our Lord, 1776.

Around this edifice stately trees arise. Yonder toward the dark walls of Walnut street gaol, spreads a pleasant lawn, enclosed by a plain board fence. Above our heads, these trees lock their massy limbs and spread their leafy canopy.

There are walks here, too, not fashioned in squares and circles, but spreading in careless negligence along the lawn. Benches too, rude benches, on which repose the forms of old men with grey hairs, and women with babes in their arms.

This is a beautiful day, and this a pleasant lawn: but why do those clusters of citizens, with anxious faces, gather round the State House walls? There is the Merchant in his velvet garb and ruffled shirt; there the Mechanic, with apron on his breast and tools in his hands; there the bearded Sailor and the dark-robed Minister, all grouped together.

Why this anxiety on every face? This gathering in little groups all over the lawn!

Yet hold a moment! In yonder wooden steeple, which crowns the red brick State House, stands an old man with white hair and sunburnt face. He is clad in humble attire, yet his eye gleams, as it is fixed upon the ponderous outline of the bell, suspended in the steeple there. The old man tries to read the inscription on that bell, but cannot. Out upon the waves,

far away in the forests; thus has his life been passed. He is no scholar; he scarcely can spell one of those strange words carved on the surface of that bell.

By his side, gazing in his face—that sunburnt face—in wonder, stands a flaxen-haired boy, with laughing eyes of summer blue.

"Come here, my boy; you are a rich man's child. You can read. Spell me those words, and I'll bless ye, my good child!"

And the child raised itself on tip-toe and pressed its tiny hands against the bell, and read, in lisping tones, these memorable words:

"PROCLAIM LIBERTY TO ALL THE LAND AND ALL THE INHABITANTS THEREOF."

The old man ponders for a moment on those strange words; then gathering the boy in his arms, he speaks,

"Look here, my child? Wilt do the old man a kindness? Then haste you down stairs, and wait in the hall by the big door, until a man shall give you a message for me. A man with a velvet dress and a kind face, will come out from the big door, and give you a word for me. When he gives you that word, then run out yonder in the street, and shout it up to me. Do you mind?"

It needed no second command. The boy with blue eyes and flaxen hair sprang from the old Bell-keeper's arms, and threaded his way down the dark stairs.

The old Bell-keeper was alone. Many minutes passed. Leaning over the railing of the steeple, his face toward Chesnut street, he looked anxiously for that fair-haired boy. Moments passed, yet still he came not. The crowds gathered more darkly along the pavement and over the lawn, yet still the boy came not.

"Ah!" groaned the old man, "he has forgotten me! These old limbs will have to totter down the State House stairs, and climb up again, and all on account of that child ——"

As the word was on his lips, a merry, ringing laugh broke on the ear. There, among the crowds on the pavement, stood the blue-eyed boy, clapping his tiny hands, while the breeze blowed his flaxen hair all about his face.

And then swelling his little chest, he raised himself on tip-toe, and shouted a single word—

"RING!"

Do you see that old man's eye fire? Do you see that arm so suddenly bared to the shoulder, do you see that withered hand, grasping the Iron Tongue of the Bell? The old man is young again; his veins are filled with new life. Backward and forward, with sturdy strokes, he swings the Tongue. The bell speaks out! The crowd in the street hear it, and burst forth in one long shout! Old Delaware hears it, and gives it back in the hurrah of her thousand sailors. The city hears it, and starts up from desk and work-bench, as though an earthquake had spoken.

Yet still while the sweat pours from his brow, that old Bell-keeper hurls the iron tongue, and still—boom—boom—boom—the Bell speaks to the city and the world.

There is a terrible poetry in the sound of that State House Bell at dead of night, when striking its sullen and solemn—ONE!—It rouses crime from its task, mirth from its wine-cup, murder from its knife, bribery from its gold. There is a terrible poetry in that sound. It speaks to us like a voice from our youth—like a knell of God's judgment—like a solemn yet kind remembrancer of friends, now dead and gone.

There is a terrible poetry in that sound at dead of night: but there was a day when the echo of that Bell awoke a world, slumbering in tyranny and crime!

Yes, as the old man swung the Iron Tongue, the Bell spoke to all the world. That sound crossed the Atlantic—pierced the dungeons of Europe—the work-shops of England—the vassal-fields of France.

That Echo spoke to the slave—bade him look from his toil—and know himself a man.

That Echo startled the Kings upon their crumbling thrones.

That Echo was the knell of King-craft, Priest-craft, and all other crafts born of the darkness of ages, and baptised in seas of blood.

Yes, the voice of that little boy, who lifting himself on tip-toe, with his flaxen hair blowing in the breeze, shouted—"*Ring!*"—had a deep and awful meaning in its infant tones!

Why did that word "*Ring!*"—why did that Echo of the State House Bell speak such deep and awful meaning to the world? What did that "*Ring!*"—the Echo of that Bell to do with the downfall of the Dishonest Priest or Traitor King?

Under that very Bell, pealing out at noonday, in an old hall, fifty-six traders, farmers and mechanics, had assembled to shake the shackles of the world.

Now let us look in upon this band of plain men, met in such solemn council. It is now half an hour previous to the moment when the Bell-Ringer responded to the shout of the fair-haired boy.

This is an old hall. It is not so large as many a monarch's ante-room; you might put a hundred like it within the walls of St. Peter's, and yet it is a fine old hall. The walls are concealed in dark oaken wainscotting, and there along the unclosed windows, the purple tapestry comes drooping down.

The ornaments of this hall?

Over the head of that noble-browed man—John Hancock, who sits calm and serene in yonder chair—there is a banner, the Banner of the Stars. Perched on that Banner sits the Eagle with unfolded wings. (Is it not a precocious bird? Born only last year on Bunker Hill, now it spreads its wings, full-grown, over a whole Continent!)

Look over the faces of these fifty-six men, and see every eye turned to that door. There is silence in this hall—every voice is hushed—every face is stamped with a deep and awful responsibility.

Why turns every glance to that door, why is every face so solemn, why is it so terribly still?

The Committee of Three, who have been out all night, penning a Parchment, are about to appear.

The Parchment, with the Signatures of these men, written with the pen lying on yonder table, will either make the world free—or stretch these necks upon the gibbet, yonder in Potter's-field, or nail these heads to the door-posts of this hall!

That was the time for solemn faces and deep silence.

At last, hark! The door opens—the Committee appear. Who are these three men, who come walking on toward John Hancock's chair?

That tall man, with the sharp features, the bold brow and sand-hued hair, holding the PARCHMENT in his hand, is the Virginia Farmer, Thomas Jefferson. The stout-built man with resolute look and flashing eye? That is a Boston man—one John Adams. And the calm-faced man, with hair drooping in thick curls to his shoulders—that man dressed in a plain coat, and such odious home-made blue stockings—that is the Philadelphia Printer, one Benjamin Franklin.

The three advance to the table. The Parchment is laid there. Shall it be signed or not?

Then ensues a high and stormy debate—then the faint-hearted cringe in corners—while Thomas Jefferson speaks out his few bold words, and John Adams pours out his whole soul.

Then the deep-toned voice of Richard Henry Lee is heard, swelling in syllables of thunder-like music.

But still there is doubt—and that pale-faced man, shrinking in one corner, squeaks out something about axes, scaffolds, and a—GIBBET!

"GIBBET!" echoes a fierce, bold voice, that startles men from their seats, —and look yonder! A tall slender man rises, dressed—although it is summer time—in a dark robe. Look how his white hand undulates as it is stretched slowly out, how that dark eye burns, while his words ring through the hall. (We do not know his name, let us therefore call his appeal)

THE SPEECH OF THE UNKNOWN.

"Gibbet? They may stretch our necks on all the gibbets in the land—they may turn every rock into a scaffold—every tree into a gallows, every home into a grave, and yet the words on that Parchment can never die!

"They may pour our blood on a thousand scaffolds, and yet from every drop that dyes the axe, or drips on the sawdust of the block, a new martyr to Freedom will spring into birth!

"The British King may blot out the Stars of God from His sky, but he cannot blot out His words written on the Parchment there! The works of God may perish—His Word, never!

"These words will go forth to the world when our bones are dust. To the slave in the mines they will speak—HOPE—to the mechanic in his workshop—FREEDOM—to the coward-kings these words will speak, but not in tones of flattery? No, no! They will speak like the flaming syllables on Belshazzar's wall—THE DAYS OF YOUR PRIDE AND GLORY ARE NUMBERED! THE DAYS OF JUDGMENT AND REVOLUTION DRAW NEAR!

"Yes, that Parchment will speak to the Kings in a language sad and terrible as the trump of the Archangel. You have trampled on mankind long enough. At last the voice of human woe has pierced the ear of God, and called His Judgment down! You have waded on to thrones over seas of blood—you have trampled on to power over the necks of millions—you have turned the poor man's sweat and blood into robes for your delicate forms, into crowns for your anointed brows. Now Kings—now purpled Hangmen of the world—for you come the days of axes and gibbets and scaffolds—for you the wrath of man—for you the lightnings of God!—

"Look! How the light of your palaces on fire flashes up into the midnight sky!

"Now Purpled Hangmen of the world—turn and beg for mercy!

"Where will you find it?

"Not from God, for you have blasphemed His laws!

"Not from the People, for you stand baptized in their blood!

"Here you turn, and lo! a gibbet!

"There—and a scaffold looks you in the face.

"All around you—death—and nowhere pity!

"Now executioners of the human race, kneel down, yes, kneel down upon the sawdust of the scaffold—lay your perfumed heads upon the block—bless the axe as it falls—the axe that you sharpened for the poor man's neck!

"Such is the message of that Declaration to Man, to the Kings of the world! And shall we falter *now?* And shall we start back appalled when our feet press the very threshhold of Freedom? Do I see quailing faces around me, when our wives have been butchered—when the hearthstones of our land are red with the blood of little children?

"What are these shrinking hearts and faltering voices here, when the very Dead of our battlefields arise, and call upon us to sign that Parchment, or be accursed forever?

"SIGN! if the next moment the gibbet's rope is round your neck! SIGN! if the next moment this hall rings with the echo of the falling axe! SIGN! By all your hopes in life or death, as husbands—as fathers—as men—sign your names to the Parchment or be accursed forever!

"Sign—and not only for yourselves, but for all ages. For that Parch-

ment will be the Text-book of Freedom—the Bible of the Rights of Man forever!

"Sign—for that declaration will go forth to American hearts forever, and speak to those hearts like the voice of God! And its work will not be done, until throughout this wide Continent not a single inch of ground owns the sway of a British King!

"Nay, do not start and whisper with surprise! It is a truth, your own hearts witness it, God proclaims it.—This Continent is the property of a free people, and their property alone. God, I say, proclaims it! Look at this strange history of a band of exiles and outcasts, suddenly transformed into a PEOPLE—look at this wonderful Exodus of the oppressed of the Old World into the New, where they came, weak in arms but mighty in God-like faith—nay, look at this history of your Bunker Hill—your Lexington—where a band of plain farmers mocked and trampled down the panoply of British arms, and then tell me, if you can, that God has not given America to the *free?*

"It is not given to our poor human intellect to climb the skies, to pierce the councils of the Almighty One. But methinks I stand among the awful clouds which veil the brightness of Jehovah's throne. Methinks I see the Recording Angel—pale as an angel is pale, weeping as an angel can weep—come trembling up to that Throne, and speak his dread message—

"'Father! the old world is baptized in blood! Father, it is drenched with the blood of millions, butchered in war, in persecution, in slow and grinding oppression! Father—look, with one glance of Thine Eternal eye, look over Europe, Asia, Africa, and behold evermore, that terrible sight, man trodden down beneath the oppressor's feet—nations lost in blood—Murder and Superstition walking hand in hand over the graves of their victims, and not a single voice to whisper, '*Hope to Man!*'

"He stands there, the Angel, his hands trembling with the black record of human guilt. But hark! The voice of Jehovah speaks out from the awful cloud—'Let there be light again. Let there be a New World. Tell my people—the poor—the trodden down millions, to go out from the Old World. Tell them to go out from wrong, oppression and blood—tell them to go out from this Old World—to build my altar in the New!'

"As God lives, my friends, I believe that to be HIS voice! Yes, were my soul trembling on the wing for Eternity, were this hand freezing in death, were this voice choking with the last struggle, I would still, with the last impulse of that soul, with the last wave of that hand, with the last gasp of that voice, implore you to remember this truth—GOD *has given America to the free!* Yes, as I sank down into the gloomy shadows of the grave, with my last gasp, I would beg you to sign that Parchment, in the name of the GOD, who made the Saviour who redeemed you—in the name of the millions whose very breath is now hushed in intense expectation, as they look up to you for the awful words—'YOU ARE FREE!'"

O, many years have gone since that hour—the Speaker, his brethren, all, have crumbled into dust, but it would require an angel's pen to picture the magic of that Speaker's look, the deep, terrible emphasis of his voice, the prophet-like beckoning of his hand, the magnetic flame which shooting from his eyes, soon fired every heart throughout the hall!

He fell exhausted in his seat, but the work was done. A wild murmur thrills through the hall.—Sign? Hah? There is no doubt now. Look! How they rush forward—stout-hearted John Hancock has scarcely time to sign his bold name, before the pen is grasped by another—another and another! Look how the names blaze on the Parchment—Adams and Lee and Jefferson and Carroll, and now, Roger Sherman the Shoemaker.

And here comes good old Stephen Hopkins—yes, trembling with palsy, he totters forward—quivering from head to foot, with his shaking hands he seizes the pen, he scratches his patriot-name.

Then comes Benjamin Franklin the Printer, and now the tall man in the dark robe advances, the man who made the fiery speech a moment ago—with the same hand that but now waved in such fiery scorn he writes his name.*

And now the Parchment is signed; and now let word go forth to the People in the streets—to the homes of America—to the camp of *Mister* Washington, and the Palace of George the Idiot-King—let word go out to all the earth—

And, old man in the steeple, now bare your arm, and grasp the Iron Tongue, and let the bell speak out the great truth:

FIFTY-SIX TRADERS AND FARMERS AND MECHANICS HAVE THIS DAY SHOOK THE SHACKLES OF THE WORLD!

Hark! Hark to the toll of that Bell!

Is there not a deep poetry in that sound, a poetry more sublime than Shakspeare or Milton?

Is there not a music in the sound, that reminds you of those awful tones which broke from angel-lips, when the news of the child of Jesus burst on the Shepherds of Bethlehem?

For that Bell now speaks out to the world, that—

GOD HAS GIVEN THE AMERICAN CONTINENT TO THE FREE—THE TOILING MILLIONS OF THE HUMAN RACE—AS THE LAST ALTAR OF THE RIGHTS OF MAN ON THE GLOBE—THE HOME OF THE OPPRESSED, FOREVERMORE!

Let us search for the origin of the great truth, which that bell proclaimed, let us behold the great Apostle who first proclaimed on our shores, ALL MEN ARE ALIKE THE CHILDREN OF GOD.

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* The name of the Orator, who made the last eloquent appeal before the Signing of the Declaration, is not definitely known. In this speech, it is my wish to compress some portion of the fiery eloquence of the time; to embody in abrupt sentences, the very spirit of the Fourth of July, 1776.

II.—THE APOSTLE TO THE NEW WORLD.

We are with the Past again.

Yes, we are yonder—far over the Ocean of Time, where the Ages like Islands of eternal granite, rear their awful forms.

At this hour on the shores of the Delaware, just where the glorious river rich with the tribute of mountain and valley, widens into a magnificent bay, at this hour along yonder shore, on the slope of a gentle ascent blooms a fair village, whose white houses rise in the summer air from among gardens and trees. Away from this hamlet spreads fields, golden with wheat, or emerald green with Indian corn; away among these fields rank marshes wind here and there, in all the luxuriance of their untamed verdure; away and away from marsh, and field, and coast, and bay, green woods arise, their thick foliage sweeping into the summer sky.

A pleasant village, a glorious country, a green island, and a lordly bay.

Such it is now. But we will back into the past. We will wander into the shadows of ages. We will stand face to face with the dead.

There was a day when no village bloomed along this coast, nor white-walled farm-house arose from among the orchard trees. There was a day when standing on this gentle ascent, you might look forth, and lo! the waves were dashing to your feet. Yonder is the green aisle, yonder far away, the dim line of land which marks the opposite shore of the bay, and there, heaving, and glistening, and roaring, the wide waters melt by slow degrees into the cloudy sky.

Look to the south! You behold the level coast—white sand mingled with green reeds—the wide-spreading marsh—the thick woods, glorious with oak, and beech, and chesnut, and maple. Enclosed in the arms of the green shore, the bay rolls yonder, a basin of tumultuous waves.

It is noon: above your head you behold the leaden sky. It is noon, and lo! from the broad green of yonder marsh a pale column of blue smoke winds up into the clouds. It is noon, and hark! A shrill, piercing, hissing sound—a footstep—a form! A red man rushes from yonder covert, bow in hand, while the stricken deer with one proud bound, falls dead at his feet.

A column of blue smoke from the marsh—an arrow hissing through the air—a red man's form and a wounded deer? What does all this mean? Where are we now?

Hist! my friend, for we are now in Indian land. Hist! for we are now far back among the shadows of two hundred years.

Yet we will watch the motions of this Red Man. He stoops with his hatchet of flint upraised, he stoops to inflict the last blow on the writhing deer, when his eye wanders along the surface of the bay. The hatchet

drops from his hand—he stands erect, with parted lips and starting eyes, his hands half-raised, in a gesture of deep wonder.

He stands on this gentle ascent, the waves breaking at his feet, the proud maple spreading its leaves overhead. He stands there, an Apollo, such as the Grecian artist never sculptured in his wildest dream, an Apollo fashioned by the Living God, with a broad chest, faultless limbs, quivering nostrils, and a flashing eye. No robes of rank upon that tawny breast, ah, no! A single fold of panther's hide around the loins, graces without concealing, the proportions of his faultless limbs.

Tell us—why stands the lone Indian on this Delaware shore, gazing in mute wonder across the sweep of yonder magnificent bay.

Look, yes, far over the waters look! What see you there? The bay, its waves plumed with snowy foam: yes, the rolling, dashing, panting bay, rushing from the horizon to the shore. Look again, rude Red Man; what see you now?

The Red Man cannot tell his thoughts; his breast heaves; he trembles from head to foot.

Strange—yes, terrible spectacle!

A white speck gleams yonder on the horizon; it tosses into view, on that dim line where waves meet the sky. It enlarges, it spreads, it comes on gloriously over the waters!

The Red Man standing beneath the giant maple, chilled to his rude heart with a strange awe.

That white speck is dim and distant no longer. It is nearer now. It spreads forth huge wings of snow-white; it displays a massive body of jet-black; it comes on, this strange wondrous thing, tearing the waves with its beak. Beak? Yes, for it is a bird, a mighty bird, sent by Manitto from the Spirit-Land, sent to save or to destroy!

Gloriously over the bay it comes. Larger and larger yet it grows. White and beautiful spread its fluttering wings over the dark waters.

The Red Man sinks aghast. He prays. By the rustling in the leaves, by the voice of his own heart, he knows that Manitto hears his prayer. The White Bird comes for good!

Leaving the rude Indian to gaze upon the sight of wonder with his own eyes, let us also look upon it with ours.

A noble ship, dashing with wide-spread sails over the waters of the Delaware Bay! Such is the sight which two hundred years ago, excited the wonder and awe of the rude Indian, who never beheld ship or sail before. Ship and sail had tossed and whitened along this bay full many a time before, but the Indian dwelling in the fastnesses of impenetrable swamps, had never laid eyes upon this wondrous sight until this hour.

It is near the Indian now. It comes dashing over the waters toward the Island, triumphing over the waves, which roar and foam in its path. Look! you can see the people on its deck, the sailors among its white wings.

And now the anchor is cast overboard; there is the rude chant of the sailor's song; and a boat comes speeding over the waters, urged along by sinewy arms.

Yes, while the noble ship rides at anchor, under the shelter of yonder isle, that small boat comes tossing over the waters. It nears the spot where the Indian stands; he can see the bearded faces and strange costume of the sailors, he can see that Form standing erect in the prow of the boat.

That Form standing there under the leaden sky, with the uncovered brow, bared to breeze and spray! Is it the form of a spirit sent by Manitto? The Indian sees that form—that face! He kneels—yes, beneath the maple tree, by the bleeding deer, tomahawk in hand he kneels, gazing with fixed eyes upon that face. As the boat comes near let us look upon that face, that form.

A man in the prime of life, with the flush of manhood upon his cheek, its fire in his eye, attired in a brown garb, plain to rudeness, stands in the prow of the boat, as it comes dashing on.

And yet that Man is the Apostle of the Living God to the New World.

Yes, on a mission as mighty as that of Paul, he comes. His coat is plain, but underneath that plain coat beats a heart, immortal with the pulsations of a love that grasps at all the human race.

He is an Apostle, and yet his eyes are not hollow, his cheeks not gaunt and cadaverous, his hair not even changed to grey. An Apostle with a young countenance, a clear blue eye, a cheek flushed with rose-bud hues, a broad brow shadowed by light brown hair, a mouth whose red lips curve with a smile of angel-like love.

An Apostle with a manly form, massive chest, broad shoulders, and bearing far beyond the majesty of kings.

He stands in the prow, his blue eye flashing as the boat nears land. Splash, splash—do you hear the oars? Hurrah—hurrah! How the waves shout as they break upon the beach.

The boat comes on, nearer and nearer. A swelling wave dashes over the dying deer, whilst the spray-drops wet the face of the kneeling Indian.

The keel grates the sand.

For a moment that man with the fair countenance and chesnut hair, stands in the prow of the boat, his blue eyes upraised to God. For a moment he stands there, and behold! The clouds are severed yonder. A gush of sunshine pours through their parting folds, and illumines the Apostle's brow. In that light he looks divine.

Say through those parting clouds, cannot you see the face of the Saviour bending down, and smiling eternal love upon his Apostle's brow?

For a moment the Apostle stood there, and then—with no weapon by his side, nor knife, nor pistol, nor powder-horn—but with love beaming from his brow, that man stepped gently on the sand.

The Indian looked up and saw that face, and was not afraid. Love, gentleness, God—these were written on that face.

Was it not a beautiful scene?

The kneeling Indian, his knife sunken in the earth, the dying deer by his side, looks up with a loving awe gleaming from his red face. The Apostle standing there upon that patch of sod, the surf breaking round his feet, the sunlight bursting on his brow. The bearded sailors, their faces hushed with deep awe; while their oars hang suspended in mid-air.— On one side the leafy maple—on the other the river, the ship, the island, and the wide extending bay.

And then the blue sky, looking out from amid a wilderness of floating clouds, as though God himself smiled down his blessing on the scene.

That was the picture, my friends, and O, by all the memories of Home and Freedom, paint that picture in your hearts.

Columbus, with his eye fixed on land—the land of the New World—Pizarro gazing on the riches of Peru, Cortez with the Temples of Montezuma at his feet—these are mighty pictures, but here was a mightier than them all.

Mighter than that historic image of Columbus gazing for the first time on land? Yes! For Columbus but discovered a New World, while this Apostle first planted on its shores the seed of a mighty tree, which had lain buried for sixteen hundred years, beneath an ocean of blood.

The shade of that tree is now cast abroad, far over this Continent, far over the World. That tree was called TOLERATION. In the day of its planting, it was a strange thing. The Nations feared it. But now watered by God it grows, and on its golden fruit you may read these words:

"EVERY MAN HATH A RIGHT TO WORSHIP GOD AFTER THE DICTATES OF HIS OWN CONSCIENCE."

For a moment, spell-bound, the Indian looked up into the Apostle's face. Then that Apostle slowly advancing over the sod, beneath the shade of the Maple tree, clasped him by the hand, and called him BROTHER!

Soon a fire flamed there upon the sod. Soon columns of blue smoke wound upward, in the thick green leaves of the Maple tree.

Roar O, surf! roll ye clouds! beam O, sun! For now beneath the Maple tree, on the shores of the Delaware, the Apostle in the plain garb shares the venison and corn of the rude Indian, sits by his side, while the red woman stealing from the shadows, prepares the pipe of peace, as her large dark eyes are fixed upon that manly face.

Around scattered over the sod, were grouped the stout forms of the sailors. In the distance the ship, like a giant bird, tossed slowly on the waves. The summer breeze bent the reeds upon the green isle, and played among the leaves of the Maple tree. The sky above was clear, the last

cloud huge and snowy, lay piled away, between the water and the sky, on the distant horizon.

It was a calm hour.

The Pipe of Peace was lighted—its smoke arose, curling around the beaming face of the Apostle, while the red man looked upon him in rude love, and the woman, her form thrown carelessly on the sod, her long hair showering in glossy blackness to her waist, gazed in his blue eyes with a mute reverence, as though she beheld the Messenger of God.

That Apostle built a Nation without a Priest, without an Oath, without a Blow. Yet he never wronged the poor Indian.*

That Apostle reared the Altar of Jesus, on the Delaware shore, and planted the foundations of a Mighty People, amid dim old forests. Yet he never wronged the poor Indian.

He died, with his pillow smoothed by the blessings of the rude Indian race. To this hour the Indian Mother, driven far beyond the Mississippi, driven even from the memory of the Delaware, takes her wild boy upon her knee, and tells him the wild tradition of the Good Miquon.

My friends, when I think of this great man who in a dark age, preached Toleration, or in other words, the Love of Jesus, a dream rushes upon my soul.

One night in a dream, I beheld a colossal rock, a mountain of granite, rising from illimitable darkness into bright sunshine. Around its base was midnight; half-way up was twilight; on the very summit shone the light of God's countenance.

A voice whispered—This awful rock, built upon midnight, girdled by twilight, with the light of God's face shining upon its brow, this awful rock is The History of the World.

Far down in blackest midnight, I beheld certain lurid, horrible shapes, going wildly to and fro. These, said the voice, these are the butchers of the human race, called Conquerors.

Half-way up in the dim twilight, a multitude of Popes, Reformers, Pretended Prophets and Fanatics, were groping their way with stumbling footsteps, darkness below and twilight around them. These, said the voice, are the numerous race of Creed-Makers, who murder millions in the name of God.

But far up this terrible rock,—yes, yonder in the eternal sunshine, which

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Note.—It is stated, (whether by history or by tradition only I am not informed,) that William Penn first put his foot on New World soil, on the shore opposite Reedy Island, at the head of Delaware Bay, where now stands and flourishes the pleasant village of Port Penn. From this legend of William Penn, we will pass to the life of his Divine Master, who first asserted the truth which the Declaration of Independence promulgated, after a lapse of eighteen hundred years—"all men are alike the children of God."

broke upon the highest point of its summit, side by side with SAINT PAUL, and the Apostles, stood a commanding form, clad in an unpretending garb, with a mild glory playing over his brow; that form, the Apostle of God to the New World, WILLIAM PENN.

III.—"BACK EIGHTEEN HUNDRED YEARS!"

ERE we come down to the days of the Revolution, let us go on a journey into a far country and a long past age.

Kings and Priests have asked us, from whence do you derive the principle—All men in the sight of God are equal—from what work of philosophy, from what dogma of musty parchments, or thesis of monkish schools.

From none of these! We go higher, for the origin of the noble words contained in the Declaration of Independence, even to the foot of that Judean mount, which one day beheld a universe in mourning for the crimes of ages.

We pass by our Kings and Priests; we leave behind us the long column of crowned robbers, and anointed hypocrites; to the altar where the light burns, and the truth shines forever, we hasten, with bended head and reverent eyes.

Come with me to a far distant age.

There was a day when the summer sun shone from the centre of the deep blue sky, in the far eastern clime.

It was the hour of high noon.

Come with me—yes—while the noonday sun is pouring his fierce rays over the broad landscape, let us for a moment turn aside into the deep woods—the deep green woods, not far from yonder town.

What see you here?

Here sheltered from the rays of the sun by a thick canopy of leaves, a quiet stream stretches away into the dim woods.

Is it not beautiful? The water so deep, so clear—trembling gently along its shores, fragrant with myrtle—the thick canopy of leaves overhead—the white lilies on yonder bank, dipping gently into the still waves!

There is the balm of summer flowers, the stillness of noonday, the tranquil beauty of calm waters and stout forest trees—all are here!

And look yonder! There, under the boughs of that spreading cedar, a fountain of dark stone breaks on your eye.

It is but a pile of dark stone, and yet, cool water, trickling from the rock above, shines and glimmers there—and yet, hanging from the boughs of that giant cedar, thick clusters of grapes dip into the waters of that spring,—and lo! a single long gleam of sunlight streams through the thick boughs upon the cold water, and the purple grapes.

Is it not a beautiful picture, nestling away here in dim woods, while the noonday sun pours its fierce rays over hill and valley, far along the land?

And yet we must leave this scene of quiet beauty, for the hot air and the burning sun.

Look there, at the foot of yonder giant cedar, beside the fountain, murmuring such low music on the air, look yonder and behold a path winding up, into the still woods.

We will follow that path, up and on with tired steps we go, we leave the woods, we stand in the open air under the burning sun.

There, not a hundred paces from our feet, the white walls of a quiet town break into the deep blue of the summer sky.

Come with me, to that town; over the hot dust of the flinty road, come with me!

Let us on through the still streets—for the heat is so intense that the rich and the proud have retired to their homes—nay, even the poor have fallen exhausted at their labor. Let us on; without pausing to look in upon that garden, adorned with temples, musical with fountains, with the rich man reclining on his bed of flowers.—

Let us not even pause to look in through the doors of yonder gorgeous temple, where pompous men in glittering robes, and long beards are mumbling over their drowsy prayers.

Here we are in the still streets—still as midnight, even at broad noon—and around us rise the white walls of rich men's mansions, and the glittering dome of the synagogue.

Let us ask the name of this town! Let us ask yonder solitary man, who with his hands folded among his robes of fine linen, his long beard sweeping his breast—his calm self-complacent brow is striding haughtily along the deserted streets.

"Tell us good sir, the name of this town!" That richly clad way-farer answers one question with a haughty scowl, and passes on.

You perceive that man is too hóly to answer the question of sinful men—his robe is too rich, his phylactery too broad—his knowledge of the law too great to speak to men of common garb. That is a holy man, a Pharisee.

And this town is the town of Nazareth; and we stand here tired and fainting in the dusty streets; with the drowsy prayers from that synagogue, the music of rich men's fountains breaking on our heavy ears.

But hark! The deep silence of this noonday hour is broken by sharp, quick sound—the clink of a hammer, the grating of a saw!

Let us follow that sound!

Look there, between those two massive domes of rich men, there, as if crouching away from the hot sun, in the thick shadow, nestles the rude hut of a Carpenter. Yes, the rude hut of a Carpenter, with the sound of hammer and saw, echoing from that solitary window.

We approach that window—we look in! What is the strange sight we see?

——Strange sight? Call you this a strange sight, when it is nothing more than a young man, clad in the laborer's garments, the laborer's sweat upon his brow, bending down to his labor, amid piles of timber and unhewn boards——Call you this a strange sight?

Why it is but a sight of every day life—a common sight, a familiar thing, a dull, every day fact.

But hold a moment,

Look as that young man raises his head, and wipes the thick drops from his brow—look upon that face! Look there, and forget the Carpenter's shop, the boards, the hammer, the saw, nay, even the rough laborer's dress.

It is is a young face—the face of a boy—but O, the calm beauty of that hair, flowing to the shoulders in waving locks—mingling in its hues, the purple of twilight with the darkness of midnight—O, the deep thought of those large, full eyes, O, the calm radiance of that youthful brow!

Ah, that is a face to look upon and love—and kneel—and worship—even though the form is clad in the rough carpenter's dress. Those eyes, how deep they gleam, more beautiful than the stars at dead of night; that brow, how awfully it brightens into the Majesty of God!

And now, as you are looking through the window—hold your breath as you look—do not, O, do not disturb the silence of this scene!

As that boy—that apprentice boy—stands there, with a saw in one hand, the other laid on a pile of boards—a strange thought comes over his soul!

He is thinking of his brothers—the Brotherhood of Toil! That vast family, who now swelter in dark mines, bend in the fields, under the hot sun, or toil, toil, toil on, toil forever in the Workshops of the World.

He is thinking of his brothers in the huts and dens of cities; sweltering in rags and misery and disease. O, he is thinking of the Workmen of the World, the Mechanics of the earth, whose dark lot has been ever and yet ever—to dig that others may sleep—to sow that others may reap—to coin their groans and sweat and blood, into gold for the rich man's chest, into purple robes for his form and crowns for his brow. This had been the fate of the Mechanic—the Poor man from immemorial ages!

Never in all the dark history of man, had the Mechanic once looked from his toil—his very heart had always beat to that dull sound—Toil—Toil—Toil!

Never since the day when Jehovah gave the word, "By the sweat of thy brow thou shalt live!" never had that Great Army of Mechanics once looked up, or felt the free blood dance in their veins.

By the sweat of the brow? Was it thus the Poor man was to live? And how had he lived for four thousand years?

Not only by the sweat of his brow, but the blood of his heart, the groans of his soul.

This had been the fate of the Mechanic—the Poor Man, for four thousand years.

And now, that Young Carpenter stood there, in the Carpenter's shop of Nazareth, thinking over the wrongs of the Poor, his brothers, his sisters, THE POOR!

At that moment, as if a flood of light from the throne of God, had poured down into his soul, that young Mechanic stood there, with an awful light hovering over his brow.

At that moment he felt the Godhead fill his veins—at that moment he stood there a God. Yes, a God in a Mechanic's gaberdine; with carpenter's tools in his hand.

At that moment he felt the full force of his mission on earth; yes, standing there, his brow gleaming, his eyes flashing with Eternal light, Jesus the Carpenter of Nazareth, resolved to redress the wrongs of the Poor.

And as he stands there, behold. A mildly beautiful woman, steals from yonder door, and pauses on tip-toe at the very shoulder of the young man; herself unseen, she stands with hands half-raised, gazing upon her son, with her large full eyes.

That mildly beautiful woman is Mary the Virgin-Mother.

Is it not a picture full of deep meaning?——There stands the Bride of the Living God, gazing upon that young Carpenter, *whose body is human—whose soul is very God!*

From that moment, these words became linked in one—JESUS AND MAN.

Yes, follow the Blessed Nazarene over the dust of the highway, behold him speaking hope to the desolate, health to the sick, life to the dead, eternal life to the Poor! Last night he had his couch on yonder mountain-top—to-night he shares yon poor crust; to-morrow he goes on his way again; his mission still the Redemption of the Poor.

Does he share the rich man's banquet or the rich man's couch? Is he found waiting by rich men's elbows, speaking soft things to their drowsy souls! Ah, no! Ah, no!

For the rich, the proud, the oppressor, his brow darkens with wrath, his tongue drops biting scorn.

But to the Poor—to his poor. Ah, how that mild face looks in upon their homes, speaking within dark huts, great words, which shall never die; ah, how the poor love him; their Apostle, their Redeemer, more than all, their brother.

Follow him there by the pool of Siloam—look! A man clad in a faded garb, with long hair sweeping down his face,—that face covered with sweat and dust—stamped with the ineffable Godhead—goes there by the waves of dark Galilee—communes there at night with his soul—speaks to the stars which he first spake into being!

Or far down in the shades of Gethsemane, there he kneels pleading, with bloody drops upon his brow, for his brothers, his sisters *the poor*—

Or yonder on that grim heighth frowning over Jerusalem, nailed to the Cross in scorn—pain, intense pain quivering through his racked sinews—

blood dripping from his hands and from his thorn-crowned brow—look there, at the moment when it is made his fierce trial, to doubt his Divine Mission!

Look as the Awful Godhead is struggling with his human nature. Hark to that groan going up to God, from that Man of Nazareth, stretched there upon the cross!

"ELOI—ELOI—LAMA SABACTHANI!"

My God! My God! Why hast thou forsaken me!

I could bear the scorn of these High Priests; I could bear this cross; these bloody hands, this streaming brow!

Nay, I could bear that very People, whose sick I have healed, whose dead I have raised, the very People, who yesterday strewing palm branches in my way, shouted Hosannah to my name; I could bear that these People—these brothers of my soul—should have been the first to shriek—Crucify him, Crucify him.

But Thou O God—Why hast thou forsaken me!

Ah, was not that a dark hour, when the Man of Nazareth doubted his mission to the Poor, to Man—when God in human flesh doubted his Divinity?

And why this life of Toil—this bloody sweat in Gethsemane—this awful scene—these bloody hands, this thorn-crowned brow—this terrible Doubt on Calvary?

Was it only to root the Kings more firmly on their thrones—to grind the faces of the poor yet deeper in the dust!

No! No! The bloody sweat of Gethsemane—the groans of Calvary—the soul of Jesus answers no! no! no!

Yes, to-day from that Carpenter's shop in Nazareth, a Voice speaks out to the workshops of the world—that voice speaks to Toil—yes, to dusty, tired, half-clad, starving Toil—that voice speaks, and says,—"LOOK UP BROTHER, FOR THE DAY OF YOUR REDEMPTION DRAWETH NEAR!"

Ere we survey the result of this great mission of the Saviour, its action upon Man, after the lapse of eighteen hundred years, we will behold two scenes in his life, and learn the solemn lesson which they teach.

V.—THE WILDERNESS.

THE WILDERNESS, dark and vast, illumined by the faint light of the breaking dawn!

It is a wild place, this broken plain, gloomy by day, terrible by night; ghostly when the cold moonbeam shines over these rugged rocks. On every side, from the barren earth, rude shapes of granite rock, struggle into the dim light of morning. Here are grand old trees, towering aloft, strong with the growth of ages, their colossal trunks looming through the mists of the dawn, like the columns of some heathen temple, made unholy by the rites of bloody sacrifice.

It is the early dawn, and yonder beyond this dreary plain, rugged with scattered masses of antediluvian rock, yonder beyond those aged trees, the oaks grouped in a venerable circle, the palm rising in solitary magnificence, we behold a gloomy waste of dark water, heaving sullenly in the first beam of the day.

Ah, that waste of dark water is invested with a fearful gloom; silence deeper than the grave broods over its impenetrable deep, like a raven over the breast of the dead. Here and there, along the black shores, are scattered dismal trees, stunted in their growth, blasted by lightning, withered in trunk and branch, as with the weariness of long ages. Here and there, from the edge of its sullen waters, huge masses of dark rock arise, their fantastic shapes presenting images of hideous meaning, some rising like fabled demons, some like beasts of prey, some like men, transformed by infernal passions, into monuments of despair.

Altogether this dread, dark lake, this silent wilderness, strikes your heart with a strange awe.

Let us seat ourselves upon this rude stone, and see the morning come on, in solitary grandeur. Let us behold those snowy mists moving slowly over the dark waters, like spirits of the blest over shades of unutterable woe. Hark—a sound, harsh, crashing, and loud as thunder. In a moment it is gone. It was but the last groan of an aged oak, which, eaten by the tooth of ages, has fallen with one sudden plunge into the waters of the lake. All is silent again, but such a silence—O, it chills the blood to dwell in this place of shadows!

Tell us, do fair forms ever visit these gloomy wastes, do the voices of home ever break in upon this heavy air, do kind faces ever beam upon these rugged rocks? Tell us, does anything wearing the form of man ever press this barren earth with a footstep?

The raven croaking from the limb of a blasted tree, the wolf, gaunt and grim, stealing from his cave by the waters, the hyena howling his unearthly laugh, these all may be here, but man—why should he ever dare this solitude, more terrible than the war of battle?

Well may this place seem terrible by day, ghostly by night, blasted, as with the judgment of God at all times! For yonder beneath those dark waters, heaving with sullen surges on the blackened shore lies entombed in perpetual judgment, the Cities of the Plain!

Yes, there beneath those waves are mansions, streets, gardens, temples and domes, all crowded with people, all thronged with a silent multitude, who stand in the doors, or throng the pathways, or kneel in the halls of worship, ghostly skeleton people, who never speak, nor move, nor breathe, but they are there, deep beneath the bituminous waves, petrified monuments of Almighty vengeance. The cities of the Plain are there, Sodom and Gomorrah.

Therefore is this desert so silent, so breathlesly desolate; therefore does

the cry of yonder raven, washing his plumage in the dark waters, come over the waste, like the knell of a lost world.

We are in the desert, and the lake before us, is the Dead Sea.

Yet hold—there is a footstep breaking upon the silence of the desert air.

Lo! From behind yonder granite rock, a form comes slowly into view, a form rounded with the outlines of early manhood, attired in the rude gaberdine of toil.

Who is he that comes slowly on, with gently-folded arms and downcast head, framed in the curling beard and flowing hair?

Let us look well upon him!

He wears the garb of labor; his feet from which the worn sandals have fallen away, are wounded by the desert flint. Slowly he comes, his head upon his breast, his eyes fixed on the earth. Yet we may see that his form combines in one view, all that is graceful in outline, or manly in vigor, or beautiful in gesture.

Hold—and gaze! For he lifts his head.

Ah why do we desire to kneel—to love—to worship him, this man in the rude garb? Why do our eyes seek that face with a glance of deep and absorbing interest? Why do broken ejaculations bubble from our full hearts, while our souls, all at once, seem lifted beyond these houses of clay?

Look upon that face and find your answer.

O, the rapture of that calm white brow, O, the speechless love of those large full eyes, O, the eloquence of those gently-parted lips! It is a young face, with flowing hair, and curling beard, whose hues combine the darkness of midnight, the rich purple of a summer's eve, while the brow is clear as alabaster, the eyes dark with that excess of melting radiance. That face touches your inmost soul.

Let us kneel, let us worship here, for the Carpenter of Nazareth comes near us, clad in the garments of toil, yet with the Godhead beaming serenely from his radiant brow.

Here, in this desert he has wandered forty days and forty nights. Not a crust has passed those lips, not a cup of water moistened that throat, whose beautiful outline is seen above the collar of his coarse garb.

Here he has dwelt for forty days companioned by day with silence, by night with the stars, at all times by an Almighty presence, shining unutterable images of beauty into his soul.

Ah, in this time, his heart has throbbed for man; yes, in the workshop degraded by oppression in the mine, burdened by the chain, in the field with the hot sun pouring over his brow, still Man his Brother!

Yes—beneath the calm light of the stars, amid the silence of noonday, at twilight, when the long shadows of the palms, rested upon the bosom of the Dead Sea, has his great mission come home to his soul, calling him with its awful voice, to go forth and free his brother!

And the serene moon, shining from the sky of impenetrable blue, has oftentimes revealed that earnest face stamped with unutterable thoughts, lifted up to God, glowing already with a consciousness of the dim future.

O, my friends, when I follow this pure Being on his desert way, and mark his tears as they fall for the sorrows of Man, and listen to his sighs, as his heart beats with warm pulsations for the slave of toil, or see him standing on yonder cliff, his form rising in the moonbeams, as he stretches forth his hands to the sky and whispers an earnest prayer to God, for the Millions of the human race, who have been made the sport of Priest and King, for a dreary length of ages——then I feel my heart also warm, with Hope that the Day is near, when Labor shall bless the whole earth, when Man shall indeed be free!

This Jesus of Nazareth, dwelling for forty days and nights, alone with his Soul, has ever for me, a calm, divine beauty.

But lo! he hungers, he thirsts at last. Where shall he find bread or water? Not from these rocks, covered with rank moss, shall grow the bread that nourishes, not from the dead wave of yonder sea, shall the bent palm-leaf be filled with pure water.

Jesus hungers, thirsts; the hot sky is above, the arid earth below. But neither bread nor water meet his gaze.

At this moment, hark! A footstep is heard, and a man of royal presence, clad in purple robes, glistening with gems and gold, and contrasted with the snowy whiteness of fine linen, comes striding into view, with the air of majesty and worldly power. His ruddy countenance blushes with the genial glow of the grape; his eyes sparkle with the fire of sensual passion; his dark hair curls around a brow, which lofty and massive, is stamped with that cunning, which among the people of this world, often passes for Intellect.

In fact, he stands before us the inpersonation of Worldly Power, a goodly looking man withal, whom it were policy and prudence to bow down and reverence.

With his sandalled feet, glittering with diamonds that gleam as he walks, he comes on: he stands before the humbly-clad Jesus. At a glance, he reads the light of Godhead on that brow, he feels the immeasurable power of those earnest eyes.

Come! he cries, taking Jesus of Nazareth by the hand, come! And the desert is passed, and rocks are gone, and the Dead sea has faded from the view. Come! repeats the Prince of this World, and as he speaks, behold! A mountain swells before them, towering above the plain, green with the venerable cedars and grey with colossal rocks.

Come! re-echoes the Prince, and up the steep mountain paths, and through the deep mountain shadows, and along the dark mountain ravines, they hurry on. Now they are in the clouds, now the mists of the summit gather them in.

At last, upon this rock, projecting over an awful abyss, they stand, Jesus of Nazareth in his laborer's garb, and the Prince of this world in his royal robes.

Ah, what a doleful mockery of speech and common sense, was that which painted the Incarnation of Evil, in a hideous shape, with all the grotesque mummery of satyr's hoof and tail, poor as the poorest of earth's toiling children! Whom could Satan ever tempt in a garb like this? No, the Prince of this World, when he comes to tempt Man from the voice of God, speaking forever in his inmost soul, comes in purple robes and fine linen, with the flash of grapes upon his cheeks, the well-filled purse in his fair hands, the marks of good cheer and rich banquets upon his portly form.

So, in all his pride and glory, stood he before the humbly-clad Jesus of Nazareth.

Look! he cries, pointing with his hand towards that sublime panorama of Empire crowded on Empire, which spreads far into the haze of distance, from the foot of this colossal cliff; *Look! All these will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me!*

Jesus bends from that awful cliff and gazes in mute wonder upon that scene. Ah, who may describe that spectable, what power of imagery depict the majestic drapery of glory which floated around that boundless view?

There, rising into golden sunlight, were cities, glittering with innumerable spires, grand with swelling domes, rank after rank, they grew into space, and shone with the glory of all ages. Yes, the glory of the past, the glory of the present, the glory of the future were there! Nineveh of old, rising from a boundless plain, scattered with palms, her giant walls looming in the light, her solitary temple towering over her wilderness of domes—Nineveh was there! And there the Romes of all ages swelling in contrasted glory. Imperial Rome—behold her! Magnificent with colosseum and theatre, her streets crowded with the victorious legions, her white temples encircled by the smoke of incense, her unconquered banner S. P. Q. R. floating over the heads of kneeling millions—Imperial Rome, clad in the drapery of the Cæsars, was there.

By her side arose another Rome; the Papal Rome of after years, with her immense cathedral breaking into space, over the ruins of the ancient city, while solemn Pontiffs, carried in gorgeous canopies, on the shoulders of liveried guards, through the long files of kneeling worshippers, pointed to the Cross, the Image and the Sword, and waved their heavy robes, rich with lace and gold and jewels, as they swelled the anthem to the praise of Rome, Papal Rome, the mistress of the souls of men!

Jesus beheld it all.

Renounce thy mission, forsake the Voice which now calls thee forth, to

serve this creature Man, who will afterwards trample on thee, and lo! Behold thy reward—all these, and more than these will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me!

Then from the unbounded field of space, high over Rome the Imperial, Rome the Papal, high over Babylon the great, yes, above gorgeous empires, whose names have been lost in the abyss of ages, there rose another Empire, terrible to behold in her bloody beauty.

She rose there, towering into light; an immense sea seemed to shut her cities in its girdle of blood-red waves.

The white sails of her ships were on that sea, the tread of armed warriors, crowding in millions, was heard in her palace gates, along her marts of commerce, nay, in her temples of religion! She had grown strong with the might of ages. Mightier than Imperial Rome, her dominion ended only with the setting sun, her banners were fanned by every breeze that swept the earth, the ice-wind of the north, the hot blast of the tropics, the summer gales of more lovely climes.

She was terrible to behold that unknown empire, for her temples were built upon the skulls of millions, her power was fed on human flesh, her Red Cross Flag was painted with the blood of martyrs, moistened with the tears of the widow, fanned by the sighs of the orphan!

Dismal in her lurid grandeur, she towered there, above all other nations, claiming their reverence, nay, her loftiest dome pierced the sky, blazing with texts from the Book of God, as though she would excuse her crimes in the face of Divinity himself, glossing Murder over, with a soft word, and sanctifying Blasphemy with a prayer!

O, it was a terrible picture, drawn by the hand of Satan, there on the golden haze of infinite space.

These, these will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me! Only renounce the Voice which calls thee forth to the relief of suffering Man, only forsake this dream of Good—a beautiful Dream it may be, yet still only a dream—which tells thee that thou canst lift up the toiling Millions of the human race, and the glory of all ages, the grandeur of all empires shall be thine!

As the Tempter speaks in that soft persuasive voice, fluttering his jewelled robes as he prayed this Jesus of Nazareth, clad in his humble garb, to descend into the herd of Conquerors and Kings, to become like them a drinker of human blood, a butcher of human hearts, let us look upon the face of the TEMPTED ONE.

Lo! At that moment, as if the light of God's presence shone more serenely in his soul, this Man of Nazareth stands there, with a lofty scorn upon his brow, an immortal glory in his eyes.

Solemnly he lifts his hand, his voice swells on the air:

Get thee hence Satan, he exclaims in that voice of deep-toned music,

now terrible in its accent of reproof, *For it is written thou shalt* WORSHIP JEHOVAH THY GOD, AND HIM ONLY SHALT THOU SERVE !

It is written not only in the Page of Revelation, but here upon the heart, thou shalt not worship Gold nor Superstition, nor tinselled Hypocrisy; thou shalt not bow down to Pomp, whose robes are stained in blood, nor reverence Power, whose throne is built on skulls, but thou shalt worship Jehovah the Father. To do good to Man is to worship God.

Ah—blasted on the brow, trembling in each limb, the abashed DEVIL—attired as he is, in all the pomp of the world—crawls from the presence of that humbly clad Jesus of Nazareth.

My friends shall we leave this beautiful passage in the life of Jesus, without listening to its moral, without taking to our hearts the great truth which it teaches ?

To you, O, Man of Genius, to you, O, Student, to you O, Seeker after the Beautiful, it speaks in a voice of strange, solemn emphasis :

There will come a time in your life, when like Jesus, you will be led up from the wilderness of neglect and want, by the Prince of this world, into the eminence of Trial. You will have the good things of this world spread out before you, you will hear the voice of the Tempter :

Crush the voice that is now speaking to your soul—that voice which bids you go out and speak boldly and act bravely for the rights of man —drown every honest thought—trample on every high aspiration, and Lo ! These shall be thine ! The praise of men, the flattery of sycophants, the pleasure of rich men's feasts and the hum of mob applause ! These shall be thine, if thou wilt fall down and worship me !

Does he not speak thus to you, O, Student, this purple-robed tempter, with his soft persuasive voice ?

Do you tell him, in tones of scorn, like your Jesus before you : *Get thee hence ! I will obey the voice which impels me to speak out for Man—I will go on my dread way, my only object the Welfare of the Millions ! I will worship the Lord Jehovah !*

Then the Prince of this World, tells you with a sneer—*Go on ! Go on with your imaginary schemes for the good of man, and yonder in the distance the Cross awaits you ! Go on ! and behold your reward for this honesty of purpose, as you call it ! You will be despised in the synagogue, stoned in the mart, spit upon in the halls of the great, crucified to public scorn, as a robber and a murderer !*

So spake the Tempter to the Man of the Revolution, the signers of the Declaration. Is it not true ?

Does not the Tempter in this our day, appeal to the most bestial emotion of the human heart—FEAR ?

Yes, the truth must be told, it was the curse of public opinion in the day of '76,—as it is now—that shivering dread of the pompous Name, or the infallible Synagogue—in press and church and home—alike it rules—that

crawling obeisance to creed and council, best syllabled in one emphatic word—"FEAR."

Let but the Reformer of our time, who feels that God has given him powers for the good of his brethren, dare to be honest, dare to speak out boldly in his own way, against hideous evils, which glared in his face—Behold his reward! Scorn, hissed from serpent-tongues, malice howled from slanderous throats, the portentous bray of a Public Opinion, made up by men whose character and name, would not stand in the light of a farthing candle.

Does the Author in the pages of a book, dare to picture the character of some lecherous Pharisee, who has crawled up into a pulpit, clothing his deformities with sacerdotal robes? Behold—every lecherous Pharisee who may possess a pulpit, or mouth the holy name of Jesus for his thousand per year, assails that Reformer from his cowardly eminence, excommunicates him from the synagogue, with bell, book, and candle, and more terrible than all, stamps on his brow, the portentous word—INFIDEL!

Or does that Author with the honest impulse of a full heart, dare to drag up from the obscurity of undeserved scorn, some great name of the Past, and render justice to martyred intellect, which in days by-gone, shone into the hearts of millions with holy and refreshing light, then the vengeance of these worshippers of the Prince of the World, knows no bounds. The Pharisaical pulpit, the obscene Press, work hand in hand to accomplish that young man's ruin. No lie is too base, no slander too gross, no epithet too malignant for the purpose of these atoms of an hour. If they cannot charge the patriot with Crime, they charge him with Poverty. If they cannot say that he is an Adulterer in holy robes, or a Scurvy Politician, feeding on the drippings of office, or a Forger clothing himself with the fruits of fraud, they wreak their vengeance in one word, and say, as their prototypes of old said of the Lord Jesus; HE IS POOR!

Thus in the Revolution, spoke the liveried and gowned pensioners of King George, against the Signers and their partners in the work of freedom. The British pulpit, and the British Press, joined their voices and spoke of the "*Infidel* Jefferson" who denied the divine right of Kings; the "Traitor Washington" who at the head of his "Ragmuffin Mob" in poverty and rebellion, held the huts of Valley Forge.

Far be it from me, my friends, to say one word against that pure Minister of the Gospel, who follows reverently in the footsteps of his Lord. Far be it from me to whisper a breath against that high-souled Editor, who never prostitutes his press to the appetites of the malignant and obscene. Such a Minister, such an Editor I hold in reverence; they are worthy of our respect and honor.

Yet we cannot disguise the fact, that there exists now as in the time of the Revolution, a band of creatures calling themselves Ministers, a congregation of reptiles who assume the position of Directors of Public

Opinion, while in their microscopic souls they have no more sense of a pure Religion, than the poor wretch who sold his Master, for thirty pieces of silver.

Who made these fellows Ministers of Almighty God? Who clothed them with all the solemn gravity of the portentous nod, the white cravat, and the nasal twang? Who lifted them from their obscurity into Priests of the Altar, qualified to minister the holy rites of the sacrament, admonish the living, bury the dead? Who!

We do not wish to investigate their title, for our search might end on the same rock where the Prince of this World tempted the Lord Jesus.

Then my friends, there is species of the genus reptile, calling himself an Editor, who merits a passing word. The servile tool of some corrupt politician, paid to libel at so much per line, he is always the first to fear the cause of Religion. Recking with the foul atmosphere of the brothel, he is the first to shudder for the danger of public morals. Fresh from the boon companionship of "lewd fellows of the baser sort," he is a virulent moral lecturer. Were this creature alone in his work of infamy, not much fear need be taken on his account. Like the rattlesnake he can but leap his own slimy length. Yet a hundred reptiles together, hissing and stinging in chorus may appal the stoutest heart, so does this Reptile Editor join himself to other reptiles, and form an association of venom which poisons the life-springs of many a noble soul, and distils its saliva even in the fountains of home. This viper of the Press is not peculiar to our day—he hissed and stung, in the time when our freedom was but dawning from the long night of ages. The Tory Press of the Revolution, from Rivington of the New York Royal Gazette, down to his less notorious compeers of the Philadelphia loyalist Press, in their malignant attacks upon Washington, did not even spare his private life. Forged letters were published day after day, in their papers, signed with the name of Washington, in which the very heart-strings of the chieftain were torn, by the leprous hand of Editorial pestilence! The Father of his Country avoided these things, the Reptile Editor and the Reptile Preacher, as he would have shunned a rabid dog. He turned their path, as you would from the path of a viper. Had the generous indignation of his soul found vent in words, he might have said like the Saviour to their Judean proto-types—

"O! Scribes, Pharisees, Hypocrites, how shall ye escape the damnation of hell!"—

With the vengeance, or rather the venom of men like these, Jesus was assailed in his day, because he refused to worship their master. So Washington was assailed because he refused obedience to the King. Think not my friends, to escape the trial of your Saviour, if you follow in his footsteps. Think not, be honest and bold in your actions and your words, without feeling the fang of the viper in your soul. But in the darkest hour of your life, when slander poisons your soul, and persecution blasts your frame, then remember these blessed words:

—Then the devil leaveth him, and behold! Angels came and ministered unto him.—

Yes, after hunger and thirst and temptation, behold the Blessed Jesus, sitting on yonder granite rock, while forms of beauty group about him, their beaming eyes fixed upon his divine countenance. Forms of beauty, yes the most beautiful of forms—all that is pure in woman, lovely in the bloom of her face, beaming in the glance of her eye, rounded and flowing in the outlines of her shape,—bend there before the Saviour, in the guise of Angels!

Lo! one radiant form with floating tresses of golden hair brings the cup of water; another, with those eyes of unutterable beauty presents the wild honey-comb, the purple grapes, the fragrant fruit of the fig-tree, a third, gliding around him, with steps that make no sound, soothes his brow with the pressure of soft, white hands.

—"Behold, angels ministered unto Him!"

It is before me now, that beautiful picture, created in the wild desert, with the background of the Dead Sea; Jesus sitting calm and serene on the rugged rock, while angel-forms kneel at his feet, bend over his shoulders, smile in his face, group in shapes of matchless loveliness around him.

Hark, that song? was ever hymn so soft and dreamy, heard in this desert wild before? It swells over the dark mass of rocks, it glides along the sullen waters of the lake, it bursts up to the morning sky in one choral murmur of praise.

Angels cheer the Lord Jesus with their hymns.

So, O, man of genius, O, Student, O, Seeker after the beautiful, shall angels cheer thee, and bless thee, and sing to thee; after thou hast passed the fiery ordeal of hunger, thirst, neglect and temptation. From the book of God, Jesus speaks to thee, and his word is given; it shall be.—Behold Washington and Jefferson, with all the heroes and signers, rise triumphant through all time, over the Tempter and Pharisees of the Revolution!

VI.—"THE OUTCAST."

We will now behold another scene in the Divine Master's life. To the very rock of Nazareth, we will trace the truths of the immortal Declaration.

The scene changes yet once more. We are in Nazareth, that city built on a cliff, with the white walls of its synagogue arising in the calm blue sky, above the mansions of the rich, the cottages of the poor. Let us still our hearts with awe, let us hush our breath with deep reverence, for it is the Sabbath, and we are in the Synagogue.

Yonder from the dome overhead, a dim, solemn light steals round the place, while a sacred silence pervades the air.

Four pillars support that dome, four pillars inscribed with burning words from the book of God.

In the centre of the place behold the ark, in which is placed the holy scroll of the law. Beside the ark a small desk arises where the reader of

the Synagogue may stand and utter the Sabbath prayers. Around this ark and desk, from the light of the dome to the darker corners of the place, throng the people of Nazareth sitting on benches which encircle the centre of the temple. Yonder, behind the ark and desk, on loftier benches are the elders, their white beards trailing on each breast, the flowing robes wound about each portly form, the broad phylactery on each wrinkled brow. These are the rich men that rule the synagogue.

In the dark corners, you see the gaunt faces, the ragged forms of the poor, who have skulked into the temple, ashamed of their poverty, yet eager to hear the word of the Lord. Around the altar are seated all classes of life, the merchant with his calculating face, the mechanic with his toil-worn hands, the laborer with his sunburnt visage.

But here, on the right of the altar, amid that throng of women, beheld a matron seated in front of the rest, her form, with its full outlines, indicating the prime of womanhood, just touched, not injured by age, while her serene face, relieved by brown hair, silvered with grey, is lighted by large blue eyes. There are wrinkles on that brow, yet when you gaze in those earnest eyes, you forget them all.

This is MARY the mother of Jesus. The sunbeam stealing from yonder dome, light up her serene face, and reveals that smile, so soft, and sad, and tender.

Her son is to preach to day in the Synagogue; his fame is beginning to stir the world. The mother awaits his appearance with a quiet joy, while yonder, in that toil-wrung man with the grey hair and sunburnt face, who leans upon his staff with clasped hands, you behold Joseph the Carpenter.

A deep silence pervails in the temple.

Yonder, in front of the elders is seated the Minister (or Reader) of the Synagogue, venerable in his beard, broad in his phylactery, with the scroll of the law in his hand. He has just finished the prayers of the Sabbath; and all is silent expectation. They wait for the appearance of this Jesus, who the other day, was toiling with his father, at the carpenter's bench. *Now*, it is said he has become an eloquent Preacher; his name is bruited on every wind; it is even said that he worked miracles yonder in Galilee. *He*, Jesus, the carpenter's son!

A murmur deepens through the synagogue. Eyes are cast toward the door; faces turned over the shoulder; whispers resound on every side. The mother yonder rises from her seat; how her blue eye fires! The father lifts his head from his staff; a flush warms his wrinkled brow.

He comes! Yes, his rude garments, travel-worn, his long hair floating to his shoulders, embrowned by the roadside dust, he comes, the object of every eye, walking through the agitated crowd towards the altar.

The poor, yes the ragged, toil-trodden poor, bend over the shoulders of the rich, eager to catch the gleam of those mild deep eyes, the silent eloquence of that white brow, the love of those smiling lips. For it is said,

this Jesus has dared to espouse the cause of the poor, even against the pomp of broad phylacteries and venerable beards. So the rumor runs.

Jesus advances; one glance to that Dear Mother, and their eyes kindle in the same blaze, one reverent inclination to that Father, and he passes into the desk.

Every eye beholds him!

Do you not see him also, standing calm and erect, as his large earnest eyes slowly pass from face to face, while his countenance already glows with inward emotion? He is there before me, one hand laid upon the unopened scroll, while the other rises in an earnest gesture.

The silence grows deeper.

He opens the scroll; it is the book of the Prophet Isaiah, that Poet and Seer, whose burning words are worth all your Virgils and Homers, were their beauties multiplied by thousands.

Hark, that voice, how it rings through the temple:

"*The Spirit of Jehovah is upon me!*" he exclaims, as he stands there, glowing with Divinity; *He hath anointed me to preach good tidings to the Poor!*"

A deep murmur fills the synagogue. The Elders bend forward in wonder, the Poor start up from their dark corners with a silent rapture. Mary clasps her hands and looks into the face of her Son. Still that bold, earnest voice rings on the Sabbath air.

"He *hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captive, sight to the blind, liberty to them that are bruised:*—"

Then while the murmur deepens, while the Elders start from their seats, and the Poor come hurrying forward, do you see that frame dilate, that eye burn, as his voice swells again through the temple,

"*To preach the acceptable Year of the Lord.*——"

Yes, freedom to the slave, hope to the Poor, the Great Millenium of God —when Beauty shall dwell on earth forever—to all the Sons of Men!

Then while wonder and indignation and rapture and scorn thrill round the temple, this Jesus closes the book and from that desk, proclaims himself the ANOINTED ONE of God, the Redeemer of the Poor!

Ah, what eloquence, what soul, what fire! How he pictures the degradation of Man, now crouching under the foot of Priest and King, how he thunders indignant scorn into the face of Pharisee and scribe, how, stretching forth his arms, while his chest heaves and his eye burns, he proclaims the coming of that blessed day, when Man shall indeed be free!

He stood there, not like an humble pleader for the right, but with the tone and look and gesture of Divinity, who exclaims, Let there be light and light there was!

Yet look! Those bearded men with broad phylacteries, have started from their seats; they encircle him with flushed faces and eyes gleaming scorn.

I see the most reverend of them all, stand there, with the sneer deepening over his face, while his straightened finger points to the face of Jesus—

Look! he cried, turning to his brethren, *Is not this Joseph the Carpenter's son?*

Is not this the man of toil, who, the other day was working at a rude bench? Behold his mother—a poor woman! Behold his father—a carpenter? Does he come to teach us, the Elders of the synagogue, broad in our phylacteries, flowing in our robes, voluminous in our prayers?

But the Poor press forward too, and one rude son of toil kneels there before him, pressing the hem of his gaberdine, while his eyes are lifted to his face. Mary—ah, let us pity the poor Mother now!—for starting to her feet, she clasps her hands, while her lips part and her eye dilates as she awaits the end.

Joseph has buried his head upon his bosom.

Jesus rises supreme above them all. Yes, unawed by the scowling brows, unmoved by the words of scorn, he spreads forth his arms, his voice rings on the air once more!

—"*A Prophet is not without honor save in his own country and his own house!*—"

These words have scarce passed his lips, when the uproar deepens into violence.

Forth with him! the cry yells through the synagogue, Forth with him, blasphemer! Forth with him from the synagogue and the city! To the rock, to the rock with the Infidel!

With one accord they hurl him from the desk, they, the venerable elders, with the broad phylacteries. Rude hands grasp him, demoniac voices yell in his ear. At this moment, even as they drag him from the desk, a little child, with flowing hair and dilating eyes, affrighted by the clamor, steals up to Jesus, seizing his robe with its tiny hands. His face, alone calm and smiling in the uproar, seems to promise shelter to the startle child.

Through the passage of the synagogue they drag him, and now he is in the open air, with the Sabbath sun pouring upon his uncovered brow. Along the streets, from the city, over the flinty stones—to the rock with the blasphemer!

The city is built upon a rock, which yawns over an abyss. Plunged from this rock, dashed into atoms on the stones below, this blasphemer shall blaspheme no more!

All the while, poor Mary, weeping, trembling, clasping her hands in anguish, follows the crowd, imploring mercy for her son. Do you see the finger of scorn pointed at her face, the brutal sneer levelled at her heart?

Joseph humbled and abashed, has gone quietly away, perhaps to his carpenter shop, to weep that this bold Jesus ever dared to beard the Synagogue.

Out from the city with shouts and yells and curses! Out along the flinty path—behold the crowd attains the rock.

Surrounded by these forms, trembling with passion, these faces scowling with rage, Jesus looks calmly over the abyss, while a rough hand pinions each arm. It is an awful sight, that steep wall of rock, rising from the ravine below. Even the elders, who hold this Carpenter's son on the verge of the rock, start back affrighted. The dizzy heighth appals their souls.

The shouts, cries, curses, deepen. Man never looks so much like a brute, as when engaged in an act of violence, but when this act is mob violence, where many join to crush a solitary victim, then man looks like a brute and devil combined.

There is not one face of pity in that frenzied crowd. From afar some few poor men, slaves of the rich and afraid to brook their anger, gaze upon the crowd with looks of sympathy for Jesus stamped upon their rude faces.

Mary too, do you not see her kneeling there, some few paces from the crowd, her hands uplifted, while her brown hair, slightly touched with grey, floats wildly to the breeze. She has sunken down, exhausted by the conflict of emotions, even yet she shrieks for mercy, mercy for this Jesus, her Son!

Jesus looks over the dizzy rock.

Nearer they urge him to its verge, nearer and nearer; ah—he is on the edge—another inch and he is gone—hark! his foot brushes the earth from the brink; you hear it crumbling as he stands there, looking into the abyss.

At this moment, pinioned by rude arms, he turns his face over his shoulder; he gazes upon that crowd.

O, the immortal scorn, the withering pity of that gaze! His brow glows, his eyes fire, his lips wreathe in a calm smile.

As one man the crowd shrink back, they cannot face the lustre of those eyes. Behold—the Pharisees who grasp the arm of Jesus, fall on their knees with their faces to the flint. That radiant brow strikes terror to their souls.

In a moment he is free, free upon the edge of the cliff, the glory of Divinity radiating in flashes of light around that white brow, while the rough carpenter's robes seem to change into new garments, flowing as the morning mist, luminous as sunshine. Even his long hair, falling to his shoulders, seems to wave in flakes of light.

Give way ye Pharisees, give way ye bearded Elders, give way ye makers of long prayers, with your flowing robes and broad phylacteries, for Jesus the Carpenter's son would pass through your midst!

And he comes on from the verge of the cliff, even through their midst. Jesus comes in silent grandeur.

Where are these men who shouted Infidel—Dog—Blasphemer—a moment ago? Crouching on the earth, their faces to the flint, their flowing robes thrown over their heads, there they are, these solemn men, with venerable beards and broad phylacteries.

Jesus passes on.

Silently, his beautiful countenance beaming with immortal love, his arms folded on his breast, he passes on.

Yes, it is written in the book of God; "*He passing from the midst of them, went his way.*"

He is gone from their city. They raise their affrighted faces, while malice rankles in their hearts, and follow his form with flashing eyes.

Mary gazes upon him, also, weeping bitterly for JESUS, HER OUTCAST SON, now a wanderer and exile from the home of his childhood.

Can you imagine a picture like this?

Yonder on the summit of a hill, the last which commands a view of Nazareth, its synagogue and rock, just where the roadside turns and follows the windings of a shadowy valley, stands JESUS, resting his clasped hands on his staff, while his eyes are fixed upon the distant city.

Who may picture the untold bitterness of that gaze?

It is home, the town in which he was reared, beneath the fond light of a Mother's eyes. There is the carpenter shop in which he toiled; there the walks of his solitary hours, nay, the temple in which he was wont to kneel in prayer.

And now, with scorn and curses and rude hands, they have thrust him forth, AN OUTCAST from his home.

It was his earnest, yearning desire to do good in that town; to reveal his high mission there; to proclaim the great year of Jehovah, to the people of his childhood's home.

And now he stands there, gazing upon the town, while the mark of their rude grasp yet reddens on his arms, while the words, Blasphemer, Infidel, Dog, yet echo in his ears.

He is an OUTCAST, this JESUS THE CARPENTER'S SON.

O, if there is one drop in the cup of persecution more bitter than another, it is the galling thought of neglect and wrong which sinks into the heart of that Man, who has been driven forth like a venomous snake, from his childhood's home, even in the moment when his soul burned brightest with its love for God and Man!

Welcome indeed is the grasp of a friend in a foreign land, but dark and terrible is the blow which hurls us from the threshhold of our HOME!

God in all his dispensations of affliction, with which he visits us for our good, has no darker trial than this!

My friends, I confess from the fulness of my heart, as I behold the solemn lesson which this passage in our Saviour's life, has for the man of genius, the student, the seeker after the beautiful, I am wrapt in wonder, in pity, in awe, that one man of intellect ever doubted the truth of this Revelation.

Behold the lesson!

Here on this rock of the hill-top, stands Jesus the Outcast, gazing on his childhood's home. Godly Pharisees have thrust him forth; sanctimonious Elders have hissed the words, Infidel, dog, blasphemer in his ears!

The day will come, when the beards and phylacteries of these men will have crumbled in the same forgotten grave, where their flesh and bones rot into dust. Their paltry town will be the abiding place of the Gentile and the scoffer; their religion crushed beneath the horse's hoofs of invading legions.

That town will claim a name in history, only because it was once the Home of Jesus. That religion be remembered only, because it prepared the way for the Religion of Jesus. Yes, the name of the Outcast, who now stands upon this hill, gazing upon the distant town, will one day cover the whole earth; it will throb in the heart of Universal Man, like the Presence of a God!

Who will remember the Pharisees, who record the names of the Elders? Into what dim old grave shall we look for their dust?

Where are the hands that smote the Lord Jesus, where the tongues that hissed Blasphemer! in his ears?

Eighteen centuries have passed, and the name of this Jesus——where does it not shine?

Shouted on the scaffold, with the last gasp of martyrs, whose flesh was crumbling to cinder, breathed by the patriot, dying on the battlefield for the rights of man, echoed by millions of worshippers, who send it up to Heaven, with prayer and incense, every hour of the day, every moment of the hour, that NAME has dared the perils of untrodden deserts, ascended hideous mountains, traversed unknown seas, encompassed the globe with its glory.

It has done more than all—it has survived the abuses with which Pharisees and Hypocrites, like their fathers of old, have not hesitated to darken its light, through the long course of eighteen hundred years.

Even the fang of the Dishonest Priest has failed to tear that name from the heart of MAN.

Even long and bloody *religious* wars, crowding the earth with the bodies of the dead, darkening the heaven with their blood-red smoke, have not effaced this name of Jesus!

Not even the fires of Smithfield, nor that Hell revealed on earth, the Inquisition, nor that cold-blooded murder, done by a remorseless Bigot, in the open square of Geneva, the victim a weak and unoffending man, nor a thousand such fires, inquisitions and murders, all working their barbarities in this Holy Name, have been able to drag it from the altar where it shines, the only hope of Man.

Still the Name of Jesus lives; who shall number the hearts in which it throbs, with every pulsation of love and joy and hope? Who shall number the sands on the shore, or count the beams of the sun?

And when that blessed day shall come—and come it will, as sure as Jehovah lives!—When Kings and Priests shall be hurled from their thrones of wrong and superstition, when Labor shall be no longer trodden down by the feet of task-masters, when every man who toils shall receive his equal portion of the fruits of the earth, when a church gorgeously appareled in all the splendor of lofty temples, uncounted revenues, hosts of pensioned ministers shall be demanded no more, when this Earth shall indeed be the Garden of God, and men indeed be Brothers—

Then crowning the great work with its awful and blessed benediction, one name shall swell to the sky, echoed by the voices of innumerable Millions, the name of Him whom Pharisees and Elders thrust ignominiously forth, from the synagogue of Nazareth, the Friend of the Poor, the God of Washington and the signers—the name of JESUS.

VII.—THE HOPE OF EIGHTEEN HUNDRED YEARS.

Now let us see how the Great Hope of the Redeemer's Life was fulfilled, after the lapse of some eighteen hundred years!

We will come down to the year 1775—we will make a rapid journey over the earth—

Saviour of the world where are thy People, where are the millions for whom thou didst suffer, and bleed, and die?

Let us look over Europe—what see we there?

Magnificent temples—crowds of Priests—rivers of blood!

But thy millions, Saviour of the World—where are they? The children of Toil—those who wear the Mechanic's garb—those for whom thou didst weep such bitter tears, in the Ages long ago—where are they?

In the deep mines—in the hot fields—in the hotter workshops—bending beneath heavy burdens—crouching beneath the lash—these, these are thy People, O Redeemer of the World!

And was it for this, that the tears of Gethsemane fell—the groans of Calvary arose?

Was it to build these temples—to rear these thrones—to crush these toiling millions into dust?

Here, in Rome where St. Paul spoke forth words that made Emperors tremble for their thrones—here you see nothing but lordly priests walking on to power, over a strange highway—the necks of a kneeling and down-trodden People!

But this is Rome—benighted—Pagan Rome—let us go to liberal enlightened, Protestant Europe!

Go to Germany—go to the scene of the Reformation—what see you there?

Why the tears of persecuted Innocence rain down upon the very grave

of Martin Luther—yes, the sweat, the blood of the millions sink into the Great Reformer's grave, and drench his bones!

But ah, this is Germany—doubtless Protestant Persecution rages here, and dyes the land in blood—but still there is a hope for the human race!

Let us pass by benighted France, with its Monarch, its Priests, its slaves—its throne—its temples—its huts and its Bastile—let us go over the channel to Christian England!

Here Saviour of the world, here thy Religion has found a home—for is not the broad Isle crowded with churches—is there an hour in the day unsanctified by a Prayer?

It is true, for every church there is a factory, a poor-house, or a jail—it is true for every prayer that ascends to heaven, a miserable convict is pitched from some gibbet into Eternity—it is true, that if every groan wrung from the Poor Man's heart, could harden into a pebble, then might these Priests build them a church, as large as ten thousand St. Pauls heaped on each other—

But is not this enlightened, liberal, Protestant, Reformed England!

Look, in yonder palace of Windsor, sits a man with a glassy unmeaning eye—a drivelling lip—a man buried in robes of Purple, a crown on his receding brow, a sceptre in his gouty hand!

And this is Thy Representative, O, Man of Nazareth! This is the Head of the Church—Defender of the Faith—this, this is the British Pope!

Yes, this is the Defender of the Faith!—And let us look at this faith—so kind, so merciful, so beautiful!

So anxious is Pope George to defend the Faith, that even now he is gathering Missionaries, who will carry this faith across three thousand miles of ocean!

Go there to the barracks—the dockyards—go there and find his missionaries, preparing for their high duties with bayonets in their hands!

A goodly band of Missionaries! Look—their numbers are swelled by convicts from the jail—nay even the Murderer on the gibbet comes down—takes the rope from his neck—puts a red coat on his back, a musquet on his shoulder—and stands forth—a Holy Missionary of Pope George!

And whom are these Missionaries to convert?

Blessed Redeemer look yonder, far over the waters! Look yonder, upon that New World, where the Outcasts of the old world have built a Home, a Nation, a Religion! That Home a refuge for the oppressed of all the earth—that nation a Brotherhood founded by the Men of Plymouth rock—by the Catholic of Baltimore—by the Quaker of the Delaware! That Religion, Hope to Man! Hope to Toil! Hope to Misery in its hut—Despair in its cell!

And now after this nation—this home—this religon—have built the altar of the rights of man in the wilderness—behold George the Pope of Eng-

land is sending his missionaries far over the waters to the New World, to butcher its men, to dishonor its women, to drench its soil in blood!

Already the brothers of these missionaries have begun their work—already they have endeavored to teach their mild persuasive doctrines to the people of the new world—but these heathens reject the British Missionaries—yes, on Bunker Hill, Concord, Lexington, the heathens of the new world, trample the flag of England into dust—and bury that flag beneath the dead bodies of these Missionaries of the British Pope!

And while these new crowds of Missionaries are leaving the shores of England, look yonder I pray you, and behold that solitary man, short in stature, clad in a plain brown coat—see him embark on shipboard, behold him leave the shores of England.

Do you know that yonder solitary man in the brown coat, is destined to do more harm to the British Pope, than centuries will repair? Did George of Hanover but know, what great thoughts are stirring in the brain of this little man, as leaning over the side of the receding ship, he gazes back upon the white cliffs of Albion—he would tear his royal robes for very spite, nay offer the little man an earldom, a title, wealth, baubles, power, rather than he should depart from the English shore with such great thoughts working in his great soul.

Let us follow this unknown man in the brown coat.

We are in Philadelphia in 1775—it is the time when a body of rebels who impudently style themselves, the "Continental Congress," hold their sessions, on yonder edifice somewhat retired from Chesnut Street, called Carpenter's Hall.

You may have seen this building? It still is standing there—yes, up a dark alley in Chesnut Street, between Third and Fourth it stands, the hall of the *first* Continental Congress, now used as the sale room of an auctioneer! We have a great love for antiquities in Philadelphia—we reverence the altars of the past, for lest any lying foreigner should charge us with the desecretion of holy places, we tear down the old house of William Penn, sell chairs and clocks and ponies in Carpenter's Hall, and degrade Independence Hall, that altar of the world, into a nest for squabbling lawyers!

VIII.—COUNCIL OF FREEMEN.

It was in the time when a band of rebels sate in Carpenter's Hall—when the smoke of Lexington and Bunker Hill, was yet in the sky, and the undried blood of Warren and the martyrs, was yet upon the ground—that a scene of some interest took place, in a quiet room, in the city of William Penn.

Look yonder, and behold that solitary lamp, flinging its dim light around a neatly furnished room.

Grouped around that table, the full warmth of the light, pouring full in

their faces, are five persons—a Boston Lawyer, a Philadelphia Printer, a Philadelphia Doctor, and a Virginia Farmer.

Come with me there to that lonely room—let us seat ourselves there—let us look into the faces of these men—the one with the bold brow and resolute look, is one John Adams from Boston; next to him sits the calm-faced Benjamin Rush—then you see the marked face of the Printer, one Benjamin Franklin, and your eye rests upon a man, distinguished above all others by his height, the noble outlines of his form, the calm dignity of his forehead, the quiet majesty of his look. That man is named Washington—one Mr. George Washington, from Mount Vernon.

These men are all members of the Rebel Congress; they have met here to night to talk over the affairs of their country. Their talk is deep-toned—cautious—hurried. Every man seems afraid to give free utterance to the thoughts of his bosom.

They talk of Bunker Hill—of Lexington—of the blood-thirsty British Ministry—of the blood-thirsty British King!

Then, from the lips of Franklin comes the great question—Where is this War to end? Are we fighting only for a change in the British Ministry, or—or—for the Independence of our land?

There is silence in that room.

Washington, Adams, Rush—all look into each other's faces—and are silent!

Bound to England by ties of ancestry—language—religion—the very idea of separation from Her, seems a Blasphemy!

Yes, with their towns burnt, their people murdered—Bunker Hill smoking there, and Lexington bleeding yonder—still, still, these Colonists cling to the name of England, still shudder at that big word, that chokes their throats to speak—Independence.

At this moment, while all is still, a visitor is announced—look there! As that unknown man in the brown coat enters—is introduced by Franklin—takes his seat at the table—is informed of the topic in discussion—look there upon his brow, his flashing eye, as in earnest words he speaks forth his soul!

Washington, Rush, Franklin, Adams, all are hushed into silence! At first the little man in the brown coat startles——horrifies them with his political blasphemy!

But as he goes on, as his broad, solid brow warms with fire, as his eye flashes the full light of a soul roused into all its life, as those deep earnest tones speak of the Independence of America—her glorious future—her destiny, that shall stride on over the wrecks of thrones, to the Universal Empire of Western Continent, then behold!

They start from around the table—they press that stranger in the brown coat, by the hand—they beg him for God's sake, to write these words in a book,—a book that shall be read in all the homes, thundered from all the pulpits of America!

Do you see that picture, my friends ?

That little man in the brown coat, standing there, flushed, trembling with the excitement of his own thoughts; the splendidly formed Virginia planter on one side, grasping him by the hand; those great-souled men encircling him on the other side, John Adams the Lawyer, Benjamin Rush the Doctor, Benjamin Franklin the Printer.

Let this scene pass: let us follow this little man in the brown coat, thro' the year 1775.

The day after this scene, that modest Virginia Planter, George Washington, was named Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Armies.

IX.—THE BATTLE OF THE PEN.

And on the summer days of '75, that stranger in the brown coat, was seen walking up and down, in front of the old State House, his great forehead shown in full sunlight, while with hands placed behind his back, he went slowly along the pavement.

Then that humble man would stride to his lonely garret, seize the quill, and scratch down the deep thoughts of his brain! Then forth again, for a walk in the State House square—up and down under these old trees, he wanders all the afternoon——at night, there is a light burning in yonder garret window, burning all night till break of day!

Let us look in that garret window—what see you there?

A rude and neglected room—a little man in a brown coat, sitting beside an old table, with scattered sheets of paper all about him—the light of an unsnuffed candle upon his brow—that unfailing quill in his hand!

Ah, my friends, you may talk to me of the sublimity of your battles, whose poetry is bones and skulls—but for me, there is no battle so awfully sublime, as one like this, now being fought before our eyes.

A poor, neglected Author, sitting in his garret,—the world, poverty, time, and space, all gone from him—as with a soul kindled into one steady blaze, he plies that fast-moving quill. That quill puts down words on that paper, words that shall burn into the brains of Kings, like arrows winged with fire, and pointed with vitriol!

Go on brave Author, sitting in your garret alone, at this dead hour—go on—on through the silent hours—on, and God's blessings fall like breezes of June upon your damp brow—on, and on, for you are writing the Thoughts of a Nation into Birth!

For many days, in that year '75, was that little man in a brown coat, seen walking up and down the State House square—look yonder! There in yon garret, night after night, burns that solitary light—burns and burns on, till the break of day.

At last the work is done! At last grappling the loose sheets in his trembling hands—trembling, because feverish with the toil of the brain—

that author goes forth. His book is written, it must now be printed—scattered to the Homes of America! But look ye—not one printer will touch the book—not a publisher but grows pale at the sight of those dingy pages! Because it ridicules the British Pope—ridicules the British Monarchy—because it speaks out in plain words, that nothing now remains to be done, but to declare the New World free and Independent!

This shocks the trembling printers; touch such a mass of treasonable stuff—*never!* But at last a printer is found—a bold Scotchman, named Robert Bell—he consents to put these loose pages into type—it is done; and on the first of January, 1776, COMMON SENSE burst on the People of the new world! Bursts upon the hearts and homes of America, like a light from heaven! That book is read by the Mechanic at his bench, the Merchant at his desk, the Preacher in his pulpit reads it, and scatters its great truths with the teachings of Revelation!

"It burst from the Press"—says the great Doctor Rush,—"with an effect which has rarely been produced by types or paper, in any age or country!"

That book of Common Sense said strange and wonderful things: listen to it for a moment:—

"But where, say some, is the King of America? I'll tell you, friend, he reigns above, and doth not make havoc of mankind, like the Royal Brute of Britain! Yet that we may not appear to be defective in earthly honors, let a day be solemnly set apart for proclaiming the Charter, let it be brought forth, placed on the divine law, the Word of God; let a crown be placed thereon, by which the world may know, that so far as we approve of Monarchy, that in AMERICA THE LAW IS KING. For as in absolute governments the king is law, so in free countries the Law ought to be king, and there ought to be no other. But lest any ill use should afterwards arise, let the crown at the conclusion of the ceremony, be demolished, and scattered among the People, whose RIGHT IT IS!"

Was not that bold language, from a little man in a brown coat, to a great King, sitting there in his royal halls, at once the Tyrant and the Pope of America?

Listen to "COMMON SENSE" again:

"A greater absurdity cannot be conceived of, than three millions of people, running to their sea coast, every time a ship arrives from London, to know what portion of Liberty they should enjoy."

Or again—here is a paragraph for George of England to give to the Archbishops of Canterbury, to be read in all churches after the customary prayers for the Royal Family:—

"No man," says Common Sense, "was a warmer wisher for a reconciliation, than myself, before the fated 19th April, 1775,"—the day of the Massacre of Lexington—"but the moment the event of that day was made known, I rejected the hardened, sullen-tempered Pharoah of England

forever; and disdain the wretch, that with the pretended title of Father of his People, can unfeelingly hear of their slaughter, and composedly sleep with their blood upon his soul."

Listen to the manner in which this great work concludes:

* * * Independence is the only bond that can tie us together. * * * * * Let the names of Whig and Tory be extinct; and let none other be heard among us, than those of a good citizen; an open and resolute friend: and a virtuous supporter of the rights of Mankind, and of the Free and Independent States of America.

Need I tell you, my friends, that this work, displaying the most intimate knowledge of the resources of America—the nerve of her men, the oak of her forests, the treasures of her mines,—displaying an insight into the future greatness of the American Navy, that was akin to Prophecy, need I tell you, that this work, cutting into small pieces the cobwebs of Kingship and Courtiership—the pitiful absurdity of America being for one hour dependent upon Britain—struck a light in every American bosom—was in fact the great cause and forerunner of the Declaration of Independence!

And is there a heart here that does not throb with emotion, at the name of the author of that Declaration, Thomas Jefferson, the Statesman-Hero?

And do your hearts throb at the mention of his name, and yet refuse to pay the tribute of justice to the memory of his brother-patriot, his forerunner in the work of freedom, the Author-Hero of the Revolution—THOMAS PAINE?

X.—THE AUTHOR-SOLDIER.

Now let us follow this man in the brown coat, this Thomas Paine, through the scenes of the Revolution.

In the full prime of early manhood, he joins the army of the Revolution; he shares the crust and the cold, with Washington and his men—he is with those brave soldiers on the toilsome march—with them by the camp-fire—with them in the hour of battle!

And why is he with them?

Is the day dark—has the battle been bloody—do the American soldiers despair? Hark! That printing press yonder, that printing press that moves with the American host, in all its wanderings—is scattering pamphlets through the ranks of the army!

Pamphlets written by the author-soldier, Thomas Paine, written sometimes on the head of a drum—or by the midnight fire, or amid the corses of the dead—Pamphlets that stamp great Hopes and greater Truths in Plain words, upon the souls of the Continental Army!

Tell me, was not that a sublime sight, to see a man of Genius, who might have shone as an Orator, a Poet, a Novelist, following with untiring devotion, the footsteps of the Continental army?

Yes, in the dark days of '76, when the soldiers of Washington tracked their footsteps on the soil of Trenton, in the snows of Princeton—there, first among the heroes and patriots, there, unflinching in the hour of defeat, writing his "CRISIS," by the light of the camp-fire, was the Author-Hero, THOMAS PAINE!

Yes, look yonder—behold the Crisis read by every Corporal in the army of Washington, read to the listening group of soldiers—look what joy, what hope, what energy, gleams over those veteran faces, as words like these break on their ears:

"These are the times that try men's souls! The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot, will in this CRISIS, shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands it NOW, deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph!—"

Do not words like these stir up the blood?

Yet can you imagine their effect, when read to groups of starved and bleeding soldiers, by the dim watch-fire, in the cold air of the winter dawn?

Such words as these stirred up the starved Continentals to the attack on Trenton, and there, in the dawn of glorious morning, George Washington, standing sword in hand, over the dead body of the Hessian Ralle, confessed the magic influence of the Author-Hero, Thomas Paine!

——The lowest libeller that ever befouled a pen, a vulgar and infamous fellow,—we need not name him—who has written a Lie of some 347 pages, and called it, "The Life of Thomas Paine," this libeller, who spits his venom upon the memory of Franklin and Jefferson—in fact, combines, in his own person, more of the dirty in falsehood—the disgusting in obscenity—the atrocious in perjury—than any penster that ever wrote for British Gold, at the dictation of a British Court——this Biographer, I say, who after the object of his spite was dead, sought out for something ineffably disgusting, with which to befoul the dead man's memory, and finding nothing so foul as his own base soul, poured out that soul, in all its native filth, upon the dead man's bones—this creature, whom it were a libel upon human nature to call—Man—Atheist, Blasphemer, libeller of the dead as he was—even He confessed, that "the Pen of TOM PAINE was as formidable to the British, as the cannon of Washington!"

X.—THE PEOPLE AND THE CRIMINAL.

Now, my friends we will change the scene.

Come with me over three thousand miles of waves, come with me to Paris.

Come with me, past yon heap of rocks and burnt embers:—the ruins of

the Bastile—come with me, through these scattered crowds who murmur in the streets—hush! hold your breath as you enter this wide hall.

What see you now?

A splendid chamber—splendid, because encircled with the architectural trophies of four hundred years—a splendid chamber, crowded by one dense mass of human beings. Here—and here—wherever you look, you see nothing but that wall of human faces.

Does not the awful silence that broods here, in this splendid saloon, strike upon your hearts, with an impression of strange omen?

Tell me, oh tell me, and tell me at once, what means the horror that I see brooding and gathering over this wall of faces? Listen!

Here in this hall, the people of France have gathered, yes, from the dear vallies of Provence and Dauphine—from the wilds of Bretagne—from the palaces and huts of Paris, the people have gathered to try a great Criminal.

That criminal sits yonder in the felon's seat—a man of respectable appearance—sitting there, with a woman of strange loveliness by his side—sitting there, with the only uncovered brow in all this vast assemblage!

That criminal is Louis Capet, he is to be tried here to day, for treason to the people of France.

And when you look upon that mild-visaged man, sitting there, with the beautiful woman by his side, and feel inclined to pity him—to weep for that tender woman—as you see the lowering looks, of this vast crowd directed to the pair—as you feel that this awful silence, brooding and gathering on every side, speaks a terror, a horror more to be feared than the loudest words.—

Then as pity, sympathy, gather over your hearts, then I pray you in the name of God to remember, that this man here, sits clothed with the groans, the tears, the blood of fifteen million people—yes, that the mildly beautiful pearls, that rise and fall, with every pulsation of that woman's bosom, if transformed into their original elements, would flood the wide hall with two rivers—a river of tears, a river of blood!

And now, as the great question is about to be decided—Shall Louis the Traitor-King, live or die!—let us for a moment, I beseech you, look at the great moral, the great truth of this scene

Ah, is it not a sublime sight, this that breaks upon our eye—a King on Trial for treason to his People! For ages, and for ages, these Kings have waded up to thrones, through rivers of blood, yes built their thrones upon islands of dead bodies, centered in those rivers of blood——and now, and now, the cry of vengeance, rising from fifteen millions up to God, has pierced the eternal ear, and called his vengeance down!

It is a sublime sight that we have here—a King on trial for his crimes—his people the judges and the executioners.

Do you know the regret that seizes my soul, when I contemplate this scene?

That we Americans, after our Revolution, did not bring our Traitor-King, George the Third, to Independence Hall! and there, while the dead of the Revolution gathered around him—yes crowded the hall and darkened far over Independence Square—and there while the widows and the orphans of the Massacred heroes came to the bar, blasting the Kingly Murderer, with their cries and tears—I do regret, that we, the people, did not try the Traitor-King, the Murderer-Pope for his crimes.

Ah would not that have been a solemn scene! While the deep groans the orphans wail sadly like organ-music pealing from the grave, while the dead gather round thronging to the witness-seat—yes, here, come the Ministers of Religion kneeling around the Felon-King—with the Book of God in their hands, they pray for his guilty soul—they bid him prepare for the judgment of the people. They point to yonder square—they point to the *Scaffold*—the AXE! George of England, prepare! This day convicted of Treason to the people, convicted of wholesale Murder, committed upon a whole Nation—"*This day you die!*"

Ah, would not that have been a sight for a world to see? To have laid his anointed head upon the block—to have sent him down, the shades death, the dead around him, and the curses of millions in his ears!

Then to have written over his grave—"*Here lies the Traitor-King, convicted of* MURDER *and sentenced to death one month after the capture of* YORKTOWN!"

But we are in Paris again—again we stand in that wide hall, where Louis of France, awaits his fate.

Hark! at this moment as the vote is about to be taken, a man short in stature, yet with a bold brow rises yonder—rises and pleads for the life of the Traitor-King!

Yes, with outstretched hands, an earnest voice, a gleaming eye, that man pleads for the life of Louis of France!

Let us not, he exclaims, stain our glorious cause, even with the blood of a King! all punishments of death, are abhorrent in the eyes of God! Let us tell to the world that we found this King guilty of Treason, Treason to his People! But that we scorned to take his guilty life! Punishment by death is a libel on God and Man—let us spare the Traitor-King! Let us remember that his Government with its ocean of crimes, had one redeeming trait—it was this King who gave arms and men to Washington, in the war of the American Revolution!

Let then these United States be the safeguard and asylum of Louis Capet.—There, far removed from the miseries and crimes of royalty, he may learn that the system of government, consists not in Kings but in the People.

And who was the unknown man, who companioned only by men like La

Fayette, stood there pleading for the life of the King? Who was this Stranger, that while all around were scowling death in his face, dared to beg the life of the Traitor-King?

Ah that little man who stood there, alone in that breathless hall, with such mighty eloquence warming over his lofty brow?

That little man was one of that illustrious band, who had been made citizens of France—France the Redeemed and New Born! Yes, with Macintosh, Franklin, Hamilton, Jefferson and Washington, he had been elected a citizen of France—with these great men he hailed the era of the French Revolution as the dawn of God's Millennium—he had hurried to Paris, urged by the same deep love of man, that accompanied him in the darkest hours of the American Revolution,—and there, there pleading for the Traitor-King, alone in that breathless hall he stood, the Author-Hero, THOMAS PAINE!

XI.—KING GUILLOTINE.

NEED I tell you that his pleading was in vain? Need I tell you that ere the last word died on his lip, up, up, from a thousand souls—up, up, to the ceiling arose the terrible syllable DEATH!

And the People without, the legions of new-born freemen, extending far through the streets of Paris, took up the word—"*Death*, DEATH, DEATH!"

Now Louis of France—now take from your anointed brows, the holy crown, for to day it will not save your royal head!

Now Marie Antoinette, fair woman whose soft form has hitherto reposed on beds of down, now take from your snow-white bosom that string of pearls, for this day they will not save your queenly neck!

Need I picture my friends, the terrible scenes, which followed the condemnation of Louis Capet?

Now Louis Capet being dethroned, there reigned in Paris another King—let us go there through the streets black with People, and look at him! There in the centre of this dense crowd, he raises his gory head—there the sun streams over his bloody outlines—there gleams his dripping axe—there there, towering above the heads of millions behold his Bloody Majesty, the new Lord of Paris, KING GUILLOTINE!

A strange king have we here—and look there, standing on the scaffold, a burly ruffian towers into light, his bared arms red with blood, his hot brow covered by a hideous scarlet cap! That half-clad ruffian is one of the Courtiers of the new king, that is The Hangman, Prime Minister to KING GUILLOTINE!

Now let us take our station by his throne; let us behold the offerings which are brought to King Guillotine!

See—the crowd gives way—hark! That shout! Louis of France kneels, lays his head upon the block—the axe falls! Behold the first offering to the Bloody Majesty of France—KING GUILLOTINE!

Look—another scene breaks on our view! The soft light of morning breaks over these palaces, over the spires of Notre Dame—the crowd give way.

Great Heaven, what sight is this!

The crowd give way—a lovely woman comes trembling up the scaffold-steps!

Oh, how beautiful! Life in her eyes, on her dewy lip, life in her young veins, life on the white bosom, that heaves tremulously into light.

Look! with one rude grasp the Hangman tears aside the robes from that white bosom—she kneels—Oh, God!

Is not that a fair and beautiful neck to lay upon the block? She kneels—the axe glimmers—falls!

Ah, can that head rolling there like a football, beneath the Executioner's feet, that head with the long hair dabbled in blood, can that be the head of Marie Antoinette of France?

Now let us wait by King Guillotine all day long—here, from the death-carts tumbled out upon the scaffold—here old man and maid, here Poet, Warrior, Felon, here they come! They kneel—hark! The sound of the falling axe! The sawdust of the scaffold is drunk with blood—there is a pile of human heads rising in the light! Behold the offerings to King Guillotine!

Thus from morning till night, that axe glimmers and falls! Thus from morning till night, King Guillotine plies his task—the gutters of Paris run blood, down to the waters of the Seine—the graveyards are full. King Guillotine knows not where to bury his dead—the stones of the prison yards are taken up—deep pits are dug—here bring your dead-carts, here into these yawning cavities, pitch them all, the warrior with his mangled form, the old man with his grey hair, the maiden with her trampled bosom—here pitch them all, and let the earth hide these offerings to King Guillotine.

Now search the streets of Paris for the noblest and pure-souled Patriots of the Revolution—and search in vain! They are gone—La Fayette and Paine, and all the heroes are gone. In their place speaks that great orator, KING GUILLOTINE.

XII.—TRUTH FROM THE CARNAGE.

AND here, my friends, let us for a moment pause, even amid these rivers of blood, to look the Great Truth of the French Revolution in the face:

Shall I, because the blood is yonder in curdling pools, shall I declare that the Principle of the French Revolution was wrong?

No! No! No!

For it was for this same principle that Jesus toiled—endured—died! It was for this Principle that every man is alike the child of God, that the tears of Gethsemane fell, that the groans of Calvary arose!

Shall I, because the blood flows in rivers in the streets of France, declare truth to be a liar—prate of the atrocities of the Revolution—or sing psalms over the graves of tyrants and kings?

Remember, my friends—and O, write this truth upon your hearts—that this French Revolution was the first effort of Man, to assert his rights since the crucifixion of the Saviour.

Remember, that between the Death of the Blessed Redeemer and the Era of the French Revolution, every atrocity that the imagination of the devils could invent, had been heaped upon mankind, by Kings and Priests in the name of God.

Remember—wherever Bigotry has reared her temples, there has the name of God been polluted by the foul lips of Priests

The Hindoo Mother gives her child to the Ganges, in the name of God—the car of the Juggernaut crushes its thousands, in the name of God!

In a single war—a war that swept over Germany and Bohemia—nine million souls went down to one bloody grave, because their King and his Priests quarrelled in relation to this great question—whether a Church should have a cross, whether a Preacher should say his prayers in Latin or Dutch! And then after the war was over, booted Priests and gowned troopers, shouted the holy name of God, over a land which could show no fruits, than the graves of nine million people!

In this fair land of the New World, the children of the forest were hunted and butchered in the name of God! That name mingled with the blood-hound's yell. In this land, helpless women and aged men were scourged and burnt to death by grim sectarians, who calmly gazed upon the writhing and blackened flesh of their victims, and shouted Glory to the name of God!

In this name, earth has been desolated ten thousand times, and ten thousand times again. In this name, the gardens of the world have been transformed into howling deserts; the heart of man changed into the heart of a devil—in this name home has been made a hell.

These things have been done in the name of God! You may say that they were the work of ignorance, of superstition, of fanaticism, but still that blistering fact stands out from the brow of history——These things were done in the name of God!

And shall I therefore declare, that God is a Lie? Shall I therefore declare, that his Book is a Fable? Shall I, because the name of God has been polluted, his holy word profaned, shall I declare, that there is no God —no Revelation?

As well these absurdities, as declare that the Principle of the French Revolution—*all men are alike the children of God*—is false, because that Principle was profaned by deeds of Massacre—by his bloody Majesty, King Guillotine.

Remember, my friends, as you are gazing here, upon this immense crowd,

in whose midst that Guillotine is butchering its hundreds and thousands, remember also to gaze upon yonder balcony, projecting from the wall of the Palace of the Kings of France?

Well—what of that balcony

Why, my friends, on that balcony, not a hundred years ago, stood Royal Charles of France, while the darkness of night was broken by the flames of St. Bartholomew!

Yes, there he stood, gazing with a calm religious joy, upon the murder old men, women, little children,—going forward in the streets below! Yes, there, with that Woman-Fiend, Catharine of Medici, by his side, there stood the King, with his musquet in his hand, shooting down his own people—and as that old man is writhing there, as that woman falls, crushed by his shot—while the groans of three hundred thousand human beings, murdered in a single night, between the setting and the rising of the sun, go up to Heaven, He, the King, solemnly calls upon Jesus and on God!

Multiply the victims of the French Revolution by ten myriads, and they will not make a mole hill, beside the mountain of victims of Religious bigotry, who have been murdered in the name of GOD.

XIII.—THE REIGN OF THE KING OF TERROR.

But while the orgies of the Revolution are filling Paris with horror, let us search for Thomas Paine!

He is not in his home—nor in the Convention, nor in the streets—then where is he?

Come with me, at dead of night, and I will show you a strange scene.——

In the central chamber of yonder Royal palace, a solitary, dim, flickering light burns in the socket.

Yes, a solitary light stands in the centre of that chamber, stands on the table there, flinging its feeble rays out upon the thick darkness of that room.

It is a spacious chamber, but you can discover nothing of its lofty doors—nothing of the tapestry that adorns its walls—for all save that spot in the centre of the chamber, where the light is burning, all is darkness.

I ask you to steep your souls in the silence, in the gloom of this place, and then listen to that creaking sound of an opening door—that low—stealthy footstep.

Behold a figure advances—stands there with one hand on the table—

It is the figure of a slenderly formed man dressed in the extreme of dandyism—a jaunty blue coat—spotless white vest, lined with crimson satin—a faultlessly white cravat.

There is a diamond on his bosom—ruffles round his wrists.

Look for a moment at his face—the features small and mean—the hue a discolored yellow; the eyes bleared and blood-shot. Who is this puny,

trembling dandy, who stands here, with that paper in his hand at dead of night?

That puny dandy, is the King of King Guillotine, that is Maximilian Robespierre! The paper that he grasps in his sallow hands, is a letter from King Robespierre to King Gullotine! Eighty victims are to feed the sawdust and the axe to-morrow: their names are on that paper.

And now as we stand here in this Palace Hall, gazing upon this Blood-thirsty dandy, let us look at his malicious lip, how it writhes, at his blood-shot eye, how it gleams with spite and hate. These eighty victims sacrificed; eighty of the noblest and the best of France; then the Guillotine can be locked up forever, then the name of Robespierre, will be lost in the name of his supreme equality, Maximillen, the First, King of France!

And as he stands there, the full light of the lamp, streaming over his discolored face; let us look over his shoulder; let us read the names on this death-scroll!

There are the names of Hero-men, of Hero-women, and first in the scroll, you see the names of Madame La Fayette and THOMAS PAINE.

Yes, the eye of Robespierre gleams with a terrible light, as he it rests upon that name; the name of the most determined foe.

Thomas Paine! To night he paces the damp floor of his sleepless-cell —to-morrow into the death-cart, and on to the Guillotine—ho, ho, so ends the Author-hero, *Thomas Paine!*

XIV.—THE FALL OF KING GUILLOTINE.

LET us take one bold look, into the Hall of the National Assembly, on the next day! What see we here?

Here are the best, the bravest, aye and the bloodiest of all France, sitting silent—speechless—awed, before that orange-visaged dandy, who crouches on the Tribune, yonder!

Not a man in that crowd, dares speak! Robespierre—the Guillotine, Terror, have taken fast hold upon their hearts! Every man in that densely-thronged hall looks upon his neighbor with suspicion; for every other man, there is already singled out as the victim of the orange-faced King, in the snow-white vest! It is not known who the next victim shall be; where the tyrant will next strike and kill!

Robespierre has carried his list of death; has made his fiery speech: France, the people, the bloody and the brave, sit crouching in that hall, before that slender man, with blood-shot eyes!

Robespierre in fact is King—do you see, that biting smile stealing over his withered face! There is triumph in that mockery of a smile!

At this awful moment, when all is silence in the crowded hall—behold—that unknown man, rising yonder, far from the Tribune—that unknown man, who trembling from head to foot, pale as a frozen corpse,—rises and speaks a word that turns all eyes upon him:

"Room!" he whispers; and yet his whisper is heard in every heart—"Room there ye dead!"

He pauses, with his eye fixed on vacancy.——All is still—the Convention hold their breath—even Robespierre listens——

*"Room there ye dead!" again whispers that unknown man; and then pointing to the white-vested Tyrant, his voice rises in a shriek—"Room ye dead! Room there—Room ye ghosts—room in hell for the soul of Maximilien Robespierre!"

Like a voice from the grave, that word startles the Convention—look! Robespierre has risen—coward as he is, that voice has palsied his soul.

But the unknown man does not pause! In that some deep tone, he heaps up the crimes of Robespierre in short and fiery words, he calls the dead from their graves to witness the atrocities of the Tyrant; trembling with the great deed he has taken upon himself, he shrieks, Go, tyrant, go! Go, and wash out your crimes on the gory sawdust of King Guillotine!"

From that hour, Robespierre the Tyrant was Robespierre, the convicted criminal! Look! Covered with shames and scorns, he rushes from the hall—Hark! The report of a pistol! What does it mean?

Let us away to King Guillotine and ask him!

Ha! Give way there Paris, give way, who is it that comes here—comes through the maddened crowd; who is it, that more dead than living, comes on, shrinking, crouching, trembling, to the feet of Holy King Guillotine?

Ah! That horror-stricken face, yes, that face with that bloody cloth bound around the broken jaw—look! even through that cloth, the blood drips slowly; he bleeds, it is Robespierre!

Grasped in the arms of men, whom the joy of this moment has maddened into devils, he is dragged up to the scaffold——

One look over the crowd—great Heaven, in all that mass of millions, there is no blessing for Maximilien Robespierre!

"Water!" shrieks the Tyrant, holding his torn jaw, "Water, only a cup of water!"

Look—his cry is answered! A woman rushes up the scaffold—a woman who yesterday was a mother, but now is widowed, because Robespierre and Death have grasped her boy.

"Water?" she echoes; "Blood, tyrant, blood! You have given France blood to drink—you have drank her blood! Now drink your own!"

Look—oh, horror—she drags the bandage from his broken jaw—he is bathed in a bath of his own blood. Down on the block, tyrant! One gleam of the axe—hurrah for brave King Guillotine!

There is a head on the scaffold—and there, over the headless corse, stands that Widow, shrieking the cry she heard in the Convention to-day: "Room ye dead! Room—for the Soul of Maximilien Robespierre!"

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* This phrase occurs in Bulwer's Zanoni.

XV.—THE BIBLE.

We have seen Thomas Paine standing alone in the Judgment Hall of the French Nation, pleading—even amid that sea of scowling faces—for the life of King Louis.

We have seen him with Washington, Hamilton, Macintosh, Franklin, and Jefferson, elected a Citizen of France. With these great men, he hailed the dawn of the French Revolution as the breaking of God's Millennium; as the first great effort of Man to free himself from the lash and chain, since the crucifixion of the Saviour.

But soon the dawn was overcast; soon the light of burning rafters flashed luridly over scenes of blood; soon all that is grotesque, or terrible, or loathsome in murder, was enacted in the streets of Paris. The lantern posts bore their ghastly fruit; the streets flowed with crimson rivers, the life-blood of ten thousand hearts, down even to the waters of the Seine. King Louis was dead; but this was not all. Liberty was dead also; butchered by her fireside.

In her place reigned an orange-faced Dandy, with shrivelled cheeks and blood-shot eyes. La Fayette and Paine, and all the heroes were gone from the councils of France, but in their place, aye, in the place of Poetry, Enthusiasm and Eloquence, spoke a mighty orator — King Guillotine!

For eleven months, Thomas Paine lay sweltering in a gaol, the object of the fierce indignation of Maximilien Robespierre. At last there came a day when he was doomed; when his name was written in the Judgment List of the orange-faced Dandy.

Let us go to the prison, even to the Palace Prison of the Luxemburg. It is high noon. A band of eighty, clustered around that prison door, silently await their fate. Here amid white-haired old men, here amid trembling women, all watching for the coming of the death-messenger,—here, silent, stern, composed, stands the author-hero, Thomas Paine

Soon that prison door will open; soon the death cars will roll; soon the axe will fall, and these eighty forms, now fired with the last glow of life, will be clay.

But look—the gaoler comes! A man of dark brow and savage look; his arms bared to the shoulder, displaying the sinews of a giant. He comes, trudging heavily through the crowd of his victims, the massive key of the Palace Prison in his hand. He stands for a moment, looking gloomily over the faces of his prisoners; he places the key in the lock. Then the gloom vanishes from his rough face; a look of frenzied joy gleams from his eyes; his brawny chest swells with a maniac shout.

"Go forth!" he shrieks, rushing the first through the opened gates; "go forth, young and old; go forth all!—*for Catiline Robespierre is dead!*"

And forth—while the air is filled with frenzied shrieks of joy—forth from the Palace Prison walks the freed hero, the Man of Two Revolutions, Thomas Paine.

Now comes the darkest hour of his life. Now comes the hour when we shall weep for Genius profaned; when we shall see the great and mighty, fallen from the pedestal of his glory into the very sink of pollution.

Now let us follow the path of Thomas Paine, as his first step is to reclaim the Manuscript of a work which he wrote eleven months ago, before his entrance into prison. He grasps that package of Manuscript again; let us look at its title: "THE AGE OF REASON."

Here, my friends, let us pause for a moment. Let us ask that man of the high brow, the eloquent eye, the face stamped with a great soul—let us ask Thomas Paine, as he goes yonder through the streets of Paris, to do a great and holy deed?

That deed—what is it?

Let us ask him to take the Manuscript in his hand, to tear it in twain, and hurl the fragments there, beneath the dripping axe of the Guillotine.

Yes, let the Guillotine do its last work upon this Manuscript of Falsehood; let the last descent of the gory axe fall on its polluted pages. For while this "Age of Reason" speaks certain great Thoughts, announcing the author's belief in a God and Immortality—thoughts derived from the Bible—it is still a jest book, too vile to name.

It is true, it speaks of God and Immortality; but it also heaps its vile jests, its vulgar scorn upon Jesus, the Redeemer of Man, and Mary the Virgin Mother.

Let me tell you at once, my friends, that I stand here to-night, a prejudiced man. Let me at once confess, that it has ever been my study, my love, to bend over the dim pages of the Hebrew volume—to behold the awful form of Jehovah pending over chaos; to hear that voice of Omnipotence resound through the depths of space, as these words break on my soul: "VAYOMER ALOHEIM: YEHEE AUR VAYEHEE AUR!"—*Then spake God: let there be light and light there was!*"

Or yet again, to behold that Jehovah, descended from the skies, walking yonder with the Patriarchs, yonder where the palms arise, and the tents whiten over the plain. Or, in the silence of night, to look there, through the lone wilderness, where the Pillar of Fire beacons Moses the Deliverer towards the Promised Land; or to enter the solemn temple of Jerusalem, and behold the same Jehovah, shining in the holiest place, shining over the Ark of the Covenant, so awfully serene, yet sublime.

Let me tell you, that I have been with the Arab, JOB, as he talked face to face with God, and in images of divine beauty, spoke forth the writhings of his soul; as in words that your orators of Greece and Rome never spoke

or dreamed, he pictures the littleness of life, the Majesty of Omnipotence, the sweet, dear rest of the untroubled grave. "There the wicked cease from troubling and the weary be at rest."

I have bent over this New Testament, and traced the path of God as he walked the earth enshrined in human flesh. Is there no beauty here, to warm the heart and fire the brain? Even as we read, does not the face of Jesus start from the page—that face that painter never painted, with its serene Divinity looking out from the clear, deep eyes. That face which we may imagine, with its flowing hair falling gently down from the brow where "GOD" is written in every outline, with the lips wreathing with such eternal love for poor forsaken man, whether he sweats in the workshop or grovels in the mine. Yes, I have followed that face, as it appeared above the hill-top at even, in the golden twilight of Palestine, and approached the Poor Man's hut, and shone in the dark window, upon the hard crust of the slave. How the Poor rose up to welcome that face; how rude men bent down before it and wept; how tender women knelt in its light and gazed in those Divine eyes! Then how the voice of Jesus rung out upon the air, speaking in dark huts great words that shall never die!

Yes, I have followed that Man of Nazareth over stony roads, by the waves of Galilee, into the Halls of Pilate; and there—yes, up the awful cliffs of Calvary, when Jerusalem poured through its gates by tens of thousands, under the darkened heavens, over the groaning earth, to look upon the face of the dying God, as the heavy air rung with that unspeakable agony: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me!"

Let me at once confess, that if the Bible is a Fable, it is a Fable more beautiful than all the classics of Greece and Rome. Paint for me your Cicero and Demosthenes in all their glory, and I will paint you that bold forehead and those earnest eyes of Saint Paul, as, rising from his midnight toil, his voice echoes the words he has just written; those words that live forever, as though each word was an Immortal Soul—

In a moment, in a twinkling of the eye, at the last trump, for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.

For this corruption must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.

Search your Poets for scenes of that quiet pathos which at once melts and elevates the soul—search your Homer, your Shakspeare; search them all, the venerable Seers of Ages, and I will point you to a single line that puts them all to shame! It is in the New Testament, where Jesus the Christ is dead and buried. It is on that serene morning, when the sunbeams shine over the sepulchre of the Saviour. Three women, the blessed Maries, come there to weep over the body of their Lord. Yes, all the world has forsaken him: all save Peter the Faithless yet Lion-hearted, John the Beloved, and these three women. They look into the sepulchre

—it is empty. The grave-clothes are there, but the Lord is gone. At this moment, a poor, abandoned woman, whom the good Christ had lifted up to virtue and forgave, even as she washed his feet with her tears—yes, at this moment, sad, tearful, Mary Magdalene approaches a being whom she mistakes for the gardener. Listen to the words of scripture. This being speaks:

"Woman, why weepest thou?"

She, supposing him to be the gardener, said unto him,

"Sir, if thou hast borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away."

Jesus saith unto her, "Mary!"

She turned herself and said unto him, "Master!"

This is all the gospel says of the matter, but is not this one line full of eternal beauty: "Jesus saith unto her, 'Mary!'" No long explanations, no elaborate phrase, no attempt to awe or surprise; but one simple word, that word her name, spoken in the tones she loved to hear.

Can you not hear his voice, speaking in those well-remembered tones? Can you not see his hand extended in a gesture of benediction, as his eye lights up with an expression of brotherly tenderness?

That one scene by the sepulchre, where the Magdalene, an image of beauty purified by religion, bends delighted before the serenely divine face of the risen Jesus, while the sunbeams of that calm dawn fell gently over the grave-clothes which no longer clasp the dead—that one scene, sublime in its very simplicity considered as a mere composition, is worth all the pathos of Greece and Rome.

Yes, if the Bible is a fable, it is a fable more beautiful than all the iron-hearted sophistry of your cold-blooded Philosophers—it is a Fable that through all time has girded up the hearts of patriots on the scaffold and the battle-field—it is a Fable that has shone like a glory over ten thousand dying beds. If that Bible is a Fable, then is it a Fable that bursts like a blaze of love and beauty through the dark cloud of human guilt, and lights a way from the dull grave up to Immortality and God.

Ah, had I been Thomas Paine—had his great brain, his great soul been mine, then would I have taken my stand here on the Bible with Jesus. Then from this book would I have told the host of hypocrites who like slimy lizards, crawl up on the Altar of God and sit there in all their loathsomeness, then would I have told these mockers of God, that here from this Bible, even the mild spirit of Jesus is roused—to rebuke—to scorn—to speak terror to their souls!

Because hypocrites have made merchandize of God's Book, and split his cross into pedlar's wares, shall I therefore heap scorn upon that serenely beautiful face, looming out from the Bible; that face of Jesus, the Redeemer of Man? Because hypocrites and kings have taken the seamless robe of Christ and parted it into cords, to bind men's necks and hands and hearts,

am I to deride that Christ, scorn that Jesus, who stands there forever above the clouds of human guilt, the only Redeemer of Man, the only Messiah of the Poor?

Here was the terrible mistake of Thomas Paine. He mistook the cloud which marred the sun for the sun itself; he mistook the abuses of men, the frauds of hypocrites, the lies of fabulists, which have been done and uttered in the name of Christianity, for Christianity itself.

He lived in an age when Light and Darkness struggled together, when the earth was convulsed from cottage to throne. He had done a great deed when he wrote that book of "Common Sense," which derives its strongest arguments from the Bible, for it quotes the memorable words of the prophet Samuel against Monarchy and King-worshippers. This book of Common Sense, founded on the Bible, was the forerunner of the Declaration of Independence.

But now Paine fell into the deplorable error of mistaking certain wolves, who assumed the fleece of religion, for the true sheep of the Lord Jesus. He attacked Christianity in this ribald book, written in that style of controversial blackguardism, which was first used by pretended followers of Christ, who reduced their Master to an Enigma, his religion to a sophistry. This pitiable style which makes up in filth what it wants in grandeur, and mistakes a showy falsehood for a solid truth, was used by Paine in his Age of Reason. It was beneath him; far beneath the genius of the man who wrote "Common Sense." It has left his name, as the author of this work, but a wreck on a desert shore; while that name, when known as the author of "Common Sense," is cherished by the wise and good all over the land.

The position which I have assumed in this history is a plain one. No one but a fool can mistake it. I found the character of "Thomas Paine, Author of Common Sense," wronged and neglected. I took up that character, defended it, placed it on the pedestal where Washington and Jefferson had placed it once before. No selfish motive actuated me in this work. Paine has no relatives living to thank me; nor—if my object was money—has he any rich friends to pay me for the task. I think, therefore, that the most prejudiced man will acknowledge that my motives here have been pure, honest, above all mercenary considerations.

A fact that speaks for itself, is this: *while an* ATHEISTICAL PAPER *abuses me as a Bigot, another paper, governed by no particular morality or belief, but supplying the place of Religion with Bigotry, calls me an—Infidel!* Does not this speak volumes? In this case extremes meet, for the snake puts his tail in his mouth.

Without one sordid motive, without one base fear, have I called up the records of the past, the voices of the dead, to testify the character and genius of Thomas Paine, the Author of Common Sense.

And now, without one sordid motive, without one base fear, do I record

my sorrow that a man like this should have written so paltry a book as the Age of Reason; my detestation of the style and principles of that work; my pity for the individual who, in our day, could be turned from his Saviour by arguments and sneers so puerile as are written in its pages.

For the Religion of Jesus is not a thing of an hour or a day, that it should be undermined by a sneer or crushed by a falsehood. It is built up in too many hearts, it brings too much hope to poor desolate man, it holds out too glittering beacons of Immortality, ever to die. When it survived the wounds it received from pretended friends during a course of eighteen hundred years, shall it die of a single Voltaire or Paine? The Christianity of the heart, which cheers us in toil, lights our homes with a gleam from God's heaven, smoothes our pillow in sickness, and in the sad, stern hour of death, sings hymns to our parting soul and leads it gently home to Immortality—Can this Religion of the heart ever die?

Speak, Mother, bending over your child, as you tell him of the Jesus who gathered the little children to his breast—can this Religion die? Speak, Father, old man, now bending beside your daughter's corse, gazing upon that face cold in death, with your earnest eyes, speak and tell us! Can a Religion that comforts you in an hour like this, that assures you your child is *not dead but gone home*, can this Religion die! Speak, slave of the workshop and mine, now toiling on for a hard crust, with the sweat on your brow, the agony in your heart—can this Religion die? This Religion which tells you that God himself did not disdain to take the form of a man of toil, in order to make your fate better in this world, and give you Immortality in the next?—Speak, Bigot—even you, whom Christ pities and forgives—even you, last object of imbecility and malice—speak and tell us! Can a Religion that stoops so far in its mercy, as to *save you*, ever die?

Speak, Universal Man, and answer us! Can a Religion which binds itself to your heart, links its eternal form with your joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, soothes you in toil and sickness, appeals to your imagination with its images of divine loveliness, elevates you with its Revelation of Immortality from a mere lump of clay almost into Godhead—Can this Religion of the heart ever die?

Here is the mournful lesson of Thomas Paine's life: *A great man, when he utters a great truth, raises himself to the dignity of an Angel: the same great man, uttering a Lie, degrades himself below the beast.*

When Thomas Paine wrote "Common Sense," he uttered a Truth, (founded on the Bible,) which aroused a whole Continent to its destiny. For this we honor him.

When the same Thomas Paine wrote the 'Age of Reason,' he uttered an Error, opposed to the Bible and in direct contradiction of his former work, COMMON SENSE. For this we pity him.

The effect of the "Age of Reason," has long since passed away, but the good work of "Common Sense," is seen in this great spectacle of Twenty-

nine Commonwealths, combined in one great Republic, extending from the Aroostook to the Rio Grande.

Have I made myself sufficiently plain?—Has that man a well-balanced mind who can now mistake my position? If there is such a man within sound of my voice, I would remind him that it is my duty to supply him with information, but a Divine Power alone can furnish with brains.

Again I repeat—had I been Thomas Paine, I would have learned this great truth: The path of the true Reformer is not against, but ever and evermore with JESUS.

XVI.—THE DEATH-BED OF THOMAS PAINE.

COME with me to that Long Island shore—come with me to the farm of New Rochelle, where an old man is dying.

Let us enter this rude and neglected room. There, on yonder bed, with the June breeze—oh, it is sweet with the perfume of land and ocean,—with the June breeze blowing softly through the open window—with gleams of June sunlight upon his brow—there, propped up by pillows, on his death-bed, sits an old man.

That form is shrunk—that face stamped with the big wrinkles of age and alcohol—yet the brow still looms out, a tower of thought, the eye still glares from that wreck of a face—glares with soul.

He is dying. Death in the trembling hands—death in the brightening eyes—death in every bead of sweat upon the brow.

And who is here to comfort that old man? Wife, child? Ah, none of these are here! No softly-whispered voice speaks love to the passing soul—no kind and tender hand puts back the grey hair from the damp brow.

Yet still that old man sits there against the pillow, silent, calm, firm.

Softly blow the June breezes—softly pours the mild sunlight—sunlight and breezes, he is about to leave forever, and yet he is firm.

Oh, tell me, my friends, why does this death-room seem so awfully still and desolate?

It is not so much because there is no wife, no child here—not because there is no kind hand to smooth back the grey hairs from the damp brow—but O, Father of souls—

Here in this still room, with its poor furniture, its stray sunlight, and its summer breeze,—here, in this still room, there is no mildly-beautiful face of JESUS, the redeemer, to look upon the old man, to gleam beside his bed, to smile immortality in his glazing eyes.

This makes the room so awfully still and desolate.

There is no JESUS here!

Yes, without a word of recantation on his lip—firm to his belief—one God, and no Jesus—firm to his stoical creed, which is all reason and no

faith, the old man, Thomas Paine, picks at the coverlid, and takes death calmly by the hand.

Now look, in this dread hour two men come forward, a Doctor and a Preacher. What is their mission here! Do they take the old man's hands within their own, and chafe away the death-chill? Oh, no!

While one has note and pencil in hand, the other leans over the bed. Don't you see his pitiful, whining face? He leans over the bed and whispers, or rather screeches,—Mister Paine, we wish to know whether you have changed your religious opinions? Do you believe in our creed?

And while the Doctor is ready, with his pencil, the Preacher leans gaspingly there—awaits his answer!

Does not this scene disgust you? There are two pedlars of death-bed confessions, waiting to catch the last gasp of poor Tom Paine!

Do you think, my friends, that the cause of Christ depends upon narrow-souled bigots like these—who, instead of placing the cup of cold water to the lips of the death-stricken, come here, around the death-bed, smelling of creeds, and breathing cant all the while—and insult, with their paper and pencil, the last hours of a dying old man?

Would your Fenelon, your Luther, your Wesley, have done thus? Would your Bishop White, or your Channing, talked to a dying man, with paper and pencil in hand, instead of moistening his lips with the cup of water, or soothing his soul with the great truths of Christ! Nay—would the blessed Redeemer himself, who ever lifted up the bowed head, ever forgave the trembling sinner, ever reached forth the arms of his Godhead to snatch despair from its sins and woes—would he have entered thus the chamber of a dying man, to talk of creeds, when there was a soul to be redeemed! The thought is blasphemy!

Now listen to the only answer, what these bigots could expect. The old man looked in their faces, stamped with the petty lines of sectarian Pharicaism, and answered—

"*I have no desire to believe in anything of the kind!*" says the old man, and turned his face to the wall.

At this moment, look! Another man appears on the scene. He is dressed in the garb of a Quaker. He pushes the bigots aside—waves these Pencillers from the room, and then—God's blessing upon his head—takes the old man by the hand, and silently smooths back the damp hair from his brow.

Paine looks his speechless thanks to that stout-hearted Quaker's face.

"Friend Thomas," says the Friend, "trust in Christ. He died for thee. His mercy is fathomless as the sea!"

Never did the plain coat and broad-brimmed hat look more like an Angel's garb than then. Not even in the hour when William Penn, under the Elm of Shackamaxon, spoke immortal words to rude red men. Never did the Quaker "thee" and "thou" sound more lovely, more like an angel's tongue,

than then! Not even when, from the lips of Apostle William, it sent forth from the shores of Delaware, to all the world, the great message of Peace and Toleration.

Thomas Paine grasped that Quaker by the hand, and gazed in his face with dim eyes.

Now, my friends, do not let your hearts falter, but go with me to the end of this scene. What is the mission of this Quaker to the author of "Common Sense?" Why, he has been abroad all the morning, trying to secure a grave—a quiet, secluded, unknown resting-place for Tom Paine. He has been to all the churches—all! For a dark thought troubles the last hours of Paine, the thought that his remains will rest unhonored, above ground, unsheltered by the repose of a grave.

This was but human, after all. He believed his soul would not die. He did not wish the aged clay which enshrined that soul to be the object of contempt or insult, after his death.

Now look—while the Quaker grasps his hand, the dying man looks in his face.

"Will they," he murmurs in a husky whisper, "will they give me a grave?"

The Quaker turns his head away. He cannot answer. Still Paine clutches that hand—still repeats the question. At last, with tears in his eyes, with choking utterance, the Quaker gasps a syllable:

"No! Friend Paine—no! I have been to them all—to all the Christian churches—all! And all—yea, all of these followers of Jesus, who forgave the thief on the Cross—all refuse thy bones a grave!"

That was a crushing blow for poor Tom Paine. That was the last drop in the full cup of his woe; the last kick of Bigotry against the skull of a dying old man.

He never spoke again.

As if this last scorn of these Infidel-Christians had gathered his heart and crushed it like a vice, then the old man silently released his hand from the grasp of the Quaker—silently folded his arms over his breast—dropped his head slowly down, and was—DEAD!

Now look yonder, as the soul of that old man goes up to judgment—look there, as the soul of Thomas Paine stands arrayed before that face of Infinite Mercy, and answer me!

Who would not sooner be Tom Paine—there, before that bar of Jesus—with all his virtues and errors about him, than one of the misguided bigots who refused his bones a grave?

Think of the charity which Jesus preached before you answer!

And as we quote the terrible truth of those words, which I found written in an old volume, in the dim cloisters of the Franklin Library—

"*He has no name. The country for which he labored and suffered, knows him not. His ashes rest in a foreign land. A rough, grass-grown*

mound, from which the bones have been purloined, is all that remains on the Continent of America, to tell of the Hero, the Statesman, the friend of Man!"

I say, as we quote the terrible truth of these words, let us go yonder to that deserted spot, near New Rochelle. Let us bend over that deserted mound, covered with rank grass, read the inscription on that rough stone, and then—while the Unbeliever is with his God, into whose awful councils nor bigotry nor hate can enter—let us remember, that this simple monument is the only memorial on the Continent of Ameriea, of that Author-Hero who first stood forth the Prophet of our rights, the compatriot of Jefferson, the friend of Washington, the author of "Common Sense,"—poor Tom Paine!

Remember, then, that the hand which mouldered to dust, beneath this stone, was the first to write the words—

"The Free and Independent States of America."

XVII.—REVIEW OF THE HISTORY.

This is a strange and crowded history. Not only the great day on which the Declaration was signed, and a Continent declared free, has been described, but the eternal cause of that Declaration, reaching over a dark chaos of eighteen hundred years, has been recognized in its characters of light and beauty. From the day of July the Fourth, 1776, we have gone to the day when the world was in mourning for its God—incarnating in the form of a mechanic, by the death of shame, on the felon's cross. We have traced the great facts of the Rights of Man, from humble Independence Hall, to the awful cliff of Calvary. From Christ the Redeemer, we have followed the track of light through the mist of ages, down to his great apostle, the Paul of the seventeeth century, William Penn. From Penn to Washington and Jefferson and Adams and Paine, all human, yet rising into heroes through the majesty of their intellect. The career of Paine,—now writing his bold book in darkness, hunger and cold, now following the footsteps of Washington's army, striking mortal blows with his pen, into the very heart of British cruelty—has led us into the vortex of the French Revolution, the glorious and bloody child of our own. Through the cloud of that fearful time, we have endeavored to follow the track of light, separating its rays from the dark shadow of the Guillotine, and beholding its omen of good, even above the crimson waves of the Seine.

Nor have we faltered, when it became our sad task to witness the downfall of Thomas Paine. An awful lesson is conveyed in his sad history. So bright the dawning of that star, so dark its going out into hopeless night! Now, the intimate friend of Washington and the other heroes, and again, a desolate old man, withered by the bigot's breath, and dying—desolate, O! how desolate and alone!

It becomes our task now, to follow four of the Signers, in their way through the valley of the shadow of death. We have not space nor time to picture the lives of all the signers; from among the host of heroes, we will select but four immortal names.

From the death-chamber of Paine, to other scenes where the voice of the messenger falls on the freezing ear, and his cold finger seals the glassy eye.

XVIII.—THE LAST DAY OF JEFFERSON AND ADAMS.

Fifty years passed away: the Fourth of July, 1776 had been made Immortal by its Declaration; the Fourth of July, 1826 was to be forever rendered a Holy Day by the hand of Death.

On that serene morning, the sun rose beautifully upon the world, shining

upon the great brotherhood of States, extending from the wilds of Maine to the Gulf of Mexico, with the Atlantic glittering like a belt of waves and beams along its eastern shore, the Mississippi winding four thousand miles through its western border, while ruggedly sublime, the Alleghanies towered in the centre of the land.

The same sun, fifty years before, and lighted up with its smile of good omen, a little nation of Thirteen provinces, nestling between the Alleghanies and the Atlantic, and fighting even for that space, bounded by mountains and waves, with the greatest and bloodiest power in the world.

The battle of eight years had been fought; England foiled in the Revolution, had been humbled in the dust again; fifty years had passed away; the thirteen Provinces of this bloody Monarchy, had swelled into Twenty-Four States of a Free People. The banner that had waved so gloriously in the Revolution, unveiling its Thirteen stars to the blood-red glare of battle, now fluttering in the summer morning air, from Home and Church and Council Hall, flashed from its folds the blaze of Twenty-Four stars, joined in one Sun of Hope and Promise.

The wild Eagle, who had swooped so fiercely on the British host, some fifty years ago, now sat calmly on his mountain crag, surveying his Banner, crimsoned with the light of victory, while the peaceful land, beautiful with river and valley, blossomed on every side.

It was the Fourth of July, 1826. From little villages, came joyous bands, —white-robed virgins and sinless children—scattering flowers by the way; in the deep forests, the voice of praise and prayer arose to God; from the Pulpit the preacher spoke; beside the old cannon, which had blazed at Germantown, stood the veteran of the Revolution, as battered as the cannon which he fired.; in the wide cities ten thousand hearts throbbed with one common joy: and the flowers that were scattered by the way, the words that the Preacher spoke, and the hymn that the forest echoes sent to Heaven, the blaze of the cannon and the joy of the wide city, all had one meaning: "THIS LAND THAT WAS ONCE THE PROVINCE OF A KING, IS NOW THE HOMESTEAD OF A PEOPLE!"

And yet, even while the hearts of fourteen million people palpitated with the same joy, there came an unseen and shadowy Messenger, who touched two brave hearts with his hand, and froze them into clay.

Even while the Jubilee of Freedom rung its hosannas from every wood and hill, Death was in the land. Silently, with that step that never makes a sound, with that voice which speaks the language of eternity—and which we never hear translated until we die—Death glided into the chambers of two heroes, and bade them Home to God!

Almost at the same moment, almost within the compass of the same hour, two hearts—that once warmed with the passion of freedom, the frenzy of eloquence—were stopped in their beatings forever.

We will go to the room of old age, we will stand beside the bed of death,

we will see the sunbeams of July the Fourth, 1826, playing over the clammy brows of the Brother Heroes.

The First Home!

Does it not look beautiful, the very picture of rustic comfort and unpretending wealth, as it rises yonder on the soil of Massachusetts, the land of Hancock and Warren, that mansion with many windows, a porch extending along its front, fair flowers and richly foliaged trees blooming from its hall-door to the roadside gate? The hour is very still. It is near high noon. You can see the roof, with corniced eaves and balustraded summit marked boldly out, against the deep blue summer sky.

While the thunder of cannon is in our ears, we will pass the gate, enter the hall-door, and glide softly up the stairs. Softly, for death is here, in this Home of Quincy.

With heads bowed low and stealthy tread, we enter the darkened room. The sound of gasping breath, the sob of manhood in its agony, the wail of women, the music of the summer air among the leaves, all at once rush on our ears.

We enter—and gaze—and start back, awed and dumb.

All the windows of this room, save one, are dark. Yonder to the east, you see that window, its white curtains flung aside, the perfume of the garden and the joy of the sunshine gushing through its aperture, into the shadowy Death-Chamber.

Yonder on the thickly curtained bed, an old man is dying.

Resting against the pillow, his shrunken form lost in the folds of the silken coverlet, he awaits the hour of his summons, while the softened sunlight plays gently on his brow and the summer breeze plays with his hair. That brow is withered into wrinkles, and moistened by the death-sweat, yet as you gaze it lights up with the fire of fifty years ago, and the lips move and the unclosed eye blazes as though the heart of the Hero was back again with the Immortal band of Signers.

It is stout-hearted John Adams, sinking calmly into the surges of death. Every moment the waves come higher; the ice of the grave comes slowly through the congealing veins, up the withered limbs; the mist of death gathers about the old man's eyes.

At this moment, while all is still, let us from the crowd of mute spectators, select a single form. Beside the death pillow, on which his right hand rests, gazing in his father's face, his own noble brow bathed in a solitary gleam of the sun, he stands, the Son, the Statesman and President.

Fifty years ago, his father, in the State House of Philadelphia, uttered words that became History as they rung from his indignant lips, and now wielding the Presidential Sceptre, which his father received from the hand of Washington, the Son of the Hero gazes with unspeakable emotion, in the face of the dying old man.

Again our eyes wander from the faces of the encircling spectators, to the

visage of the departing hero. So withered in the brow, so ghastly pale, so quivering in the lips, so sunken in the cheeks, and yet for all, it shines as with the last ray of its closing hour!

Hark! The thunder of cannon, softened by distance, comes through the window. The old man hears it; at once, his eye fires, he trembles up in the bed, and gazes toward the light.

"It is —" his dying voice rings with the fire of fifty years ago—"It is the Fourth of July!"

That old man, sitting erect in his death-couch, his ghastly face quivering into youth again, may well furnish a picture for the painter's art. Gaze upon him in this hour of his weakness, when with his fingers blue with the death-chill and his brow oozing with the death-sweat, he starts up, and knows the voice of the cannon, and answers its message—"It is, it is the Fourth of July!" Gaze upon that wreck of a body, now quivering with the soul about to leave it forever, quivering and glowing into youth again, and tell me, if you can the soul is not immortal?

It was a sight too holy for tears! The spectators—man and woman and child,—feel their hearts hushed with one common feeling, admiration mingled with awe. The son winds his arm about his Father's neck, and whispers, "Fifty years to-day, you signed the Declaration, which made us Free!"

How the Memory of the old time rushes upon the old man's heart! Fifty years ago—the Hall thronged with the Signers—the speech that rung from his lips, when his Country's destiny hung palpitating on his words—the eloquence of his compatriots, Jefferson standing in the foreground of a group of heroes, Hancock smiling serenely over the crowd, in front of the old State House hall—it rushed upon his soul, that glorious memory, and made him live again, with the men of '76.

Higher rose the waves of death! Higher mounted the ice of the grave! Bluer the fingers, damper the brow, hollow and faint the rattling voice!

The old man sank slowly back on the bed, while the arm of his son, the President, was about his neck. His eyes were closed, his hands placed on his breast. He was sliding gently, almost imperceptibly into Death. The belt of sunlight that poured through the window over the floor, moved along the carpet like the shadow of a dial shortened, and was gone. Still he lived: still a faint fluttering of the shrunken chest, showed that the soul was not yet gone home.

It would have made you grow in love with death, to see how calmly he died. Just as the shadows of the trees were cast far over the meadow by the declining sun, just as the shout of the People, the thunder of cannon, the tone of the orator came softened on the breeze, the old man raised his head, unclosed his eyes—

"*Jefferson yet survives!*" he said, and the wave of Death reached his lips, and he breathed no more.

It was four o'clock on the afternoon of July 4th, 1826, when John Adams closed his life of glorious deeds.

"Jefferson yet survives!"

While the words of the venerable Adams yet linger in our ears, let us hasten away to the Second Home, where Death has crossed the threshhold.

Emerging from the shadows of this beautiful valley of Virginia, we ascend a slight elevation, and by the light of the morning sun, behold a strange structure, standing amid a grove of forest trees. But one story in heighth, with elegant pillars in front, and a dome rising above its roof, it strikes you with its singular, almost oriental style of Architecture, and yet seems the appropriate Hermitage of Philosophy and Thought.

That structure, relieved by the background of towering trees, is the Home of a Hero. Beneath that Grecian portico, the Poets, Artists and Philosophers of the old world have often passed, eager to behold the Statesman of the New World, the author of the Declaration of Independence.

It is noonday now; the summer sun streams warmly on yonder dome; the leaves are scarcely stirred into motion by the faintest breath of air. Uncovering our heads, we will prepare to look upon Death, and with our hearts subdued in awe, we will enter MONTICELLO.

There is a group around the death-bed in yonder room. Every eye is centred on the visage of a dying man; the beautiful woman, whom you behold standing near his pillow, her eyes eloquent with emotion, is his beloved child.

As he rests before us, on the bed of death, the centre of the silent group, we will approach and look upon him. A man of tall and muscular frame; his face denoting in every marked feature, the power of a bold and fearless intellect, his lip compressed with stern determination, his blue eye flashing with the light of a soul, born to sway the masses of men, by the magic of Thought.

As we approach, he looks up into the face of the beautiful woman, and utters these memorable words:

"Let no inscription be placed upon my tomb but this: Here rests THOMAS JEFFERSON, THE AUTHOR OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, AND THE FRIEND OF RELIGIOUS FREEDOM."

As he speaks, he describes a faint gesture, with his withered right hand. That hand, fifty years ago, wrote the Declaration of Independence. It is feeble and withered now; time was, when it wrote certain words that sank into the heart of universal man, and struck the shackles from ten thousand hearts.

Against the frauds practised by priests and kings from immortal time—against the tricks of courtiers, the malice of bigots, the falsehoods of time-servers who are paid to be religious, hired to be great—against all manner of barbarity, whether done by a New Zealand cannibal, who eats the wretch whom he has butchered, or the Spanish Inquisition, which after burning its

victims, consigns them pleasantly to an eternal torture after death, or by John Calvin, who calmly beheld the skull of an unoffending man crumble into ashes, and then wiped his bloody hands and praised his God, that he was such a holy man—against all wrong, worked by the infamous or the weak upon Man the child of Divinity, was directed the eloquence of his Pen. The hand that once wielded that pen of power, is now chilled with the damps of death!

As we stand gazing upon the dying man—held enchained by the majesty of that intellect, which glows brightly over the ashy face, and flashes vividly in the clear blue eye—the beautiful woman takes the icy hands within her own, and kisses the cold brow.

The hand of Death is on him now.

"Thank God that I have lived to see this glorious day!" he utters in a firm voice; and then raising his glazing eyes, he gazes in his daughter's face, while the death-rattle writes in his throat—"NUNC DIMMITIS DOMINE!" were the last words of Thomas Jefferson.

At the same hour of noon, when the fervid sun poured straight down on the dome of his hermitage, when not a breath of air ruffled the leaf or stream, when in the midst of a weeping throng, stood his beloved daughter, placing her soft fingers on his glassy eyeballs, pressing her warm mouth to his cold lips, died Thomas Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence.

He died some four hours before Adams surrendered his soul. When the Patriot of Quincy gasped "Jefferson still survives," the soul of Jefferson was already before his God.

It would have been deemed a wonderful thing, had either of these men died on the Fourth of July, just half a century after the day of 1776.

But that the Brothers in the work of freedom, the master spirits of the Council, who stirred up men's hearts with godlike impulses, and moved their arms in glorious deeds, in the dark hour of Revolution, should have died not only on the Fourth of July, but on the same day, within a few hours of each other, while bodily separated by hundreds of miles, their souls borne to Heaven by the hymns of a People, freed by their labors, looks to me as though Almighty God had sent his Messenger and called his Servants home, thus sanctifying by this two-fold death, the Fourth of July forevermore.

They met before the Throne of God, and stood, solemn and awful, amid the throng of heroes clustered there.

Compare the death-beds of these men, with the closing hour of their compeer in the work of freedom, THOMAS PAINE! They surrounded by friends, who smiled fondly on their glazing eyes; encircled by beautiful women, who pressed their warm hands to the icy brow, and kissed the

freezing lips: He, utterly desolate and alone, with no friend, save one aged Quaker; no hope, save that which dropped from the envenomed tongues of the Pharisees, who came to feast their eyes with his death struggles, even as savages amuse their idle hours by torturing the wretch whom they purpose to burn to death.

Pity Thomas Paine, my friends, and ask yourselves the question—"Tried by the same kind of justice, that has darkened his errors into sins worse than murder or incest, and converted his heroic virtues into crimes, what would become of Jefferson and Adams?"

Imagine the biography of Jefferson and Adams, written by one of those ignoble wretches, who heaped their slanders on the grave of Thomas Paine!

I stand upon the grave of this deeply wronged hero, and ask my countrymen to do him justice! I admit his errors, and pity them, for the sake of his substantial virtues. I boldly point to the records of the past for proof, when I state, that Thomas Paine was the co-worker of Jefferson and Adams, in the great deed of Independence. My voice may fall unheeded now, but one hundred years hence, the name of the Infidel will be forgotten in the glory of the Patriot, THOMAS PAINE.

XVIII.—THE NAMELESS DEATH.

THERE is another of the Signers, whose death I would like to picture, but am afraid.

In the fearful hour of the Revolution, when our army was without arms, our treasury bankrupt, this Signer, by the force of his personal character alone, gave muskets, swords and cannon to the soldiers, hundreds of thousands of dollars to the Continental Congress. He was the life, the blood, the veins of our financial world. To him the Congress looked for aid, to his counting house Washington turned his eyes, in his direst peril, and was not denied. The dollars of this Signer fed our starving soldiers; his personal credit gave us throughout this world, that which is worth more than gold—*confidence*.

And yet, he died—how? Not in a duel, like Button Gwinett, nor surrounded by the peaceful scenes of home, like Jefferson and Adams. Nor did he meet his fate in battle. But he died—

I am ashamed, afraid to tell it.

Not two hundred yards from the old State House, there rose some years ago, an edifice, whose walls were black, whose only echoes were sobs and groans, whose ornaments, some iron manacles and a stout timber gibbet. It seemed like a Curse frozen into stone, a Pestilence impersonified in bars and bolts and black walls. In the Revolution, while the British held the city, this edifice rung all day and night, with the horrible cries of rebel prisoners, dying the death of dogs, their heart eaten up by a Plague, which had been created by the filth and corruption of the den. After the Revo-

lution, the place made hideous by a thousand murders, was the residence of thieves, pirates, assassins, felons of every grade. Among the various groups of felons, who blasphemed all day in this stone Pandemonium, there was a certain class, distinguished from the others by their silence, their pale faces stamped with mental agony, their evident superiority in point of appearance and education.

Some of this latter class were men, some were women; torn from their homes by the hands of brutes, in the shape of officers of the law, they were hurled through the gates, and left to rot in the company of the robber, the pirate, the murderer.

This class of felons were guilty of a hideous crime, deserving of worse penalties than theft or murder.

They were called INSOLVENT DEBTORS.

To me, this law of imprisonment for debt has ever seemed a holy thing, worthy of the golden age of New Zealand, when burning little children and innocent women, was a pleasant pastime for the jocular cannibals. It is indeed a blessed law, worthy of the blood and tears which were shed in the Revolution to establish our liberties. It merely converts your honest man into a felon, inviting him most cordially to commit robbery, forgery or murder, for these things are not punished with half the severity that visits the head of your Unfortunate Debtor. Your forger can buy his Law—sometimes his Judge—your Murderer may procure a pardon from a merciful Governor, but what mercy is there for the wretch who owes money, which he cannot pay?

In order more effectually to demonstrate the beauty of this law as it existed some thirty years ago, in all its purity, let me beseech you to look through the grated windows of Walnut street gaol, in the quiet of this evening hour.

It is a cell that we behold; four bare walls, a chair or too, a miserable couch. There is some sunshine here. Yes, the evening sun shines through the grates, on the floor of the cell, and lights up the sad face of the Mother, who with her children bends over the couch. You must not mind their tears; you must laugh at their sobs, for the Husband, the Father, who writhes on that couch, is an Insolvent Debtor.

He was once a man of noble presence, somewhat tall in stature, with a frank, ingenious countenance, deep tranquil eyes, and a brow that bore the marks of a strong intellect.

Now, the mere wreck of a man—face, form, brow, all withered, eyes dimmed, and jaw fallen—he quivers on the couch of this Walnut street gaol.

Why this change? For long years, pursued by honest gentlemen, with thin lips, pinched faces, eyes bleared with the lust of gain, this Man—for he is *still* a Man—has went through all the tortures with which poets, in their imaginary hells, afflict the damned. They have hounded him in the streets,

in the church, in the house, yelling a kind of bloodhound's bay all the while, and at last driven him into the gaol.

He is there, dying; his wife, his children by his side. The curses of pirates, thieves, pickpockets, murderers, echo through the iron-banded door.

Mother! Take your children by the hand; lead them to the window; bid them look through the green trees, and behold yonder steeple glittering in the sun. That is Independence Hall.

And here, on the debtor's couch, in the felon's gaol, lies one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence. Here, dying in slow agony, writhes the man who gave arms to Washington, money to Congress, and by his resolute energy, saved his country in the darkest hour of peril.

Robert Morris dying in a felon's gaol——

It is too much! For the honor of our country, for the sake of that respect which honest shame and honorable poverty claims in every clime, among all men, we cannot go on.

But those times, when Men were made felons by the holy law of Imprisonment for Debt have passed away. The law exists no longer in any civilized community. It is true, that in two or three barbarous despotisms —we cannot call them states—this law does yet remain in force, but this merely leaves us to infer, that the majority of its *honest* citizens are felons, needing infamous enactments to keep them in order.

No man can call himself an American citizen, who dwells in such a community, or submits to such a despotism.

What beautiful words these are for history, to be read in connection with each other—Robert Morris! A felon's gaol!

XX.—THE LAST OF THE SIGNERS.

Come to the window, old man!

Come, and look your last upon this beautiful earth! The day is dying; the year is dying; you are dying; so light and leaf and life, mingle in one common death, as they shall mingle in one resurrection.

Clad in a dark morning gown, that revealed the outlines of his tall form, now bent with age—once so beautiful in its erect manhood—he rises from his chair, which is covered with pillows, and totters to the window, spreading forth his thin white hands.

Did you ever see an old man's face, that combines all the sweetness of childhood, with the vigor of matured intellect? Snow-white hair falling in flakes around a high and open brow, eyes that gleam with mild clear light, a mouth moulded in an expression of benignity almost divine?

It is the Fourteenth of November, 1832; the hour is sunset, and the man Charles Carroll of Carrolton, the last of the signers.

Ninety-five years of age, a weak and trembling old man, he has sum-

moned all his strength and gone along the carpeted chamber to the window, his dark gown contrasted with the purple curtains.

He is the last!

Of the noble Fifty-Six, who in the Revolution stood forth, undismayed by the axe or gibbet, their mission the freedom of an age, the salvation of a country, he alone remains!

One by one the pillars have crumbled from the roof of the temple, and now the last—a trembling column—glows in the sunlight, as it is about to fall.

But for the pillar that crumbles there is no hope, that it shall ever tower aloft in its pride again, while for this old man about to sink in the night of the grave, there is a glorious hope. His memory will live. His soul will live, not only in the presence of its God, but on the tongues and in the hearts of millions. The band in which he counts one, can never be forgotten. The last!

As the venerable man stands before us, the declining day imparts a warm flush to his face, and surrounds his brow with a halo of light. His lips move without a sound; he is recalling the scenes of the Declaration, he is murmuring the names of his brothers in the good work.

All gone but him!

Upon the woods—dyed with the rainbow of the closing year—upon the stream, darkened by masses of shadow, upon the homes peeping out from among the leaves, falls mellowing the last light of the declining day.

He will never see the sun rise again.

He feels that the silver cord is slowly, gently loosening; he knows that the golden bowl is crumbling at the fountain's brink. But Death comes on him as a sleep, as a pleasant dream, as a kiss from beloved lips!

He feels that the land of his birth has become a Mighty People, and thanks God that he was permitted to behold its blossoms of hope, ripen into full life.

In the recess near the window, you behold an altar of prayer; above it, glowing in the fading light, the Image of Jesus seems smiling even in agony, around that death-chamber.

The old man turns aside from the window. Tottering on he kneels beside the altar, his long dark robe drooping over the floor. He reaches forth his white hands; he raises his eyes to the face of the Crucified.

There in the sanctity of an old man's last prayer, we will leave him. There where amid the deepening shadows, glows the Image of the Saviour, there where the light falls over the mild face, the wavy hair, and tranquil eyes of the aged patriarch.

The smile of the Saviour was upon the Declaration on that perilous day, the Fourth of July, 1776, and now that its promise has brightened into fruition, He seems—he does smile on it again—even as his sculptured image meets the dying gaze of Charles Carroll of Carrolton,

THE LAST OF THE SIGNERS.

THE VIOLATOR OF THE GRAVE.

A SEQUEL TO THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1776.

SEQUEL TO THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1776.

THE VIOLATOR OF THE GRAVE.

Among the many wretches who skulk in the dens of a large city, there is one whose very name excites a sensation of overwhelming disgust.

It is not the Thief, for even he driven mad by hunger and pilfering a crust, to keep life in him, may have some virtues. Nor is it the Murderer, who plunges his knife from a dark alley into the back of the wayfarer, returning home to his wife and children. Nor yet the Hangman, who for a few dollars, puts on a mask of crape, mounts a gibbet, and chokes a human being in slow agony to death, all in the name of the Law. Nor is it the miserable vagabond of the large city, who covered with rags and sores, sleeps at night in the ditch, picks his food from the gutter's filth, and is found dead some morning with a bottle of alcoholic poison beside him, and no one, not even a dog, to claim his corse.

The Wretch of whom we speak, must in point of ignominy claim precedence over all these, Thief, Murderer, Hangman, Vagabond. He goes at dead of night, into the silence of the graveyard, and with spade and axe in hand, roots out from the consecrated earth the coffin of some one, fondly beloved—it may be a Father, a Sister, a Wife, a Mother—and coolly splintering the lid drags forth the corse, huddles it grotesquely in his sack, and sells it for a few dollars.

Polite language has no name for this wretch, who like a fiendish beast makes a meal from the dead, but in the language of those who purchase his wares, he is called a Body-Snatcher.

A great painter once maintained a learned argument in favor of the strange fancy, that every human face bore a striking resemblance to the face of some animal. I am not disposed to affirm the truth of this supposition, but a fancy has often arisen in my mind, that for every depraved wretch whom we find, skulking in rags in the holes of a large city, there may be found another wretch precisely similar, in the fine mansions, and beneath the broadcloth garments of the wealthy and educated classes.

The thief who shivering in rags and gnawed with hunger rots in the ditch, has his parallel in the Thief who dressed in satin, sits perched on a banker's desk, robbing widows and orphans with religious deliberation. So the Hangman who chokes to death for a few dollars, reminds us of the Bribed Judge, who for his price—say a thousand dollars—will sentence to the gallows an innocent man, or set free the murderer of a mother.

But where shall we find the fellow of the grave-violator—the Body-Snatcher of polite life?

Look yonder, my dear friend, and behold a magnificent saloon brilliantly lighted, and crowded with one dense mass of ladies and gentlemen, who wear rich apparel and come elegantly in carriages, with liveried negroes,

and coats of arms, and all other indications of an excessively refined aristocracy.

These ladies and gentlemen all turn their eyes to one point. Behold the point of interest! While silks rustle, and plumes wave, and eye-glasses move to and fro, behold under the glare of the chandelier, a man of middle age, clad in sober black, with a roll of paper in his hand. He lays the roll of paper on the desk, erected in the centre of the platform, covered with green baize, and lifts his head.

It is a striking face! The hue yellow, its texture parchment, the eyes pale grey, the lips pinched until they are invisible, the whole physiognomy reminding you of a skull, dressed up for a Christmas pantomime by the buffoon of a circus.

Who is this individual? Hark! He speaks in a soft silvery voice, with a gesture that reminds you of a hyena prowling round the fresh mould of a new made grave.

That my friends, is the BODY-SNATCHER of polite life. He does not, like his brother, the grave-violator of the hut, steal a corse and sell it for a few dollars, but he does something more. He takes up the Memories of the Dead, and so covers them with his venom, that History can no more recognize her heroes, than you can the corse which lies mangled on the dissecting table.

This Body-Snatcher of the lecture room does not ravage graveyards; no! History is a graveyard to him, and he tears souls from their shrines, and withers hearts into dust. He would be very indignant, were you to introduce him to his brother, the Body-Snatcher of the hut, and yet the graveyard mould, on the hands of the ragged wretch, is holy in the sight of Heaven, compared with one shred of the apparel worn by the finely-dressed Body-Snatcher of the lecture room.

Behold him as he stands there, before his aristocratic audience, in his sober black apparel and skull-like face; listen to his voice, as for a weary hour, he belabors dead men with libels, calls their corses—Coward! and lets his base soul forth, to slander among the graves of heroes.

How far these remarks will apply to a recent Reviewer of THOMAS PAINE, we will leave to the judgment of the impartial reader.

This Reviewer, whom it is not necessary to name, as he merely forms one in the large class of lecturers and essayists to which he belongs, determined to deliver before an American audience, a sketch of the life, writings, and death of the author of "Common Sense." It must be confessed, that he had made ample preparations for the task. To a knowledge of the law, he had added an intimate acquaintance with the arts and mysteries of banking, and all the ways and windings of the science of politics. The complete statue of his character, moulded from the bar, the bank, and the bar-room, shapen of the most incongrous materials, was mellowed and refined by a warm glow of morality. This was what made it so charming to hear

the lecturer discourse of Thomas Paine; he was so eminently moral, so financially pure, so legally just and politically religious!

As he rises before us, with his green bag in one hand, his last political letter in the other, let us hear him discourse of the man whom Washington delighted to call his friend.

He observed:

'That to dig from an almost forgotten grave, the intellectual character of Thomas Paine, the object of violent obloquy during life, and of contumely after death, might not be without its uses. It might be done now, without offence, without injustice. Many a teacher of pernicious doctrine, had by the purity of his domestic relations, left behind him a sort of protective character.—There were surviving relatives and friends, or those who knew surviving relatives and friends, who disarmed even just criticism, and standing around the grave claimed pity for themselves if not for the poor inhabitants below.—'

This is beautiful, considered merely as a classic sentiment, but divine as a moral apothegm. Let us illustrate its force by an exanple. We all know that there were other Traitors beside Arnold in the Revolution, who escaped disgrace and the gallows, made money by chaffering with both parties, and died in the odour of a suspicious sanctity, leaving a dubious fame to their children. Suppose I was to go forth on some dark night, to the grave of one of those Traitors, take up his corse, strip from it the mark of patriotism, and show it by the light of history, a base and dishonored thing, for all its thick coating of gold? Would not this be perfectly fair, admirably just? *Yes*, shrieks a Relative of the Traitor, who stands palsied and trembling on the brink of his Ancestor's grave, '*It is fair, it is just! But spare the traitor for the sake of his descendants! It is true, he bargained with both parties, it is true he heaped up gold by his double treason, it is true that these facts are written down by men who never lied, and only kept in the shade by the wealth of the Traitor's descendants, but spare him for the sake of those descendants! Spare him for the sake of his respectable connections! Spare him for the sake of his Gold!*"

And I would spare him. Who can doubt it? The lecturer himself, with all his serene purity, and severe love of morality, would deal gently, very gently with the memory of a Masked Traitor, who died wealthy and left a dubious glory to his children.

"But—" continues our gifted friend, "Thomas Paine had none of these. He was childless, friendless. Nor was there a human being in this wide world, who cared a jot for him or his memory."

Yes, it is just! Go to the grave of this childless, friendless man; lift from his ashes the coffin lid; bring forth his skull, and cover it with the saliva of an honest lawyer's indignation! He has no gold to buy immunity from history; no friends to stand beside his grave, beseeching pity for the poor inhabitant below. 'The Lion is dead, and a dog may rend him now.'

It may be true, eloquent and honest Reviewer, that not a "*human being in the wide world cares a jot for him or his memory now*," but there was

a time, when Washington, Jefferson, Adams called him friend, and Benjamin Rush styled him the forerunner of Jefferson, in the great work of Independence. These men after a fashion, may be called human beings.

But what estimate do you place on the phrase '*human being?*' Does it mean, in your way of thinking, an artful pettifogger, who fattens on the frauds of banks, and grows famous in the annals of political iniquity? Then not a '*human being*' in the wide world cares a jot for Thomas Paine or his memory. For Thomas Paine, with all his errors, ever directed the lightning of his pen against such human beings.

Or, by 'human being,' do you mean a man who gets his bread by honest toil, and scorns to bow down to treason, though it comes masked in gold, and refuses to reverence a Traitor's blood, though it has been diluted in the veins of some half dozen generations?

Ten thousand such 'human beings,' scattered through this Union, at this hour, 'care a jot' for the memory of Thomas Paine. Ten thousand noble hearts pity his faults, admire his virtues, and throb with the strong pulsations of scorn, when they behold his skull polluted by the leper's touch.

The lecturer, in his career about the grave of Paine, exhibits two remarkable qualities in great perfection, critical acumen and love of truth. So well does he love truth, that he dangles at her heels continually, his deep passion, for the coy beauty filling with modest blushes, and preventing him forever, from any actual contact with her. So fine is the temper of the critical steel which he wields, that even while he is supposed to be flashing it before your eyes, you cannot see it. He seems indeed to have made an art, perfect in all its parts, of avoiding a solemn truth, without seeming to do so, and criticising a book or passage into nothing, apparently unconscious of the maxim: "*It is a base thing to lie at all, but to lie like truth, or lie by insinuation is the work of an intellectual assassin.*"

Our Reviewer, in his attempts to display his great powers, occasionally rises into the sublime, or at all events, into something very near it, the ridiculous: he reminds us of Paine's remark:

"The sublime of the critics, like some parts of Edmund Burke's sublime and beautiful, is like a wind-mill just visible in a fog, which imagination might distort into a flying mountain, or an archangel, or a flock of wild geese."

Let us look at his criticism: He calls "Common Sense" a diatribe against king, queens and prelates.

There is a great deal in a word. It would not do for our lecturer to call this book a vulgar attack against kings, queens and prelates, for he is well aware, that its most violent passages, in relation to these holy personages, are copied, word for word, from the Book of God; Samuel's eloquent appeal to the Hebrews, against the monstrosites of monarchy, being quoted in full. But he calls it a '*diatribe.*' Choice word! Let us see how it will look in another connection. 'The Declaration of Independence was a

diatribe against King George,' or 'Washington's farewell address a *diatribe* against the evils of party spirit.' There is about as much vulgarity in either of those productions, as in Paine's Common Sense; the word 'diatribe' would, in the mouth of our lecturer, eminently apply to them.

Again, with a gravity as commendable as that of the Italian friar, who addressed his cap as Martin Luther, and completely vanquished his speechless antagonist, who of course, did not utter a word in reply,—the Reviewer of Paine observes:

"*Common Sense—a book of no particular merit, owing its celebrity and power to its being well-timed.*"

Very good. Washingtons attack at Trenton, was by no means, such a great affair as Napoleon's battle of Waterloo, yet still it had one merit—it was *well-timed.* Napoleon's coming back from Elba, was remarkably common-place, but—*well-timed.* Cortez burning his ships, did a very tame thing, imitated from Alexander the Great, yet withal it was *well-timed.*

That Common Sense should have been well-timed, seems a small thing in our reviewer's eyes. To be sure, it aroused a nation into Thought, or rather, gave its burning thought a tongue as deep and tempestuous as the voice of thunder; to be sure, it wrote the word "Independence" in every heart, by one bold effort, prepared the way for the Declaration, yet still it is a very tame affair: merely "well-timed."

We wish we could say as much of our lecturer's production. It may be as powerful as a speech in the Criminal Court, adroit as a banker's speculation, impetuous as a politician's letter, offering to bribe voters, by whole counties, yet still it is not *well-timed.* The day may come when it will merit that praise. In some distant golden age, when the temples of religion will bear the inscription 'To lie is to worship God,' and the only capital offence, punishable with death, will be the utterance of a Truth, and then—but not till then—this Reviewer's lecture will be *well-timed.*

Let us look at this book of "no particular merit:" for a work so weak, this is a somewhat forcible sentence.

"Government, like dress, is the badge of lost innocence; the palaces of kings are built upon the ruins of the bowers of paradise."

Listen to Common Sense on Monarchy:

"For monarchy in every instance is the Popery of government. To the evil of monarchy we have added that of hereditary succession; and as the first is a degradation and lessening of ourselves, so the second, claimed as a matter of right, is an insult and imposition on posterity. For all men being originally equals, no *one* by *birth*, could have a right to set up his own family, in perpetual preference to all others for ever, and though himself might deserve *some* decent degree of honors of his cotemporaries, yet his descendants might be far too unworthy to inherit them. One of the strongest *natural* proofs of the folly of hereditary right in Kings, is that nature disapproves it, otherwise she would not so frequently turn it into ridicule, by giving mankind an *Ass for a Lion.*"

Here is an opinion which no doubt shocked King George, and our eloquent reviewer, with the same deep horror:

"Of more worth is one honest man to society, and in the sight of God, than all the crowned ruffians that ever lived."

With regard to the oft-repeated watch-word of American admirers of England—"Great Britain is the Mother country,"—thus speaks Common Sense:

"But Britain is the parent country, say some. Then the more shame upon her conduct. Even brutes do not devour their young, nor savages make war upon their families; wherefore, the assertion, if true, turns to her reproach; but it happens not to be true, or only partly so, and the phrase *parent* or *mother country* hath been jesuitically adopted by the king and his parasites, with a low papistical design of gaining an unfair bias on the credulous weakness of our minds. Europe, and not England, is the parent country of America. This new world hath been the asylum for the persecuted lovers of civil and religious liberty from *every part* of Europe. Hither have they fled, not from the tender embraces, but from the cruelty of the monster; and it is so far true of England, that the same tyranny which drove the first emigrants from home, pursues their descendants still."

Speaking to those persons who still advocated a reconciliation with England:

"But if you say, you can still pass the violations over, then I ask, hath your house been burnt? Hath your property been destroyed before your face? Are your wife and children destitute of a bed to lie on, or bread to live on? Have you lost a parent or a child by their hands, and yourself the ruined and wretched survivor? If you have not, then are you not a judge of those who have. But if you have, and can still shake hands with the murderers, then are you unworthy the name of husband, father, friend, or lover, and whatever may be your rank or title in life, you have the heart of a coward, and the spirit of a sycophant."

Again:

Ye that tell us of harmony and reconciliation, can ye restore to us the time that is past? Can ye give to prostitution its former innocence? Neither can ye reconcile Britain and America. The last cord now is broken, the people of England are presenting addresses against us. There are injuries which nature cannot forgive; she would cease to be nature if she did. As well can the lover forgive the ravisher of his mistress, as the continent forgive the murders of Britain. The Almighty hath implanted in us these inextinguishable feelings, for good and wise purposes. They are the guardians of his image in our hearts, and distinguish us from the herd of common animals. The social compact would dissolve, and justice be extirpated from the earth, or have only a casual existence were we callous to the touches of affection. The robber and the murderer would often escape unpunished, did not the injuries which our tempers sustain, provoke us into justice.

"O! ye that love mankind! Ye that dare oppose, not only the tyranny, but the tyrant, stand forth! Every spot of the old world is overrun with oppression. Freedom hath been haunted around the globe. Asia, and Africa, have long expelled her. Europe regards her like a stranger, and England hath given her warning to depart. O! receive the fugitive, and prepare in time an asylum for mankind."

This rude author of Common Sense had some idea of our resources; hear him in his iron-handed style:

"In almost every article of defence we abound. Hemp flourishes even to rankness, so that we need not want cordage. Our iron is superior to that of other countries. Our small arms equal to any in the world. Cannon we can cast at pleasure. Saltpetre and gunpowder we are every day producing. Our knowledge is hourly improving. Resolution is our inherent character, and courage hath never yet forsaken us. Therefore, what is it we want? Why is it that we hesitate? From Britain we can expect nothing but ruin. If she is once admitted to the government of America again, this continent will not be worth living in. Jealousies will be always arising, insurrections will be constantly happening; and who will go forth to quell them? Who will venture his life to reduce to own countrymen to a foreign obedience? The difference between Pennsylvania and Connecticut, respecting some unlocated lands, shows the insignificance of a British government, and fully proves that nothing but continental authority can regulate continental matters."

One passage more, in order to prove the puerility of the work:

"We have it in our power to begin the world over again. A situation, similar to the present, hath not happened since the days of Noah until now. The birthday of a new world is at hand, and a race of men, perhaps as numerous as all Europe contains, are to receive their portion of freedom from the events of a few months. The reflection is awful—and in this point of view, how trifling, how ridiculous, do the little paltry cavilings, of a few weak or interested men appear, when weighed against the business of a world."

Here is a specimen of Paine's advice to great men. It was originally applied to Sir William Howe, but will eminently suit our reviewer:

"But how, sir, shall we dispose of you? The invention of a statuary is exhausted, and Sir William is yet unprovided with a monument. America is anxious to bestow her funeral favors upon you, and wishes to do it in a manner that shall distinguish you from all the deceased heroes of the last war. The *Egyptian method of embalming* is not known to the present age, and hieroglyphical pageantry hath outlived the science of decyphering it. Some other method, therefore, must be thought of to immortalize the new knight of the windmill and post. Sir William, thanks to his stars, is not oppressed with very delicate ideas. He has no ambition of being wrapped up and handed about in myrrh, aloes and cassia. Less expensive odors will suffice; and it fortunately happens, that the simple genius of America hath discovered the art of preserving bodies, and embellishing them too, with much greater frugality than the ancients. In balmage, sir, of humble tar, you will be as secure as Pharoah, and in a hieroglyphic of feathers, rival in finery all the mummies of Egypt."

Do you not think that these passages indicate a work of some particular merit?—The Reviewer continues his critical excursion in this style:

"He next wrote the "Crisis," a series of papers, sixteen in number; and designed as popular appeals. They bore the signature of "Common Sense." The first words of the first number, written two days before the battle of Trenton, have become part of our household words:—"These are the times that try men's souls." Yet, it is manifest that with all Paine's aptitude at coining popular phrases, there was no spring of true eloquence

in him. And when he wrote under immediate and outward pressure, and without an opportunity of revision and slow elaboration, no matter how great the occasion or intense the excitement—he wrote feebly and impotently. The fourth paper dated the day after the battle of Brandywine is given as an instance."

These remarks made in the face of day, in the Nineteenth Century, can only be answered with a sentence of Thomas Paine: "There is dignity in the warm passions of a whig, which is never to be found in the cold malice of a Tory. In the one nature is only heated—in the other she is poisoned."

We must admit that the lecturer has the best right to think meanly of Paine, for as we see by this sentence, Paine had but an inferior opinion of the party to which our critical friend appertains.

You will perceive that he gives this short article, published the day after the battle of the Brandywine, as an instance of impotence in style.

This impotent essay, written in the fear of British occupation amid the palpitations of popular panic, comprises this weak line:

"We fight not to enslave, but to set a country free, and to make room upon the earth for honest men to live in."

—"There was no spring of true eloquence in him!" Pity poor Tom Paine! The fountain of his thoughts did not flow from the marble portals of a bank—chartered to rob by wholesale—nor from the miasmatic corridors of a Criminal Court. "There was no spring of true eloquence in him!" Weep for Tom Paine! Had he but wielded a green bag, and written letters on the eve of a popular election, kindly offering to pay for a handsome majority, there might have been a spring of true eloquence in his breast, but as the case stands in history, he was but an Author and Poor!

Our rich, and of course virtuous reviewer, thus disposes of a work which Washington and La Fayette did not hesitate to honor with their names on the dedication page:

"It was not long before he began to write again; and in rapid succession, a batch of revolutionary pamphlets were published. Among them was the "Rights of Man," in reply to Mr. Burke's "Reflections;" and though the reader of the present day may smile at the contrast, it is idle to deny that Paine made an impression in Great Britain. His grotesque and often vigorous phrases told on the excited mind of the populace.

"A batch of revolutionary pamphlets!" Singular felicity of phrase! Take all the addresses issued by Conventions in 1775, all the papers penned by Jefferson or Henry, all the eloquent appeals impressed with the power of Adams or the weight of Washington's name, and you have not a selection of the noblest gems of patriotism and literature, but a—'batch of revolutionary pamphlets!'

Our lecturer's morality and patriotism all must admire. To slander the childless dead is no sin. To write Common Sense, and awake a Nation into a sense of their rights, is merely to pen 'a diatribe.' To defend the

rights of man against the elegant sycophant of royalty, Edmund Burke, who thought the carcass of monarchy was beautiful because he flung flowers upon its festering pollution, and concealed the worms upon its brow with the mushroom blossoms of metaphor, is not to do a noble deed, but simply to write one of a—"batch of revolutionary pamphlets."

But it seems the fellow's "grotesque and vigorous phrases told on the excited mind of the populace." Yes: so the grotesque and vigorous phrases of Samuel Adams told on the excited mind of the *populace*, who in Boston Harbor disguised as Indians, drowned a cargo of British tea.

Here is one of the grotesque and vigorous phrases of Thomas Paine, selected at random from the Rights of Man:

"If systems of government can be introduced less expensive, and more productive of general happiness, than those which have existed, all attempts to oppose their progress will in the end prove fruitless. Reason, like time, will make its own way, and prejudice will fall in the combat with interest. If universal peace, harmony, civilization and commerce are ever to be the happy lot of man, it cannot be accomplished but by a revolution in the present system of governments. All the monarchical governments are military. War is their trade, plunder and revenue their objects. While such governments continue, peace has not the absolute security of a day. What is the history of all monarchical governments but a disgustful picture of human wretchedness, and the accidental respite of a few years repose? Wearied with war, and tired of human butchery, they sat down to rest and called it peace. This certainly is not the condition that heaven intended for man; and if *this be monarchy*, well might monarchy be reckoned among the sins of the Jews.

Doubtless the reader of the present day, will smile at the contrast between Mr. Burke's reflections and Thomas Paine's Rights of Man. Burke was an elegant gentleman in a court dress, with a nosegay in his buttonhole. Paine but a man, with the garb of a freeman upon his form. Burke with his pretty figures and dainty words, wept for the French King and cried his eyes out of their sockets for Marie Antoinette. Paine the vulgar fellow, reserved his tears for the hundred millions of France, who had been ground into powder by this king and his predecessors in iniquity, for the women, the poor women of that enslaved land, who for ages had been made the tool of a tyrant's lust or the victims of his power. Burke reminds us of a spectator of a barbarous murder, who instead of defending the prostrate woman from the knife of the assassin, coolly takes paper and pencil from his pocket and begins a sketch of the scene, exclaiming as the blood streams from the victim's throat—"What a striking picture!" Paine is merely an honest member of the "populace," for while Burke makes his picture, he springs at the murderer's throat, and rescues the bleeding woman from his knife.

Meanwhile our lecturer stands quietly by, and 'smiles at the contrast' between the elegant Burke and the vulgar Paine.

We might crowd our pages with illustrations of Thomas Paine's power.

We might suffer him to speak for himself, in his clear-thoughted, iron-tongued style. And yet whole pages, extracted from his works, stamped with genius and glittering with beauties, bear no more comparison to the full volume of his intellect, than a drop to the ocean, or—to use an imperfect comparison—than the instinctive malignity of a hyena, to the cold-blooded malice of our Reviewer.

They have been more read, more quoted, more copied, than any political papers ever written. We hazard nothing, when we state, that our ablest statesmen, for the last fifty years, have freely used the pages of Paine, in their best papers, in some instances without a word of credit. Such phrases as "These are the times that try men's souls," have become republican scripture in every American heart.

You will be surprised, reader, after perusing these passages, at the hardihood of our lecturer, who with all his love of truth, prepers Burke to Paine, King George to Washington, the applause of an aristocratic audience to the good opinion of the populace.

You will be somewhat indignant withal; while the strong throb of honest anger,—if the bite of a reptile can excite anger—swells your bosom, you will be induced to ask this Reviewer—'Could you not be a man for once in your life? Scorned by the living, could you not leave the dead alone? Were there not other graves to desecrate, other skulls on which to vent your venom. Nay! Why, in your ferocious appetite for dead men's bones, you did not dis-inter a Traitor of the Revolution, who has come down to our time, baptised in a miserable glory?'

But these words would have been lost on the Violator of the Grave. He wished to build a character for religion and morality. Paine was the author of a deistical work; Paine died childless. The Grave-Violator beheld this glorious opportunity! He could abuse the deistical author, and slander the childless dead! His reputation as a defender of religion would be established; he, the coiner of falsehoods as base as a Malay's steel, would be quoted as a—Christian!

Christianity was to be indebted for a character to him, who in sober charity, had none to spare.

But he overshot his mark. While he dealt a just rebuke to the Infidel, he should have spared the Patriot. While he took the last years of Paine's life, and held them up to the laughter of the cold and heartless crowd, he should have stepped lightly over his Revolutionary career. For in the sound of his voice, there was an old man, who remembered Thomas Paine, writing his Crisis, in 1776, and tracking his bloody footsteps in the snow, while a certain officer of the Continental army, was basely bargaining with the enemy and hungering to be bought.

While he struck his coward's blow upon the dead man's skull, he should have heard the whisper of prudence—"Take care! There are other dead than Thomas Paine! There are other traitors than Benedict Arnold!"

As a specimen of our Reviewer's love of truth, we need only make a reference to the passage of his lecture, in which he states, that Paine, in Paris, '*voted for the abolition of Royalty, and the trial of the King.*' This is all he tells us. He does not say how he voted on the trial of the King; that would not serve his purpose. He merely "voted." He may have voted life! or death! but the lecturer dares not condescend to say a word. His object is to leave the impression on your mind, that Paine voted for the execution of the Monarch, when the fact is notorious, that he nobly defended Louis from the penalty of death, and in the most lowering hour of the Convention, pointed to the United States as an asylum for guilty Royalty.

Which is most contemptible, the bold utterance, or the snake-like insinuation of a Lie? The bite of the bull-dog, or the hiss of the viper?

The hatred which the lecturer bears to Paine, does not even cease with his death. Listen—

"About ten years after Paine's death, Cobbett made a pilgrimage to New Rochelle, disinterred the mouldering bones, and removed them to Great Britain. It was a piece of independent and ineffectual mockery. *The bones of the scoffer were looked on by such of the British people as knew any thing about them, with no more regard than the anatomical student bestowed on the unknown carcass before him.*"

I do not know your opinion, but were I to meet the wretch who wrote the italicized sentence, on a dark night, by the lonely roadside, I would at once look for the knife or pistols in his hands, and prepare to defend my life from the attack of an assassin.

"The unknown carcass" had once embodied a soul which Washington recognized in words like these:

Rocky-Hill, Sept., 10th, 1783.

I have learned since I have been at this place, that you are at Bordentown. Whether for the sake of retirement or economy, I know not. Be it for either, for both, or whatever it may, if you will come to this place, and partake with me, I shall be exceedingly happy to see you.

Your presence may remind congress of your past services to this country; and if it is in my power to impress them, command my best exertions with freedom, as they will be rendered cheerfully by one, who entertains a lively sense of the importance of your works, and who, with much pleasure, subscribes himself, Your sincere friend,

G. WASHINGTON.

If it were possible at this late day, to recover the skeletons of Judas Iscariot and Benedict Arnold, much as I despise these melancholy examples of human frailty, I would not insult even their bones, by placing the "carcass" of this Reviewer in their company.

The wretch who can thus insult the dead, is not worthy of a resting place, even among traitors. Did I believe the Pythagorean doctrine of transmigration of souls, I would know where to look for the soul of this Reviewer, after death. There is an animal that fattens on corses: it is called the hyena.

But our task is done. We have gone through the nauseous falsehoods, the vulgar spite, the brutal malignity of this man, and felt inclined in his case, to reverse our religious creed and believe in Total Depravity. He cannot claim from me, nor from any human being, the slightest pity. He has violated the grave of the dead, and must not complain, if his own life is made the subject of scathing analysis. Will it bear the light?. All the talent ever possessed by himself, or anything of his name, bolstered by wealth and puffed by pedantry, would not be sufficient to create one line, worthy of Thomas Paine.

By this time, it is to be hoped, that the lecturer, and others of the same class, will have learned that Thomas Paine is not altogether friendless. It is not a safe thing to attack his Patriot Name. The man who consents to do the work of a grave violator, must not expect favor from the People. His only support will prove, only a broken and rotten reed. At all events, the person who makes the attack, must look to his own life, and expect to be treated in the same manner as he treats the dead. Stand forth, calumniator! Will you submit your life to this scrutiny? You dare not. You can bluster over dead men's graves, but you fear the living. Yes, you are afraid of Light, of History, of the Past: well you know why; too well! Behold the man of courage! He only attacks *childless* dead men!

But Thomas Paine is not childless. He left behind him Common Sense, the Crisis and the Rights of Man; children that can never die, but will outlive all Traitors and descendants, to the end of time.

BOOK SIXTH.

ROMANCE OF THE REVOLUTION.

ROMANCE OF THE REVOLUTION.

MICHAEL XXX,

I.—A TRADITION OF THE TWO WORLDS.

One dark and stormy night, in the year 1793, a soldier was returning home—

Home—after the toil and bloodshed of many a well-fought battle; home, —to receive his father's blessing—Home, to feel the kiss of his bride upon his lips; home, for the second time in fourteen long years!

It was where the winding road looked forth upon the broad bosom of the Chesapeake, that we first behold him.

On the summit of a dark grey rock, which arose above the gloomy waves, he reined his steed. All was dark above—the canopy of heaven, one vast and funeral pall, on which the lightning ever and anon, wrote its fearful hieroglyph—below, the waves rolled heavily against the shore, their deep murmur mingling with the thunder-peal.

The same lightning flash that traced its strange characters upon the pall of a darkened universe, revealed the face and form of the warrior, every point and outline of his war-steed.

For a moment, and a moment only, that lurid light rushed over the waves and sky, and then all was night and chaos again.

Let us look upon the warrior by the glare of that lightning flash.

A man of some thirty years; his form massive in the chest, broad in the shoulders, enveloped in a blue hunting frock faced with fur. From his right shoulder a heavy cloak falls in thick folds over the form of his steed.

At this moment he lifts the trooper cap from his brow. Bathed in the lightning glare you behold that high, straight forehead, shadowed by a mass of short thick curls, and lighted by the soul of his large grey eyes. The broad cheek bones, fair complexion, darkened into a swarthy brown, by the toil of fourteen long years, firm lips, and square chin, all indicate a bold and chivalrous nature.

His grey eye lights up with wild rapture, as he gazes far beyond upon the Chesapeake, its surface now dark as ink, and now ruffled into one white sheet of foam. And the noble horse which bears his form, with his snow-white flanks seared with the marks of many a battle-scar, arches his

neck, tosses his head aloft, and with quivering nostrils and glaring eye, seems to share the fiery contest of the elements.

It is an impressive picture which we behold; the white horse and his rider, drawn by the lightning glare on the canvass of a darkened sky.

The rain beats against the warrior's brow, it turns to hail, and scatters its pearls upon the snowy mane of his steed, among his thickly clustered locks, yet still he sits uncovered there.

The gleaming eye and heaving chest, betoken a soul absorbed in memories of the past.

Yes, he is thinking of fourteen long years of absence from home, years spent in the charge of battle, or the terror of the forlorn hope, or far away in the wild woods, where the tomahawk gleams through the green leaves of old forest trees.

He speaks to his horse, and calls him by name.

"OLD LEGION!"

The horse quivers, starts, as with a thrill of delight, and utters a long and piercing neigh.

He knows that name.

He has heard it in many a bloody fight; yes, swelling with the roar of Brandywine, echoing from the mists of Germantown, whispered amid the thunders of Monmouth; that name has ever been to the brave white horse, the signal-note of battle.

Fourteen years ago, on this very rock, a boy of sixteen with long curling hair, and a beardless cheek, reined in the noble white horse which he rode, and while the moonlight poured over his brow, gave one last look at his childhood's home, and then went forth to battle.

That white horse has now grown old. The marks of Germantown and Valley Forge, and Camden, are written in every scar that darkens over his snowy hide. The boy has sprung into hardy manhood; beard on his chin, scars on his form, the light of resolution in his full grey eye, a sword of iron in its iron sheath, hanging by his side.

Only a single year ago the white horse and his rider halted for a moment on the summit of this rock, a mild summer breeze tossing the mane of the steed, and playing with the warrior's curls. Then he had just bidden farewell to his betrothed, her kiss was yet fresh upon his lips. On his way to the Indian wars, he resolved to return after the fight was over, and wed his intended bride.

One year had passed since he beheld her, one year of peril far away among the Alleghanies, or in the wood-bound meadows of the Miami.

Now covered with scars, his name known as the bravest among the brave, he was returning—HOME.

"Old Legion!" the souldier speaks to his steed, and in a moment you see the gallant war-horse—who is named in memory of the Legion, com-

manded by the Partizan Lee—spring with a sudden bound from the rock, and disappear in the shadows of the inland road.

Seven miles away from the Chesapeake, and the soldier would stand upon the threshhold of his home.

Seven miles of a winding road, that now plunged into the shadows of thick woods, now crossed some quiet brook, surmounted by a rude bridge, now ascended yonder steep hill, with rocks crowned by cedars, darkening on either side. Then came a long and level track with open fields, varied by the tortuous "Virginia fence," stretching away on either side.

While the rain freezing into hail, dashed against his brow, our soldier spoke cheerily to his steed, and trees, and rocks, and fields, passed rapidly behind him.

He was thinking of home—of that beautiful girl—Alice!

Ah, how the memory of her form came smiling to his soul, through the darkness, and hail, and rain of that stormy night. Look where he might, he saw her—yes, even as he left her one year ago. In the dark rocks among the sombre pines, on the pall of the sky, or among the shadows of the wood—look where he might—her image was there.

And this was the picture that memory with a free, joyous hand, and colors gathered from the rainbow—Hope—sketched on the canvass of the past.

A young girl, standing on the rustic porch of her home, at dead of night—her form blooming from girlhood into woman—enveloped in the loose folds of a white gown—while her bared arm holds the light above her head. The downward rays impart a mild and softened glow to her face. Saw you ever hair so dark, so glossy as that which the white 'kerchief lightly binds? Eyes, so large and dark, so delicately fringed with long tremulous lashes, as these which now gleam through the darkness of the night? Lips so red and moist? A cheek so rounded and peach-like in its bloom? A form—neither majestic in its stature, nor queenly in its walk—but warm in its hues, swelling in its outlines, lovable in its virgin freshness.

So rose the picture of his betrothed, to the imagination of the soldier. So he beheld her one year ago—even now, closing his eyes in a waking dream, which the thunder cannot dispel, he seems to hear her parting words:

"Good bye, Michael! Come back from the wars; O, come back soon—may God grant it! Then, Michael, as I have pledged a woman's truth to you, we will be married!"

A tear starts from the soldier's eye-lid. He has seen men fall in battle, their skulls crushed by the horses' hoofs, and never wept. They were his friends, his comrades, but his eye was tearless.—This game of war hardens the heart into iron.

But now, as the thought of his young and loving bride steals mildly over his soul, he feels the tear-drop in his eye.

Dashing through the swollen waters of a brook, Michael the soldier, begins to ascend the *last hill.* Look—as it darkens above him, look upon its summit, by the lightning glare. You behold a group of oak trees—three rugged, ancient forms—standing on the sod near the summit of the hill, their branches spreading magnificently into the sky.

By the lightning flash Michael beholds the oaks, and knows that his home is near. For looking from the foot of these old trees, you may behold that home.

How his heart throbs, as Old Legion dashes up the hill!

In order to conceal his agitation, he talks aloud to his war-horse. Smile at the hardy soldier if you will, but ere you sneer, learn something of that strange companionship which binds the warrior and his steed together. Even as the sunburnt sailor talks to the good old ship which bears him, even as the hollow eyed student talks to the well-used volumes, which have been Love and Home to him, in many an hour of poverty and scorn, so talks the soldier of Lee's Legion to his gallant horse.

"Soh—Old Legion! We've had many a tough time together, but soon all our trials will be past! Many a tough time, old boy—d'ye remember Germantown? How we came charging down upon them, before the break of day?

"Or Monmouth—that awful day—when the sun killed ten, where the bayonet and cannon-ball only killed one?

"Or Camden, where we fled like whipped dogs? But I led the forlorn hope, in the attack of Paulus Hook, on foot—without you—my Old Legion?

"Or d'ye remember the fights among the Injins? Mad Anthony Wayne leading the charge, right into the thickest of the red-skins? Many a battle, many a fight by day, and fray by night, we've had together, Old Legion—we've shared the last crust—slept on the same hard ground—haven't we old boy? And now we're going home—home to rest and quietness! I'll settle down, beneath the roof of the old homestead; and as for you—there's the broad meadow for you to ramble by day, and the clean straw for your bed by night! I should like to see the man that would dare harness you to a plough, my brave old war-horse—no! no! No one shall ever mount your back but your old master, or"—and a grim smile lighted the young soldier's face—"or, perhaps—Alice!"

As he spoke—the rain beating beneath the steel front of his cap, all the while—he attained the summit of the hill. All was very dark around, all was like a pall above, yet there—stretching far to the north, over a dimly defined field—the soldier beheld a long straight line of locust trees, their green leaves crowned with snowy blossoms. Those trees, whose fragrance imbued the blast which rushed against the soldier's brow, the very rain which fell upon his cheek—those glorious trees, so luxuriant in foliage and perfume—overarched the lane which led to—Home!

That home he could not see, for all was dark as chaos—but yonder from over the level field, afar, there came a single quivering ray of light.

By that light—it was the fireside light of home—his father watched, and Alice—Ah! she was there, toiling over some task of home, her thoughts fixed upon her absent lover. For Alice, you will understand me, was that most to be pitied of all human creatures—an orphan child. She had been reared in the homestead of the Meadows; reared and protected from tenderest childhood by the old man, even Michael's father.

How the thought that SHE was waiting for him, stirred the fire-coals at the soldier's heart!

Leaning from his steed, Michael the Soldier of Lee's Legion, unfastened the rustic gate which divided the lane from the road, and in a moment—Do you hear the sound of the horse's hoofs under the locust trees?

Ah, that fragrance from the snowy flowers, how it speaks Home!

Near and nearer he drew. Now he sees the wicket fence, that surrounds the old brick mansion—now, the tall poplars that stand about it, like grim sentinels—and now! There is a thunder peal shaking the very earth, a lightning flash illumining the universe, and then the clouds roll back, and as a maiden from her lattice, so looks forth the moon from her window in the sky.

There it lies, in the calm clear light of the moon. A mansion of dark brick, surrounded by a wicket fence painted white, with straight poplars encircling it on every side.

A whispered word to his horse, and the soldier dashes on!

He reaches the wicket fence, flings the rein on the neck of his steed, clears the palings at a bound, approaches yonder narrow, old-fashioned window, and looks in ——

An old man, in a farmer's dress, with sunburnt face and white hair, sits alone, leaning his elbow on the oaken table, his cheek upon his hand. Near him the candle, flinging its beams over the withered face of the old man, around the rustic furniture of the uncarpeted room.

The old man is alone. Alice is not there. Michael the soldier, gazes long and earnestly, and gasps for breath. For, in one brief year, his father sunk into extreme old age—his grey eyes, dim with moisture, his hair, which was grey, has taken the color of snow, his mouth wrinkled and fallen in.

Michael felt a dim, vague, yet horrible foreboding cross his heart.

Not daring to cross the threshhold, he gazed for a moment upon a window on the opposite side of the door. The shutters were closed, but it was *her* room, the chamber of Alice. See slept there—ah! He laughed at his fears, smiled that horrible foreboding to scorn. She slept there, dreaming of him, her lover, husband. He placed his finger on the latch, his foot upon the threshhold.

At this moment he felt a hand press his own, a knotted, toil-hardened

hand. He turned and beheld the form of a Negro, clad in coarse home-spun; it was one of his father's slaves; his own favorite servant, who had carried him in his brawny arms when but a child, thirty years ago.

"De Lor bress you, Masa Mikel! Dis ole nigga am so glad you am come home!"

A rude greeting, but sincere. Michael wrung the negro's hand, and uttered a question with gasping breath:

"Alice—she is well? Alice, I say—do you hear Tony—she is well?"

In very common, but very expressive parlance—which I hope your critic will pick to pieces with his claw, even as an aged but eccentric hen picks chaff from wheat—the old slave showed the whites of his eyes.

"Eh—ah!" he exclaimed, with a true African chuckle—"Do Masa Mikel ax de old nigga, 'Miss Alice well?' Lor! Ef you had only see yisserday, singin' on dis berry porch, like a robin in a locus' tree!"

Michael did not pause to utter a word, but dashed his hand against the latch, and crossed the threshhold of home.

At the same moment the old negro leaned his arms upon the banisters of the porch, bowed his head, and wept aloud.

It was for joy. No doubt. Yes, with the true feeling of one of those faithful African hearts, which share in every joy and sorrow of the master, as though it were their own, the negro wept for joy.

Meanwhile, Michael rushed forward, and flung his arms about the old man's neck.

"Father, I am come home! Home for good—home for life! You know, some fourteen years ago, I left this place a boy, I came back a man, a Soldier! A year ago, I left you for my last campaign—it is over—we've beat the Injins—and now I'm goin' to live and die by your side!"

The old man looked up, and met the joyous glance of those large grey eyes, surveyed the high, straight forehead, and the muscular form, and then silently gathered the hands of his boy within his own.

"God bless you, Michael!" he said, in a clear, deep voice, yet with a strong German accent.

"But what's the matter, father? You don't seem well—ain't you glad to see me? Look here—I've brought this old sword home as a present for you. Not very handsome, you'll say, but each of those dents has a story of its own to tell. You see that deep notch? That was made by the cap of a Britisher, at Paulus Hook, and this—but God bless me! Father, you are sick—you——"

The old man turned his eyes away, and pressed with a silent intensity the hands of his son.

"Sit down Michael, I want to talk with you."

Michael slid into a huge oaken arm chair; it was placed before the hearth, and opposite a dark-panelled door, which opened into the next chamber—the chamber of Alice.

The old man was silent. His head had sunken on his breast: his hands relaxed their grasp.

Michael gazed upon him with a vague look of surprise, and then his eyes wandered to the dark-panelled door.

"She is asleep, Father?—Shall I go to the door and call her, or will you? Ah, the good girl will be so glad to see me!"

Still the old man made no answer.

"Ah! I see how it is—he's not well—glad to see me, to be sure, but old age creeps on him." Thus murmuring, Michael sprang to his feet, seized the light, and advanced to the dark-panelled door. "You see, father, I'll go myself. It will be such a surprise to her! I'll steal softly to her bed-side, bend over her pillow—ha! ha! The first news she will have of my return, will be my kiss upon her lips!"

He placed his fingers on the latch.

The old man raised his head, beheld him, and started to his feet. With trembling steps, he reached the side of his son.

"My son," he cried, invoking the awful name of God, "do not enter that room!"

You can see Michael start, his chivalrous face expanding with surprise, while the light in his hand falls over the wrinkled features of his father. Those features wear an expression so utterly sad, woe-begone, horror-stricken, that Michael recoils as though a death-bullet had pierced his heart. His hand, as if palsied, shrinks from the latch of the door.

For a moment there was a pause like death. You can hear the crackling of the slight fire on the hearth—the hard breathing of the old man—but all beside is terribly still.

"Father, what mean you? I tell you, I can face the bloodiest charge of bayonets that ever mowed a battlefield of its living men, but this—I know not what to call it—this silence, this mystery, it chills, yes, it *frightens*, me!"

Still the old man breathed in hollow tones, marked with a deep guttural accent, the name of God, and whispered—

"My son, do not enter that room!"

"But it is the room of Alice. She is to be my wife to-morrow—no! she *is* my wife, plighted and sworn, at this hour! *It is the room of Alice.*"

The voice sunk to a whisper, at once deep and pathetic, as he spoke the last words.

"Come, Michael, sit by me; when I have a little more strength, I will tell you all."

The old man motioned with his right hand, toward a seat, but Michael stood beside the dark-panelled door, his sun-burnt face grown suddenly pale as a shroud.

At last, with measured footsteps, he approached the door, grasped the latch, and pushed it open. The light was in his hand. *Her* room lay open to his gaze, the chamber of Alice, yet he was afraid to—look.

Do you see him standing on the threshhold, the light extended in one hand, while the other supports his bowed head, and veils his eyes?

"Father," he groaned, "her room is before me, but I cannot look—I stand upon the threshhold, but dare not cross it. Speak"—and he turned wildly toward the old man—"Speak! I implore ye—tell me the worst!"

The old man stood in the shadows, his hands clasped, his eyes wild and glassy in their vacant stare, fixed upon the face of his son. No word passed his lips; the horror painted on his countenance seemed too horrible for words.

Michael raised his eyes and looked.

It was there—the same as in the olden time—that chamber in which his mother had once slept—now the Chamber of Alice.

Behold a small room, with the clean oaken floor, covered by a homespun carpet; two or three high-backed chairs, placed against the white-washed walls; a solitary window with a deep frame and snowy curtain.

Holding the light above his head, Michael advanced. In the corner, opposite the door, stood a bed, encircled by hangings of plain white—those hangings carefully closed, descending in easy folds to the floor.

The fearful truth all at once rushed upon the soldier's soul. She was dead. Her body enveloped in the shroud, lay within those hangings; he could see the white hands, frozen into the semblance of marble, folded stiffly over her pulseless bosom. He could see her face,—so pale and yet so beautiful, even in death, and the closed eyelids, the lashes darkening softly over the cheek, the hair so glossy in its raven blackness, descending gently along the neck, even to the virgin breast.

The curtains of the bed were closed, but he could see it all!

Afraid to look, and by a look confirm his fancy, he turned aside from the bed, and gazed toward the window. Here his heart was wrung by another sight. A plain, old-fashioned bureau, covered with a white cloth, and surmounted by a small mirror oval in form, and framed in dark walnut.

That mirror had reflected her face, only a day past. Beside lay the Bible and Book of Prayer, each bearing on their covers the name of ALICE—sacred memorials of the Dead Girl.

This man Michael was no puling courtier. A rude heart, an unlettered soul was his. His embrowned hand had grasped the hand of death a thousand times. Yet that rude heart was softened by one deep feeling—that unlettered soul, which had read its lessons of genius in the Book of Battle, written by an avalanche of swords and bayonets, on the dark cloud of the battlefield—bowed down and worshipped one emotion. His love for Alice! Next to his belief in an all-paternal God, he treasured it. Therefore, when he beheld these memorials of the Dead Girl, he felt his heart contract, expand, writhe, within him. His iron limbs trembled; he tottered, he fell forward on his kness, his face resting among the curtains of the bed.

He dashed the curtains aside—holding the light in his quivering hand, he gazed upon the secret of the bed—the dead body of Alice? No!

The white pillow, unruffled by the pressure of a finger—the white coverlet, smooth as a bank of drifted snow, lay before him.

Alice was not there.

"Father!" he groaned, starting to his feet, and grasping the old man by both hands—"She is dead; I know it! Where have you buried her?"

The father turned his eyes from the face of his son, but made no answer.

"At least, give me some token to remember her! The bracelet which was my mother's—which a year ago, I myself clasped on the wrist of Alice!"

Then it was that the old man turned, and with a look that never forsook the soul of his son until his death hour, gasped four brief words:

"*Not dead, but*—LOST!" he said, and turned his face away.

Michael heard the voice, saw the expression of his father's face, snd felt the reality of his desolation without another word. He could not speak; there was a choking sensation in his throat, a coldness like death, about his heart.

In a moment the old man turned again, and in his native German, poured forth the story of Alice—her broken vows, and flight, and shame!

"Only this day she fled, and with a stranger!"

The son never asked a question more of his father.

One silent grasp of the old man's hand, and he strode with measured steps, from the room, from the house. Not once did he look back.

He stood upon the porch—the light of the moon falling upon his face, with every lineament tightened like a cord of iron—the eyes cold and glassy, the lips clenched and white.

"Here," said he to the old negro, who beheld his changed countenance with horror—"Here is all the gold I have in the world. I earned it by my sword! Take it—I will never touch a coin that comes from this accursed soil."

He passed on, spoke to Old Legion, leaped into the saddle, and was gone. The negro heard a wild laugh borne shrilly along the breeze. The old man who, with his white hairs waving in the moonbeams, came out and stood upon the porch, looked far down the lane, and beheld the white horse and his rider. The moon shone from among the rolling clouds with a light almost like day; the old man beheld every outline of that manly form—saw his cap of fur and steel, and waving cloak, and iron sword in its iron sheath.

Yet never once did he behold the face of his son turned back toward his childhood's home.

On and on! Never mind the fence, with its high rail and pointed stakes. Clear it with a bound, Old Legion! On and on! Never mind the road; the wood is dark, the branches intermingle above our heads, but we will

dash through the darkness, Old Legion. On, on, on! Never heed the brook that brawls before us; it is a terrible leap, from the rock which arises here, to the rock which darkens yonder, but we must leap it, Old Legion! Soh, my brave old boy! Through the wood again; along this hollow, up the hillside, over the marsh. Now the thunder rolls, and the lightning flashes out!—*hurrah!* Many a battle we have fought together, but this is the bravest and the last!

—And at last, the blood and sweat, mingling on his white flanks, the gallant old horse stood on the Rock of the Chesepeake, trembling in every limb.

Michael looked far along the waters, while the storm came crashing down again, and, by the lightning glare, beheld a white sail, raking masts, and a dark hull, careering over the waters. Now, like a mighty bird, diving into the hollows of the watery hills, she was lost to view. And now, still like a mighty bird, outspreading her wings, she rose again, borne by the swell of a tremendous wave, as if to the very clouds.

A very beautiful sight it was to see, even by the light of that lurid flash—this thing, with the long dark hull, the raking masts and the white sail!

She came bounding over the bay; the wind and waves bore her towards the rock.

In a moment the resolution of Michael was taken. One glance toward the white sail, one upon the darkened sky, and then he quietly drew his pistol.

"Come, Old Legion,"—he said, laying his hand upon the mane of the old horse—"You are the only friend I ever trusted, who did not betray me!"

The first word he had spoken since the old man whispered "Lost," in his ears.

"Come, Old Legion, your master is about to leave his native soil forever! He cannot take you with him. Yonder's the sail that must bear him away from this accursed spot forever. He cannot take you with him, Old Legion, but he will do a kind deed for you. No one but Michael ever crossed your back, nor shall you ever bear another! Your master is about to kill you, Old Legion!"

Nearer drew the white sail—nearer and nearer!—The sailors on the deck beheld that strange sight, standing out from the background of the dark clouds—the rocks, the white horse and the dismounted soldier, with the pistol in his hand.

They saw the white horse lay his head against his master's breast, they heard his long and piercing neigh, as though the old steed felt the battle trump stir his blood once more.

They heard the report of a pistol; saw a human form spring wildly into the waves; while the white horse, dropping on his fore-legs, with the blood streaming from his breast, upon the rock, raised his dying head aloft, and uttered once more that long and piercing howl.

They saw a head rising above the waves—then all was dark night again. There was hurrying to and fro upon the vessels deck; a rope was thrown; voices, hoarse with shouting, mingled with the thunder-peal, and at last, as if by a miracle, the drowning man was saved.

"What would you here?" exclaimed a tall, dark-bearded man, whose form was clad in a strangely mingled costume of sailor and bandit—"What would you here?"

As he spoke, he confronted the form of Michael, dripping from head to foot with spray. The lightning illumined both forms, and showed the sailors who looked on, two men, worthy to combat with each other.

"Come you as a friend or foe?" the hand of the dark-bearded man sought his dirk as he spoke.

The lightning glare showed Michael's face; its every lineament colored in crimson light. There was no quailing in his bold grey eye, no fear upon his broad, straight forehead.

Even amid the storm, an involuntary murmur of admiration escaped the sailors.

"As a friend,"—his voice, deep and hollow, was heard above the war of the storm. "Only bear me from yonder accursed shore!"

"But sometimes, when out upon the sea, we hoist the Black Flag, with a Skull and Crossbones prettily painted on its folds. What say you now? Friend or Foe? Comrade or Spy?"

"I care not how dark your flag, nor how bloody the murder which ye do upon the sea—all I ask is this: Bear me from yonder shore, and I am your friend to the death!"

And swelling with a sense of his unutterable wrongs, this bravest of the brave, even Michael of Lee's gallant Legion, extended his hand and grasped the blood-stained fingers of the Pirate Chief.

Then, the wild hurrah of the pirate-band mingled with the roar of the thunder, and, as the vessel went quivering over the waters, the red glare of the lightning revealed the dark-bearded face of the Pirate Chief, the writhing countenance of the doomed soldier.

Their hands were clasped. It was a Covenant of Blood.

That night, while the Pirate-Ship went bounding over the bay, Michael flung himself upon the deck, near the door of the Captain's cabin, and slept. As he slept a dream came over his soul.

Not a dream of the girl who had pressed her kiss upon his lip, and then betrayed him, not a vision of Lost Alice. No! Nor of the grey-haired father, who stood on the porch, gazing after the form of his son, with his white hair floating in the moonbeams.

Nor ever of that gallant horse, that white-maned old Legion, 'the only friend he had trusted, that never betrayed him!' No!

But of a battle! Not only of one battle, but a succession of battles, that seemed to whirl their awful storm of cannon and bayonet and sword, not merely over one country, but over a world. The heaps of dead men that Michael saw in his sleep, made the blood curdle in his veins. It seemed as though the People of a World had died, and lay rotting unburied in the gorges of mountains, on the gentle slopes of far-extending plains; in the streets of cities, too, they lay packed in horrible compactness, side by side, like pebbles on the shore.

Many strange things Michael saw in this, his strange dream; but amid all, he beheld one face, whose broad, expansive brow, and deep, burning eyes, seemed to woo his soul. That face was everywhere. Sometimes amid the grey clouds of battle, smiling calmly, while ten thousand living men were mowed away by one battle blast. Sometimes by the glare of burning cities, this face was seen: its calm sublimity of expression,—that beautiful forehead, in which a soul, greater than earth, seemed to make its home, those dark eyes which gleamed a supernatural fire—all shone in terrible contrast, with the confusion and havoc that encircled it.

That face was everywhere.

And it seemed to Michael as he slept, that it came very near him, and as these scenes passed rapidly before his eyes, that the face whispered three words.

These words Michael never forgot; strange words they were, and these are the scenes which accompanied them.

The first word:—A strange city where domes and towers were invested with a splendor at once Barbaric and Oriental, with flames whirling about these domes and towers, while the legions of an invading Host shrank back from the burning town by tens of thousands, into graves of ice and snow. *The face* was there looking upon the mass of fire—the soldiers dying in piles, with a horrible resignation.

The second word:—He saw—but it would require the eloquence of some Fiend who delights to picture Murder, and laugh while he fills his horrible canvass with the records of infernal deeds,—yes, it calls for the eloquence of a fiend to delineate this scene. We cannot do it. We can only say that Michael saw some peaceful hills and valleys crowded as if by millions of men. There was no counting the instruments of murder which were gathered there; cannon, bayonets, swords, horses, men, all mingled together, and all doing their destined work—Murder. To Michael it seemed as if these cannons, swords, bayonets, horses, men, murdered all day, and did not halt in their bloody communion, even when the night came on.

THE FACE was there!

Yes, it seemed to Michael, in this his strange dream, that THE FACE was the cause of it all. For the Kings of the Earth, having (or claiming) a Divine Commission *to Murder*, each one on his own account, hated fervently this Face. Hated zealously its broad forehead and earnest eyes.

Hated it so much, that they assembled a World to cut it into pieces, and hack its memory from the hearts of men.

Michael in his dream saw *this face* grow black, and sink beneath an ocean of blood. It rose no more!

Yes, it rose again! When?

The third word was spoken, it rose again. Michael saw this face—with its awful majesty and unutterable beauty—chained to a rock, yet smiling all the while. Smiling, though all manner of unclean beasts and birds were about it—here a vulture slowly picking those dark eyes;—there a jackal with its polluted paw upon that forehead, so sublime even in this sad hour.

And it seemed to Michael that amid all the scenes, which he had beheld in this his terrible dream, that the last——that glorious face, smiling even while it was chained to a rock, tortured by jackals and vultures, was most terrible.

With a start, Michael awoke.

The first gleams of day were in the Eastern sky and over the waters. His strange, fearful dream was yet upon his soul; those three words seemed ringing forever in his ears.

As he arose, something bright glittered on the deck at his feet. He stooped and gathered it in his grasp. It was his—mother's bracelet. An antique thing; some links of gold and a medallion, set with a fragment of glossy dark hair.

How came it there? upon the Pirate Ship, out on the waves?

Michael pressed it to his lips, and stood absorbed in deep thought.

While thus occupied, the muttered conversation of two sailors, who stood near him, came indistinctly to his ears. Far be it from me to repeat the horrid blasphemies, the hideous obscenities of these men, whom long days and nights of crime, had embruted into savage beasts. Let me at once tell you that a name which they uttered, coupled with many an oath and jest, struck like a knell on Michael's ear. Another word—he listens—turns and gazes on the cabin door.

These words may well turn to ice the blood in his veins.

For as they blaspheme and jest, a laugh—wild, yet musical, comes echoing through the cabin door.

As Michael hears that laugh, he disappears in the darkness of the companion-way, holding the bracelet in his hand.

An hour passed—day was abroad upon the waters—but Michael appeared on deck no more.

In his stead, from the companion-way, there came a stout, muscular man, clad in the coarsest sailor attire, his face stained with ochre, a close-

fitting skull-cap drawn over his forehead, even to the eyebrows. A rude Pirate, this, somewhat manly in the expansion of his chest, no doubt, but who, in the uncouth shape, before us, would recognize the Hero of the Legion, the bravest of the brave?

He was leaning over the side of the ship, gazing into the deep waves, when the door of the Pirate Captain's cabin was opened, and the Captain appeared. You can see his muscular form, clad in a dress of green, laced with gold, plumes waving aside from his swarthy brow, his limbs, encased in boots of soft doe-skin. Altogether, an elegant murderer; an exquisite Pirate, from head to foot.

The rude sailor—or Michael, as you please to call him—leaning over the side of the ship, heard the Pirate Captain approach, heard the light footstep, which mingled its echoes with the sound of his heavy tread. Light footstep? Yes, for a beautiful woman hung on the Pirate's arm, her form, clad in the garb of an Eastern Sultana, her darkly-flowing hair relieved by the gleam of pearls.

As she came along the deck, she looked up tenderly into his face, and her light laugh ran merrily on the air.

Michael turned, beheld her, and survived the horror of that look! She knew him not; the soldier and hero was lost in his uncouth disguise.

It was—ALICE.

Let us now hurry on, over many days of blood and battle, and behold the Pirate Ship sunk in the ocean, its masts and shrouds devoured by flames, while the water engulfed its hull.

Three persons alone survived that wreck. You see them, yonder, by the light of the morning sun, borne by a miserable raft over the gently swelling waters.

Three persons, who have lived for days or nights without bread or water. Let us look upon them, and behold in its various shapes the horrors of famine.

In that wretched form, laid on his back, his hollow cheeks reddened by the sunbeams, his parched eye-balls upturned to the sky, who would recognize the gallant—Pirate Chief?

By his side crouches a half-clad female form, beautiful even amid horrors worse than death, although her eyes are fired with unnatural light, her cheek flushed with the unhealthy redness of fever, her lips burning in their vivid crimson hues. Starvation is gnawing at her vitals, and yet she is beautiful; look—how wavingly her dark hair floats over her snowy shoulders! Is this—Alice?

The third figure, a rude sailor, his face stained with dark red hues, a skull-cap drawn down to his eyebrows. Brave Michael, of Lee's Legion.

He sits with his elbows resting on his knees, his cheeks supported by his hands, while his eyes are turned to the uprising sun.

A groan quivers along the still air. It is the last howl of the Pirate Chief; with that sound—half-blasphemy, half-prayer—he dies.

His bride—so beautiful, even yet amid famine and despair—covers his lips with kisses, and at last, grasping the sailor by the arm, begs him to save the life of her—husband!

The sailor turns, tears the cap from his brow; the paint has already gone from his face.

ALICE and MICHAEL confront each other, alone on that miserable raft, a thousand miles from shore.

Who would dare to paint the agony of her look, the horror of the shriek which rent her bosom?

Only once she looked upon him—then sunk stiffened and appalled beside her pirate husband. But a calm smile illumined Michael's face; he towered erect upon the quivering raft, and drew some bread and a flagon of water—precious as gold—from the pocket of his coarse sailor jacket.

"For you," he said, in that low-toned voice with which he had plighted his eternal troth to her—"For you I have left my native land. For you I have left my father, alone and desolate in his old age. For you—not by any means the least of all my sufferings—I have killed the good old war-horse, the only friend whom I ever trusted, that did not betray me. For you, Alice, I am an outcast, wanderer, exile! Behold my revenge! You are starving—I feed you—give you meat and drink. Yes, I, Michael, your plighted husband—*bid you live!*"

He placed the bread and water in her grasp, and then turned with folded arms to gaze upon the rising sun. Do you see that muscular form, towering from the raft—his high, straight forehead, glowing in the light of the dawning day?

He turned again: there was a dead man at his feet; a dead woman before his eyes.

There may have been agony at his heart, but his face was unsoftened by emotion. With his lineaments moulded in iron rigidity, he resumed his gaze toward the rising sun.

At last, a sail came gleaming into view—then the hull of a man-of-war—and then, bright and beautiful upon the morning air, fluttered the glorious emblem of Hope and Promise—the tri-colored FLAG OF FRANCE.

Years passed, glorious years, which beheld a World in motion for its rights and freedom.

There came a day, when the sun beheld a sight like this:—A man of noble presence, whose forehead, broad, and high and straight, shone with

the chivalry of a great soul, stood erect, in the presence of his executioners.

Those executioners, his own soldiers, who shed tears as they levelled their pieces at his heart.

This man of noble presence was guilty of three crimes, for which the crowned robbers of Europe could never forgive him.

He had risen from the humblest of the people, and became a General, a Marshal, a Duke.

He was the friend of a great and good man.

In the hour of this great and good man's trial, when all the crowned robbers, the anointed assassins of Europe, conspired to crush him, this General, Marshal and Duke refused to desert the great and good man.

For this he was to be shot—shot by his own soldiers, who could not restrain their tears as they gazed in his face.

Let us also go there, gaze upon him, mark each outline of his face and form, just at the moment when the musquets are levelled at his heart, and answer the question—*Does not this General, Marshal, Duke, now standing in presence of his Death's-men, strangely resemble that Michael whom we have seen on the banks of the Chesapeake—the Hero of Lee's Legion —Bravest of the Brave?*

Ere the question can be answered, the Hero waves his hand. Looking his soldiers fixedly in the face, he exclaims in that voice which they have so often heard in the thickest of the fight—

"AT MY HEART, COMRADES!"

As he falls, bathed in blood, the victim of a "Holy Assassination," let us learn what words were those which brave Michael, long years ago, heard whispered in his dream, what face was that, which, with its sublime forehead and earnest eyes, spoke these words? Let us also learn who was this soldier Michael, of Lee's Legion?

The words? The first, Moscow—the second, WATERLOO—the third, ST. HELENA.

This soldier of Lee's Legion, the bravest of the brave?

MICHAEL NEY.

NOTE BY THE AUTHOR.—The idea of a Legend on this subject, was first suggested by an able article, in a late number of the Southern Literary Messenger, which presents the most plausible reasons, in favor of the identity of Major Michael Rudolph, of Lee's Legion, with Michael Ney, the Marshal and Hero of France, who was basely murdered, after the battle of Wartaloo.

In this article, it is distinctly stated that in personal appearance Ney and Rudolph were strikingly similar, both described as follows: "*Five feet eight inches in height —a muscular man though not fat—of high, flat forehead, gray eyes, straight eyebrows, prominent cheek-bones, and fair complexion.*"

After a brilliant career in the Revolutionary War, and a campaign under Wayne, among the Indians, Major Rudolph returned to his home, on the shores of the Chesapeake, after a year's absence, and remained for the night at the residence of a brother, To quote the exact words of the article.

II.—THE NINTH HOUR.

THE time was 1778—the place, an old-time mansion, among the hills of Valley Forge.

Yonder, in a comfortable chamber, seated before a table, overspread with papers, you behold a gentleman of some fifty-six years, attired in black velvet, with an elegant dress sword by his side, snow-white ruffles on his wrists and breast. By the glow of the fire, which crackles on the spacious hearth, you can discern the face of this gentleman, the wide and massive brow, the marked features, and the clear, deep grey eyes. As he sits erect in the cushioned arm-chair, you can at a glance perceive that he is a man of almost giant stature, with muscular limbs and iron chest.

And snow drifts in white masses on yonder hills, which you behold through the deep silled windows; and the wind, moaning as with a nation's dirge, howls dismally through the deep ravines.

Still the gentleman, with the calm face and deep grey eyes, sits in silence there, his features glowing in the light of the hearth-side flame, while a pleasant smile trembles on his compressed lips.

Altogether, he is a singular man. His appearance impresses us with a strange awe. We dare not approach him but with uncovered heads. The papers which overspread the table, impress us with a vague curiosity. There you behold a letter directed to General the Marquis de La Fayette; another bears the name of General Anthony Wayne; a third General Benedict Arnold; and that large pacquet, with the massive seal, is inscribed with the words—To His Excellency, John Hancock, President of the Continental Congress.

This gentleman, sitting alone in the old-fashioned chamber, his form clad in black velvet, his face glowing in mild light, must be, then, a person of some consideration, perchance a warrior of high renown?

"*Here, he listens to a domestic revelation of the most cruel and humiliating character—of such a sort, as to determine not again to return to his family. * * * The next we hear of him, is an adventurer, about to sail from the Chesapeake, in a small vessel, laden with tobacco, and destined to St. Domingo, or to a port in France.*"

The next intelligence of him, comes from Revolutionary France. He soon disappears, and Ney, a man strikingly similar in appearance and traits of character, rises into view.

Ney spoke English fluently; was viewed as a foreigner by the French, and called in derision the "Foreign Tobacco Merchant."

In short, the evidence placed before us, in this article—which our want of space will not permit us to quote in full—seems almost conclusive, on the important point, that Ney and Rudolph were the same man. While on this topic, we may remark, that Bernadotte, the King of Sweden, was a soldier in our Revolution. The reader will of course understand, that in our Legend above given, we are alone responsible for the details, as well as all variations from the plain narrative of facts.

Whether true or false, it is a splendid subject for a Picture of the Past: That the same heroic Legion of Lee, which earned for itself imperishable renown, in the dark times of Revolution, also ranked among its Iron-Men, the gallant Marshal Ney, the Bravest of the Brave.

As you look in mingled wonder and reverence upon his commanding face, the sound of a heavy footstep is heard, and a grim old soldier, clad in the hunting shirt of the Revolution, appears in yonder doorway, and approaches the gentleman in black velvet.

He lifts the rude cap with bucktail plume from his sunburnt brow, and accomplishes a rough salute. Then, he speaks in a voice which may have been rendered hoarse by much shouting in battle, or sleeping dark winter nights on the uncovered ground.

"General, I heer'd you wanted to speak to me, and I am here."

The gentleman in black velvet, raised his clear grey eyes, and a slight smile disturbed the serenity of his face.

"Ah, Sergeant Caleb, I am glad to see you. I want your aid in an undertaking of great importance."

"Say the word, and Caleb's your man!"

"Nine miles from the mansion, at four o'clock this afternoon, the 'Loyal Rangers of Valley Forge,' hold their meeting. Their captain, a desperate man, has prepared a number of important papers for Sir William Howe. In these papers are recorded the names of all persons within ten miles, who are friendly to the British cause, or who are willing to supply Sir William with provisions, together with a minute description of the affairs and prospects of the Continental army. At four this afternoon, these papers will be delivered to an officer of the British army, who is expected from Philadelphia in the disguise of a farmer. That officer is now a prisoner near our headquarters on the Schuylkill, some six miles from this place. You—understand me, Sergeant Caleb—you will assume this disguise, hurry to the Tory rendezvous, and receive the papers from the hands of the Captain.".

As the gentleman spoke, the countenance of the old soldier assumed an expression of deep chagrin. The corners of his mouth were distorted in an expression of comical dismay, while his large blue eyes expanding in his sunburnt face, glared with unmistakable horror.

He had been with Arnold at Quebec, with Washington at Brandywine, this hardy Sergeant Caleb—but to go to the Tory rendezvous in disguise, was to act the part of a SPY, and the robber-captain of the Tories would put him to death, on the first rope and nearest tree, as a—SPY!

Therefore the old Sergeant, who had played with death as with a boon companion, when he came in the shape of a sharp bayonet, or a dull cannon ball, feared him when he appeared in the guise of a—Gibbet!

"You are not afraid?" said the gentleman. "That will be news indeed, for the soldiers! Sergeant Caleb Ringdale afraid!"

The old Sergeant quivered from head to foot, as he laid his muscular hand upon the table, and exclaimed in a voice broken by an emotion not any the less sincere because it was rude:

"Afeer'd? Now Gineral Washington, it isn't kind to say that o' me! I'm not afeer'd of anythin' in the shape of a white or black human bein',

but this tory Cap'in Runnels, is a reg'lar fiend, and that's a fact nobody can deny!"

"Do you fear him?"

"Not a peg! For all he's the bloodiest villain that ever murdered a man in the name of King George—for all he hides himself in the darkest hollow, in the meanest, old, out-of-the-way farm-house, I don't fear, no more than I feer'd them ten Britishers that fell on me at Paoli! But do you see, Gineral, I don't like the idea of goin' as a spy! That's what cuts an old feller's feelin's! Say the word, and I'll go, just as I am, in my own proper uniform—not very handsome, yet still the rale Continental—an' tell the Britishers to crack away, and be hanged!"

And in the honest excitement of the moment, the old Sergeant brought his closed hand to bear upon the table, until the papers shook again.

Washington rested his cheek upon his hand, while his face was darkened by an expression of anxious thought.

"You do not wish to go as a spy, and yet there are no other means of securing these papers."

You can see the old soldier stand confused and puzzled there, wiping the perspiration from his brow with his bony hand, while Washington turning his chair, folds his arms, and gazes steadily into the fire.

"Is there no man who will undertake this desperate office in my name? in the name of the cause for which we fight?"

And as the words passed his lips, a soft voice—almost as soft and musical as a woman's—uttered this reply, which thrilled the General to the heart:

"There is. I will undertake it, General."

Washington started from his chair.

"You!" he exclaimed, surveying the intruder from head to foot.

It must be confessed, that the expression of wonder which passed over the face of the American General, was not without a substantial cause.

There in the glow of the fire, stood a young man, graceful and slender, almost to womanly beauty, and clad not in the dress of a soldier, but in the costume of a gentleman of fashion, a coat of dark rich purple velvet, satin vest, disclosing the proportions of a broad chest and wasp-like waist, diamond buckles on the shoes, and cambric ruffles around each delicate hand.

"You!" exclaimed Washington, "surely Ensign Murray, you are dreaming!"

The face of the young man was somewhat peculiar. The skin very pale and delicate as a woman's. The hair, long and dark brown in color, waving in rich masses to the shoulders. The eyes, deep and clear—almost black, and yet with a shade of blue—shone with an expression which you could not define, and yet it was at once calm, wild and dazzling. Indeed, gazing on those eyes, or rather into their clear lustre, you could not divest yourself of the idea that they reflected the light of a strong intellect, at the

same time, an intellect shaken and warped by some peculiar train of thought.

"Yes, General," was the answer of Ensign Murray; "at four o'clock, in the disguise of a British officer, I will enter the den of the Tories and receive those papers!"

Washington took the young man by the hand, and without a word led him across the room.

"Look there!" he whispered.

"They stood beside a glass door, which opened the view into the next apartment, the drawing-room of the mansion.

As Ensign Murray looked, his pale yet handsome face was darkened by an expression of indefinable agony.

There, beside the fire of the next chamber was seated a young girl, whose hair descended in curling masses along her cheek, until they touched her neck. A green habit fitting closely to her form, revealed its warm and blooming proportions. She sat there alone, bending over an embroidery frame, her dark eyes gleaming with light, as tranquil as the beam of the evening star, upon the unruffled depths of a mountain lake.

And as her white fingers moved briskly over the flowers, which grew into life at her touch, she sang a low and murmuring song.

"Look there!" whispered Washington, "and behold your bride! To-night your wedding will take place. This very morning I left Valley Forge, in order to behold your union with this beautiful and virtuous woman. And yet you talk of going in disguise into the den of robbers, who hesitate at no deed of cruelty or murder, and this on your bridal-eve!"

There was a strange expression on the young man's face—a sudden contortion of those pale, handsome features—but in a moment all was calm again.

"General, I will go," he said, "and return before sunset!"

He stood before the Man of the Army, his slender form swelling as with the impulse of a heroic resolve.

"George," said Washington, in a tone of kind familiarity; "you must not think of this! When your father died in my arms at Trenton, I promised that I would, to the last breath of life, be a father to his boy. I will not, cannot, send you on this fearful enterprise!"

"Look you!" cried the old Sergeant, advancing—"I don't like this office of a *Spy*—but sooner than the young Ensign here should peril his life at such an hour, I'll go myself! Just set me down for that thing, will you?"

"General!" said the Ensign, laying his white hand on the muscular arm of Washington, and speaking in a deep, deliberate voice, that was strongly contrasted with his effeminate appearance and slender frame—"did I behave badly at Brandywine?"

"Never a braver soldier drew sword, than you proved yourself on that

terrible day! Twice with my own arm I had to restrain you from rushing on to certain death!"

"At Germantown?"

"I can speak for him there, Gineral! You'd ought to seen him rushing up to Chew's house, into the very muzzles of the British! He made many an old soldier feel foolish, I tell you!"

"You were the last in the retreat, George, the last and the bravest!"

"Then can you refuse me this one request? Let me go—secure those papers—and come back crowned with laurels, to wed my bride!"

He spoke in a clear deliberate tone, and yet there was a strange fire in his eye.

Washington hesitated; his gaze surveyed the young man's face, and then turning away he wrung him by the hand:

"On those papers, perchance, the safety of our army depends. Go or stay as you please. I do not command nor forbid!"

With that word he resumed his seat, and bowed his head in the effort to peruse the documents which were scattered over the table. He bowed his head very low, and yet there were tears in his eyes—tears in those eyes which had never quailed in the hour of battle, tears in the eyes of Washington!

The young man turned aside into a dark corner of the room, and covered his Wedding-Dress with a coarse grey over-coat, that reached from his chin to his knees. Then he drew on long and coarse boots, over his shoes gemmed with diamond buckles. A broad-rimmed hat upon his curling locks, and he stood ready for the work of danger.

"General," he said, in that soft musical voice—"is there a watch-word which admits—ha, ha!—the *British officer* into the Tory farm-house?"

"Death to Washington!" and a sad smile gleamed over the General's face.

"The name of the British officer whose character I am to assume?"

"'Captain *Algernon Edam*, of His Majesty's Infantry!'—He is now under guard, near headquarters, at Valley Forge."

"Hah!" gasped Ensign Murray. "Captain Edam!"

"You know him, then?"

"I *have* known Captain Edam," answered George Murray, with that strange smile which invested his face with an expression that was almost supernatural.

"These papers will give you all requisite information. The farm-house is three miles distant from this place, and nine miles from Valley Forge."

"Nine!" ejaculated the Ensign, with a sudden start. "Ah!" he muttered in a whisper that would have penetrated your blood—"Must that horrible number always pursue me? Nine years, nine days! These must pass, and then I will wed my bride—but such a bride!"

Washington heard him murmur, but could not distinguish the words, yet

he saw that pale face flushing with unnatural crimson, while the deep blue eye glared with wild light.

"Again let me entreat you to give up your purpose. Your danger is enough to appal the stoutest heart! Not only death you dare, but death on the—gibbet!"

In the earnestness of his feelings, Washington would have seized him by the arm, but the Ensign retreated from his grasp, and left the room with his exclamation:

"Farewell, General! Do not fear for me! Believe me, I will before the setting of yonder sun, attain the object which I so earnestly desire!"

In the hall a new trial awaited the young soldier. He was confronted by a jovial old man, with a corpulent frame, round face and snow-white hair. It was Squire Musgrave, a fine specimen of the old fashioned gentleman and—the father of his bride.

"Hah, you young dog! What trick is this?" said the old Squire, with a jovial chuckle; "you skulked away from the table just now, proving yourself a most disloyal traitor to old Madeira! And now I find you in this disguise! Eh, Georgie! What's in the wind?"

"Hush! Not a word to 'Bel!" exclaimed the Ensign, with a smile on his lips, and a look of affected mystery in his eyes. "Not a word, or you'll spoil a capital jest!

Thus speaking, he flung himself from the old man, and stood upon the porch of the mansion. The beautiful country lay there before him, not lovely as in summer, with green leaves, perfume and flowers, but covered far up each hill, and down into the shades of each valley, with a mantle of frozen snow. The trees, their bared limbs upstarting into the deep blue sky, were glittering with leaves and fruits, sculptured from the ice by the finger of Winter.

And the rich warm glow of the declining sun was upon it all—the old mansion, with its dark grey stone and antique porch, the far-extending hills and winding dales of Valley Forge.

The Ensign stood upon the verge of the porch; he was about to depart upon his enterprise of untold danger, when—

A soft warm hand was laid upon his shoulder; another was placed across his eyes, and a light laugh thrilled him to the heart.

"Oh, you look like the ogre of some goblin story!" said a voice which almost made him relent the stern purpose of that hour—"If you would only look in the glass and see yourself! Ha, ha, ha!"

And as the soft hand was lifted from his eyes, George beheld the beautiful form and beaming face of his—bride.

"Softly, Isabel! Not a word!" he whispered laughingly, "Or you will spoil one of the finest jests ever planned!"

He pressed his kiss upon her warm ripe lips.

"THE LAST!" he murmured, as that pressure of soul to soul through the mingling lips, fired every vein.

He darted from the porch, and hurried on his way. Far over the frozen snow he toiled along, and only once looked back.

With that look of fearful anxiety he beheld his bride, standing on the porch, her long hair floating from her face, while her merry laugh came ringing to his ears.

Did you ever in a nightmare dream, chance to behold a dark old mansion, standing utterly alone in the shadows of a dell, encircled by steep hills, rough with rocks, and sombre with thickly clustered trees? In this dell noonday is twilight, and twilight is midnight, so darkly frown the granite rocks, so lowering rise the forest trees.

But this is in the summer time, when there are leaves upon the trees, and vines among the rocks. In the summer time when the little brook yonder, winding before the mansion, sings a rippling song in praise of the flowers, and moss, and birds.

Now it is winter. Yonder, through the tall and leafless oaks, glares the red flush of the sunset sky. Every tree with its rugged limbs, and stripped branches, stands up against the western horizon, like a tree of ebony, painted on a sky of crimson and gold. Winter now! The rocks, the hill-side, the very ice which covers the brook, is white with a mantle of snow, that gleams and blushes in the sunset glare.

Still the old mansion rises in sullen gloom, its dark walls tottering as though about to fall, its shutters closed, its doorway crumbling into fragments. And like a white veil flung over some ruffian bandit's brow, the steep roof, covered with wreaths of snow, gleams above the dark grey walls.

Is this old mansion tenanted by anything that wears the shape of man? As we look, the leaning chimney sends up its column of blue smoke to the evening sky. Still for all that emblem of fireside comfort, the farm-house looks like a den for murderers.

Look closely on its shutters and wide door, and you will perceive certain port-holes, made for the musquet and rifle.

There are footsteps printed on the frozen snow, and yet you hear no voices, you behold no form of man or beast.

At this hour, when the solemn flush of a winter sunset is upon the mantle of snow, there comes slowly toiling over the frozen crust, the figure of a young man clad in a coarse overcoat, with a broad-rimmed hat upon his brow. That coat gathers around his slender form in heavy folds, and yet it cannot hide the heavings of his chest. The hat droops low over his face, and yet cannot conceal the wild glance of those deep blue eyes.

Urging his way along the frozen snow,—the shadow of his form thrown far and black behind him—he stands before the battered door of the farm-house, he lifts the iron knocker, and a sound like a knell breaks on the still air.

The young man listens eagerly, but no answer greets his summons.

Then turning his face to the evening sky, he stands erect upon the granite stone before the door, and in a clear voice repeats the words—

"DEATH TO WASHINGTON!"

There is the sound of an unclosing door, the young man is seized by unknown hands, and borne along a dark passage into a large and gloomy place.

It may be a room, it may be a cavern, but all that greets his sight is a large fire, burning on a wide hearth, and flashing a lurid glare over some twenty ruffian faces.

A dark, a hideous picture!

A single form distinguished from the others by its height, but wearing the pistols and knife, common to all, advances and confronts the stranger. The young man, in that lowering face marked by the traces of many a crime, recognizes "BLACK RUNNELS," the Tory Chief.

"Whence came you?"

As he speaks, a strange sound mingles with his words—the clicking of pistols, the clang of knives.

"From the headquarters of General Sir William Howe!" the young man answered, in a clear deliberate voice.

"Your object here?"

"The possession of certain papers prepared by Captain Runnels, for Sir William Howe."

"Your name?"

"Algernon Edam, Captain in his Majesty's infantry!" replied the young man, in the same collected manner.

There was a murmur, a confused sound as of many voices whispering in chorus, and in a moment the blaze of a large lamp filled that spacious room with light.

"Now look ye, Captain," said the Tory leader, earnestly regarding the disguised American, "we don't doubt as how you are the rale Captain Edam, but we Loyal Rangers have a way of our own. We never trusts an individooal afore we tries his spunk. If you are a true Briton, you wont object to the trial. If so be you chances to prove a Rebel, why, we'll soon find it out."

The answer of the young man was short and to the point:

"Name your trial, and I am ready!"

"Do you see that keg o' powder thar? We'll attach a slow match to it—a match that'll take three minutes to burn out! You will sit on that keg!—Afore the three minutes is out, we'll return to the house, and see how you stand the trial! If there's a drop of sweat on your forehead, or any sign of paleness on your cheek, we will conclude that you are a rebel, and deserve to die!"

The Tories gathered round, gazing in the young man's face with looks of deep interest.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the object of their interest, "what need of this nonsense? I am a British officer—but—what need of words, I am ready, and will stand the trial."

Thus speaking, he saw the match applied to the keg, he saw it lighted, and took his seat. With a confused murmur, the Tories left the room.

"Look ye," cried the last of their band, who stood in the doorway—it was the Captain—"we will conceal ourselves, where the blowing up of the house can do us no injury—that is, in case the worthless old den should happen to blow up. In two minutes we'll return. Take care o' yourself, Captain!"

The young man was alone—alone in that large old room, the light of the lamp falling over his brow, the keg beneath him, the match slowly burning near his feet.

Why does he not extinguish the match, and at once put an end to this fearful danger? Why does he sit there, fixed as a statue, his pale face wearing its usual calm expression, his deep blue eyes gleaming with their peculiar light?

Not a motion—not a movement of the hand which holds his watch—not a tremor of the face!

What are the thoughts of this young man, whom another minute may precipitate into eternity by a horrible death?

Does he think of the young bride, who even now awaits his coming?

Two minutes have expired. The Tories do not return. Slowly, surely burns the match—as calm, as fixed as marble, the young man awaits his fate.

The half-minute is gone, and yet no sign of the bravoes.

At last—O! do not let your eyes wander from his pale, beautiful face, in this, the moment of his dread extremity—the match emits a sudden flame, sparkles, crackles, and burns out!

"Nine years, nine days! At last, thank God, it is over!"

These were his last words, before the powder exploded. He folded his arms, closed his eyes, and gave his soul to God.

Did that lonely house ascend to heaven, a pyramid of blackening fragments, and smoke and flame, with the corse of the young man torn into atoms by the explosion?

For a moment he awaited his fate—all was silent. Then came the sound of trampling footsteps; the young man unclosed his eyes, and beheld the faces of the Tory band.

"Game, I vow, game to the last!" cried the Tory leader, Runnels—"Do ye know we watched ye all the while, from a crack in yonder door? It was only a trial you know, but a trial that would have made many an older man than you shiver, turn pale, and cry like a babe!—There's no

powder in the keg—ha, ha! How'd ye feel when the match burnt out?"

"Give me the papers," asked the brave young man. "Let me hasten on my way!"

"O, I don't object to giving you the papers," cried the Tory. "But, afore I do, I like to ask your opinion of this gentleman?"

As he spoke, the Tories parted into two divisions; in their centre appeared a man of some thirty years, his tall and muscular form clad in crimson, his florid face with powdered hair and light blue eye, ruffled by a sneering smile.

"Captain Edam!" exclaimed the disguised American, completely taken by surprise—"I thought you were a prisoner, nine miles away at Valley Forge?"

"Yes, Captain Edam, at your service!" replied the British officer with a polite bow.

As he spoke, a burst of hoarse laughter made the old room echo again.

"It was well planned, my dear Ensign, but it won't do!" exclaimed the Briton;—"I was a prisoner, but—escaped! You were a British officer, a moment ago, but now, you are—*a Spy*. I presume it is needless to tell you the fate of a Spy."

It was strange to see the calm smile which broke from the young Ensign's lips and eyes.

"Death!" he replied, in his low musical voice.

"Death—aye, death by the rope!" shouted the Tory Captain;—"I say, Watkins, rig a rope to that beam! We'll show you how to play tricks on Loyal Rangers."

The rope was attached to the beam—the noose arranged; the Tories filled with indignation, clustered round—still the young man stood calm and smiling there.

"Ensign, you have ten minutes to live," said the handsome British officer. "Make your peace. You have been taken as a spy, and—ha, ha! must be punished as a spy!"

"Thank God!" said the young man in a whisper, not meant to be audible, yet they heard it, every Tory in the room.

"It seems to me, young man, you're thankful for very small favors!" cried the Tory leader, with a brutal laugh.

The gallant Captain Edam made a sign—the Tories trooped through the door-way.

George Murray was alone with Algernon Edam.

George Murray was pale—but not paler than usual—his blue eyes glaring with deep light, his lip a lip of iron. Algernon Edam was tall and magnificent in his healthy and robust manhood. There was ill-suppressed laughter in his light blue eyes.

"Do you remember the days of our childhood, George, when we played

together on the hills of Valley Forge? Little did we think that a scene like this would ever come to pass! Here I stand, the *rejected lover*—ha, ha! the British officer! And there stands the *betrothed husband*, the Rebel Spy! Ha, ha, ha!"

These were bitter taunts to pass between a living and a dying man! Yet there was something in the words and look of Captain Edam that revealed the cause of all his ill-timed mirth—he was a rejected lover. His successful rival stood before him.

No word passed the lips of George, He regarded the elegant Captain with a calm smile, and coolly asked, as though inquiring the dinner hour—"How many minutes before I am to be hung?"

"You carry it bravely!" laughed the Briton; "but think of ISABEL!"

The only answer which escaped the lips of George, was a solitary syllable:

"AL!" he said, and turned his smiling face upon the face of his enemy.

That syllable made the Briton tremble from head to foot. It spoke to him of the happy days of old—of the green hills and pleasant dells of Valley Forge,—of two boys who were sworn friends—of George and Algernon. It also spoke of a laughing girl, who was the cousin of Algernon, the beloved of George—Isabel!

For that name was the familiar diminutive which George had often whispered in the ears of his boy-friend, flinging his arms about his neck, and twining his hands in his golden hair.

"AL, don't you remember the day, nine years and nine days ago, when in the presence of Isabel, you rescued me from a terrible danger?"

The words, the tone, the look, melted the heart of the undaunted Briton. There is a magic in the memory of childhood, irresistible as a voice from the lips of Death.

"I do, George, I do!" he cried; "and now, I am to be your—executioner!"

"To-night, is my wedding night, my friend—"

"But I cannot save you!" gasped Edam; his voice now deepened with the accent of irresistible agony—"we are surrounded—all hope is vain."

"I do not want to be saved," said George, still preserving his quiet manner; "let me be put to death as suddenly and with as little pain as possible. But I have one request. When I am dead and you are safe in Philadelphia, write to Washington, and tell him, that I died like a man. Write to—Isabel—and tell her——'

—A large tear rolled down the Ensign's cheek. The Captain struggled to a seat. There was something unnaturally frightful in the calmness of the doomed man.

"Tell her, that—pure and beautiful as she is—George Murray could never have made her life a life of peace and joy. Tell her that the last words which he spoke were these—'Algernon Edam is noble in heart.

although he has espoused the British cause. Wed him, Isabel, for he loves you—wed him, and my blessing be upon you!' "

The Captain,—to hide the agony of his feelings, uttered a horrible oath.

"Why cannot I aid you to escape?" he cried, wildly pacing the room.

"You can aid me to escape!" slowly uttered the doomed man.

"How? Name the method! Quick—for I am yours—yours to the death!"

"You can aid me to escape from this horrible dream of life!" exclaimed Murray, lifting his brown hair with his delicate hand—"this dream which torments me, which sits upon my soul like a nightmare, which makes me shudder at the idea of a union with Isabel! O, you may think me strange, mad!—but talk as you will, my friend, I feel happier than I have felt for years!"

While Edam stood horrified by his words, he removed the overcoat and hat, and stood revealed in his wedding-dress.

"I thought that Brandywine would awaken me from this dream—O, how hard it is to pursue a grave, and feel it glide from your footsteps! It was a bloody battle, but I lived! Then, in the darkest hour of Germantown, I saw my death in the mists before me, and leaped to grasp it, but in vain! Still I lived! The day of my marriage wore on, and there was no resource but suicide, until Washington informed me of this enterprise. Ah, my dear friend, give me your hand; I feel very calm, aye, happy!"

The Briton, or rather the British officer, (for by birth he was an American,) instantly seized the slender hand, wrung it, and swore by his Maker that he should not die!

An expression, as strange as it was sudden, darkened the pale face of the doomed man. His blue eyes emitted wild and deadly light. Do you see him start forward, his slender and graceful form attired in his wedding-dress, his rich brown hair waving from his shoulders? He seizes Edam by the wrist.

"*O, Algernon, were my bitterest enemy beneath my feet—one who had done a wrong too dark for mercy, or revenge—sooner than sever his heart with my knife, I would bid him live as I have lived for years!*"

There is nothing in language to picture the utter horror of his look and tone.

Captain Edam was dumb, but his face reflected the despair of George.

"O, Algernon, I beseech you take Isabel, and be happy with her! At the same time I implore you aid me in my attempt to shake off this nightmare—*life!*"

Captain Edam sank back on the empty keg, and buried his face in his hands.

You can see Murray stand there before the fire, contemplating him with a calm smile.

"Hark! they come!" cried the British officer, starting to his feet and

drawing his sword. "They come to put you to death, but not while I am alive."

There was the sound of trampling feet—a confused murmur—then the thunder of many rifle shots mingled in one deafening report, broke on the silence of the hour.

George's countenance fell.

"Stand back!" shouted Captain Edam—"approach this room, and I will fire! Hark! Do you hear, George? They dispute among themselves! There is a division—we must save you! Do you hear those shouts?"

As he spoke, the door opened, and there, on the threshhold, stood a bluff, hearty figure, attired in the Continental uniform.

"The Gineral sent me on your track!" exclaimed the hoarse voice of Sergeant Caleb. "The Tories is captured and you are saved, you dare-devil of an Ensign! I say, Mister, in the red jacket, won't you give up your sword?"

As the honest veteran received the sword of Captain Edam, George turned aside and buried his face in his hands, while his whole frame shook with emotion, with agony.

"Foiled again! '*Nine years, nine days!*' I must submit—it is Fate! *The ninth hour is near!* Ah! why is death denied to me?"

The old clock in the hall smiled in the light, its minute hand pointing to 30, its hour hand to 9.

The wedding guests were assembled. Far over the frozen snow, from every window, gushed a stream of joyous light.

Grouped in the most spacious apartment of Squire Musgrave's mansion, the wedding guests presented a sight of some interest.

The light of those tall wax candles was upon their faces.

Washington was there, towering above the heads of other men, his magnificent form clad in the blue coat and buff vest, with his sword by his side. By his side, the high brow and eagle eye of Anthony Wayne. Yonder, a gallant cavalier, attired in the extreme of fashion, with a mild blue eye, and clustered locks of sand-hued hair—the chivalrous La Fayette!

And there, standing side by side, were two young men, engaged in affable conversation.

One, with a high forehead, deeply indented between the brows—the other, a man of slender frame, with a delicately-chiselled face, and eyes that seem to burn you, as he speaks, in that low, soft voice, which wins your soul.

Who, that beholds these young men, calmly conversing together, on this wedding-night, would dream that one was destined to die by the other's hand. For the one with the deeply-indented brow is Alexander Hamilton, the other, with the sculptured face, and magical eyes and voice, is Aaron Burr.

In the centre of the scene stood a group, the objects of every eye.

The Preacher in his dark gown, on one side; the good-humored Squire, with his jocund face and corpulent form, on the other.

Between them, under that chandelier, which warms their faces with a mild light, stand the bride and briegroom.

She, in a dress of stainless white satin, which displays the beautiful outlines of her bust and waist, and by its short skirt permits you to behold those small feet, encased in delicate slippers. Her neck, her shoulders, gleam like alabaster in the light. A single ornament—a cross of diamonds and gold—suspended from the neck, rises and falls with every pulsation of her heart. And from the flowing world of her dark hair, which freely courses from her brow to the shoulders, looks out a face, at once young, innocent, angelic!

Ever and again, glancing sidelong, she turns her large eyes towards the bridegroom, while a soft crimson flushes imperceptibly over her face.

The bridegroom is very pale, but calm and sedate. His dark blue eyes gleaming from the pallor of that delicately chiselled face, return the glance of his bride with a look at once earnest and indefinable. Is it love?—or love mingled with intense pity? What means that scarce perceptible quivering of the nether lip?

The words of the Preacher are said. George presses the husband's kiss on the lips of his bride. Why does Isabel—surrendering all the graceful beauty of her waist to the pressure of his arm—start and tremble, as she feels those lips, now hot as with fever, now cold as with death?

At this moment, through the interval made by the parting guests, advances the form of WASHINGTON—that face, which never yet has been painted by artist, or described by poet, beaming with a paternal smile, those dark grey eyes, which shone so fiercely in the hour of battle, now gazing in softened regard, upon the bridegroom and the bride.

The voice of Washington was heard:

"George, when your father breathed his last, in my arms, amid the horrors of battle—it was at Trenton—with his parting breath, he besought me to be a father to his son! How can I better fulfil my trust, than by placing your hand within the hand of a beautiful and innocent woman, and bidding you be happy together? She"—he turned to the bridegroom—"is worthy of a soldier's love. He,"—turning to the bride—"he is a soldier, a little rash, perchance, but brave as the summer day is long!"

He placed their hands together, and kindly looked from face to face. Every eye was centred upon this interesting group.

Here, Washington, tall and commanding; on one side the bridegroom, slender, almost effeminate, yet with courage and manhood written on his face; on the other—a beautiful and sinless girl! What words can describe the last?

At this moment the jocund voice of the father, good-hearted, bluff Squire

Musgrave, was heard. With a jovial smile upon his round and crimson face, he advanced.

"Look ye, George," he said. "Now that you're married, you must conform to a custom in our family. Never a Musgrave was wedded but the silver goblet and the old wine were brought forth, and a royal bumper drank to the bride by all the guests. You dont't stand precisely in the light of a guest—eh, George? ha! ha! But you must begin the ceremony!"

As he spoke, a servant in livery appeared with a salver, on which was placed a venerable bottle, dark in the body, red about the neck, and wreathed in cobwebs. Thirty year old Madeira. By its side a silver goblet, antique in shape, carved with all manner of fawns and flowers.

In a moment this goblet was filled; from its capacious bowl flashed the red gleam of rich old wine.

"Drink, George! A royal bumper to the health of the bride!"

The movement of George were somewhat singular. Every one remarked the fact. As the bluff old Squire extended the goblet, George reached forth his hand, fixing his blue eyes, with a strange stare, upon the crimson wine. Then a shudder shook his frame, and communicated its tremor to the goblet.

He seized it—as with the grasp of despair, or as a soldier precipitated from a fortress might clutch the naked blade of a sword, to stay his fall—his blue eyes dilating all the while he raised it to his lips.

His face was mirrored, there in the tremulous ripplets of the goblet, when, as his lip was about to press its brim, his arm slowly straightened outward from his body, his fingers slowly parted, each one stiffening like a finger of marble.

The goblet fell to the floor.

George seemed making a violent effort to control his agitation. That lip pressed between his teeth until a single blood drop came, the eyes wildly rolling from face to face, the hands nervously extended.—Was ever the last moment of a dying man as terrible as this?

He sank on one knee—slowly, slowly to the floor; he sank as though the blood were freezing in his veins.

No words can picture the surprise, the horror, the awe of the wedding guests.

Do you see that circle of faces, all pale as death, with every eye fixed upon the kneeling? Do you behold the young girl, who faints not nor falters, in this hour of peril, but, with a face white as the snow, firmly extends her hand, and calls her husband tenderly by name?

For a moment all was terribly still.

At last he raised his head. He gazed upon her with eyes unnaturally dilated, and whispered in a tone that pierced every heart—

"Isabel—I would speak with you alone."

She raised him from the floor, and girding his waist with her arm, led

him toward the next room. Had she been a fine lady she would have fainted, or shrieked, but, Heaven be blessed, was a Woman. One of those women whose character is not known, until Adversity, like a holy angel, reveals its heroic firmness and divine tenderness.

She closed the folding doors after her; the bride and bridegroom were gone into the next chamber.

For half an hour, in silent awe,—not a word spoken, not a sound heard, but the gasping of deep-drawn breath—the wedding guests waited there, gazing on the closed folding doors.

It was an half hour of terrible suspense.

As the clock struck nine Washington advanced. "I can bear this no longer," he said, and pushed open the folding doors.

Ere we gaze upon the sight he beheld, let us follow the footsteps of George and Isabel.

As she led him through the doorway into that large chamber, filled with antique furniture, and lighted by a single candle, standing before a mirror on a table of mosaic work, Isabel felt the hand which she grasped, covered with a clammy moisture like the sweat of death.

Before that large, old-fashioned mirror, in which the light was dimly reflected,—like a distant star shining from an intensely dark sky,—they sank down on chairs that were placed near each other, George clinging to the hand of his bride as to his last hope.

"The thing which I feared has come upon me!" he gasped, speaking the pathetic language of Scripture—"Isabel, place your hand upon my brow, and hear me. The time alotted to me is short: it rapidly glides away. And while you listen, do not, ha, ha! do not smile if in the tragedy of my life the grotesque mingles with the terrible!"

One hand with his own, one upon his brow, the brave girl listened. His words were few and concise:

"Many years ago, when we were children, Isabel, on a cold, clear winter's day, we wandered forth in the cheerless woods, you and I, and Algernon. My favorite dog—you remember him?—was with us? Do you also remember——"

Ah, that hollow voice, that unnatural smile! How well did Isabel *remember*.

"Suddenly the favorite—old Wolfe, you know he was named after the brave General—turned upon me, fixed his teeth in my arm, and lacerated the flesh to the bone. Algernon struck him down——"

Isabel felt that brow grow like iron beneath her touch.

"It was long before the wound was healed, but the dog, in a few days, died, raging mad. Now mark you, Isabel, another circumstance. Perchance you remember it also? While my wound was most painful, there came to your father's house an aged woman, who was noted for her skill in

the healing of injuries like this. She was also regarded by the country people as a witch—a corceress! Is it not laughable, Isabel?—that a poor old creature like this, regarded by some as an Indian, by others as a Negro, should have such a strange influence upon my life? She healed the wound, but, at the same time, whispered in my ear the popular superstition, that a person bitten by a rabid dog, would go mad on *the ninth hour of the ninth day of the ninth year!* Child as I was, I laughed at her words. Time passed on; days, months, years glided away. Need I tell you how this popular superstition fastened on my mind until it became a prophecy? Perchance the poison, communicated by the fang of the dog, was already working in my veins, perchance—but why multiply words? This awful fear gradually poisoned my whole existence; it drove me from my books into the army. I began to thirst for death. I sought him in every battle; O, how terrible 'to long for death that cometh not!' For I was always haunted by a fear—not merely the fear of going mad, but the fear of the 'ninth day of the ninth year'—the fear of dying a death at once horrible and grotesque—dying like a venomous beast, my form torn by convulsions, my reason crushed, my last breath howling forth a yell of horrible laughter—"

He paused; you would not have liked to gaze upon his face. You would rather have faced a charge of bayonets than heard his voice. There was something horrible, not so much in the stillness of that dimly-lighted room, nor altogether in the contortions of his face, the fire of his eye, the deep conviction of his voice, but in the idea,—a noble mind, a brave heart, crushed by a mere superstition! A young life forever darkened by an idle hallucination! An immortal soul tortured by unmeaning words, uttered years ago, in the dewy childhood time!

"Isabel!" gasped the wretched bridegroom, "in a moment, yonder clock will strike the hour of nine! At that hour, the end of all this agony will come! Hideously transformed, I will writhe at your feet!"

How acted then, this innocent and guileless girl, who had grown to bewitching womanhood amid the hills and dells of Valley Forge?

Hers was not the skill to argue this question in a philosophical manner.

True, she had heard of great minds being haunted all their lives by a horrible fear. Some, the fear of being buried alive—some, the fear of going mad—some, the fear of dying of loathsome disease.

But it was not her knowledge of these fancies—these monomanias of the strong-hearted—that moved her into action at this hour.

It was her woman's heart that whispered to her soul a strange but fixed resolve.

"As the clock strikes nine, you will go mad," she said. "This is the idea that has haunted your life for years. It was this that forced the goblet from your lips, palsied your hand and dashed the wine to the floor! But if your reason survives the hour of nine? Then the danger will be over? Speak George, is it so?"

"It is," he gasped; "but there is no hope—"

The word had not passed his lips, when she tore one hand from his grasp, removed the other to his brow. Outspreading her arms, she wound them round his neck, and buried his face upon her bosom.

The clock began to strike the hour of nine.

Closer she clasped him, convulsively pressing his face to her breast—as to a holy shrine—until he felt her heart beating against his cheek.

"Now, God help me!" she prayed, and reaching forth her left hand, grasped a glass which stood upon the Mosaic table. It was filled with water, fresh and sparkling, from the brook.

Look! she raises his head, gazes intently in his face. Ah! she winds her right arm closer about his neck, and with those eyes earnestly, intensely fixed upon his face, she holds the glass to his lips.

"Drink, George, and fear not! If you love me, drink!"

Feeble words these, when spoken again, but had you heard her speak, or but seen the overwhelming love of her young eyes!

A nervous shudder shakes his frame. He shrinks from the glass. But he sees her eyes, he feels her voice, he extends his hand and drinks.

The clock has struck the last knell of the fatal hour.

He drinks! She, gazing earnestly, with her face and heart fixed on him, all the while, he drinks.

"Now," she whispers, while her warm fingers tremble gently over his cheeks. "Now, George, speak to me! It is past! You love me? You drank for my sake! For my sake you conquered this fatal idea. Speak, speak—is it past?"

He rose from his chair—his face changed, as a cloud seemed to pass from his breast—he gazed upon her with tearful eyes, and then exclaimed in a tone that came like music to her soul:

"Isabel, more than life you have saved! My reason; you—"

He could speak no more. His heart was too full. His joy too deep.

So, spreading forth his arms—as the horror of years rushed upon his soul—he fell weeping on her bosom.

That was the sight which the unfolded doors revealed to WASHINGTON!

IV.—THE PREACHER-GENERAL.

It was a beautiful picture, that quaint old country church, with its rustic steeple and grey walls, nestling there in the centre of a green valley, with the blue sky above, and a grass-grown grave-yard all around it.

It was indeed a fine old church, that Chapel of St. John, and in the quietude of the summer noon, when not a cloud marred the surface of the heavens, not a breeze ruffled the repose of the grave-yard grass. It seemed like a place where holy men might pray and praise, without an earthly care, a worldly thought.

The valley itself was beautiful; one of the fairest of the green valleys of the Old Dominion. A slope of meadow, dotted with trees, a stream of clear cold water, winding along its verge, under the shadow of grey rocks; to the east a waving mass of woodland; to the west a chain of rolling hills, with the blue tops of the Alleghanies seen far away! Was it not a lovely valley, with the quaint old church, smiling in its lap, like a Pilgrim, who, having journeyed afar, came here to rest for a while, amid green fields and swelling hills!

It was a Sabbath noon, in the dark time of the Revolution. Fear was abroad in the land, yet here, to the good old church, came young and old, rich and poor, to listen to the words of life, and break the bread of God.

Yonder, under the rude shed, you may see the wagon of the farmer, and the carriage of the rich man; or looking along this line of trees, you may behold the saddled horses, waiting for their masters. All is silent without the church; a deep solemnity rests upon the sabbath hour.

Within! Ah, here is indeed an impressive spectacle. Through the deep-silled windows pours the noon-day sun, softened by the foliage of trees. Above is the dark ceiling, supported by heavy rafters; yonder the altar, with the cross and sacred letters, I. H. S., gleaming in the light; and all around, you behold the earnest faces of the crowded assemblage.

The prayers have been said, those prayers of the Episcopal church, which, gathered from the Book of God, flow forever in a fountain of everlasting beauty in ten thousand hearts—the prayers have been said, the hymn-notes have died away, and now every voice is hushed, every face is stamped with a marble stillness.

A few moments pass, and then behold this picture:

Old men and young maidens are kneeling around the altar—yes, the forms of robust manhood and mature womanhood are prostrate there. Along the railing, which describes a cresent around the altar, they throng with heads bent low and hands clasped fervently.

They are about to drink the Wine of the Redeemer—to eat the bread of God.

Is it not a lovely scene? The white hairs of the old men, the brown

tresses of the young girls, the sunburnt visages of those well-formed young men, the calm faces of the matrons, all touched by the flitting sunbeam.

Look! Amid that throng a dusky negro kneels, his swart visage seen amid the pale faces of his white brethren.

All is silent in the church. Those who do not come to the altar, kneel in reverence, and yonder you may see the slaves, clustering beside the church-porch, with uncovered heads and forms bent in prayer.

All is silent in the church, and the Sacrament begins.

The Preacher stands there, within the railing, with the silver goblet gleaming in one hand, while the other extends the plate of consecrated bread.

His tall form, clad in the flowing robes of his office, towers erect, far above the heads of the kneeling men and women, while his bold countenance, with high brow, and clear dark eyes, strikes you with an impression of admiration. He is a noble looking man, with an air of majesty, without pride; intellect, without vanity; devotion, without cant.

Tell me, as he moves along yonder, dispensing the wine and bread, while his deep, full voice, fills the church with the holy words of the Sacrament —tell me, does he not honor his great office, this Preacher of noble look and gleaming eyes?

Look! how fair hands are reached forth to grasp the cup, how manly heads bow low, as the bread of life passes from lip to lip. Not much whining here, not much strained mockery of devotion, but in every face you see the tokens of a sincere and honest religion.

The Preacher passes along, bending low, as he places the goblet to the red lips of yonder maiden, or extends the bread to the white-haired man by her side. Meanwhile, his sonorous voice fills the church:

——*And as they were eating,* JESUS *took bread and blessed it, and break it, and gave is to his disciples, and said, Take, eat, this is my body.*

And he took the cup, and gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of it, for this is my blood of the New Testament, which is shed for many, for the remission of sins.——

As you gaze upon the scene, a holy memory seizes upon your soul.

The quiet church, the earnest faces of the spectators, the sunlight stealing through the deep-silled windows, over the group of kneeling men and women, who, in this time of blood and war, have met to celebrate the Supper of the Lord, the tall Preacher passing before the altar, the goblet gleaming in his hand—This is the scene which is now present with you.

The memory?

Ah, that is of a far-gone day, some seventeen centuries ago, when in the fragrant chamber of Jerusalem, Jesus looked around with his eyes of eternal love, and shared the cup and bread with his faithful Eleven, while beloved John looked silently into his face, and black-browed Judas scowled at his shoulder. Yes, the Memory seizes upon you now, and you hear his tones,

you see his face, the low deep tones flowing with eternal music, the face of God-head, with its eyes of unutterable beauty.

Now the Sacrament is over, yet still the men and women are kneeling there.

The Preacher advances, and stands in front of his people, with the silver cup in his hand. A slight breeze ruffles the folds of his robes, and tosses his dark hair back from his brow.

He is about to speak on a subject of deep interest, for his lip is compressed, his brow wears a look of gloom. Every man, woman and child in that crowded church, listens intently for his first word; the negroes come crowding around the church-porch; the communicants look up from their prayers.

The words of the Preacher were uttered in a tone that thrilled every heart:

"There is a time to preach, to pray, to fight!" He paused, looking from face to face, with his flashing eyes.

"The time to preach is gone, the time to pray is past, the time to fight has come!"

You could see his stature dilate, his eye fire, as he thundered through the church—"*the time to fight has come!*"

The silver goblet shook in his quivering hands. With one impulse the congregation started to their feet. With the same movement the kneeling communicants arose. These strange words burned like fire-coals at every heart.

"Yes," thundered the Preacher, "Yes, my brethren, when we preach again, it must be with the sword by our side—when we pray, it must be with the rifle in our hands! I say the time to fight has come! for at this hour your land is red with innocent blood, poured forth by the hirelings of the British King. For at this moment the voices of dead men call from the battlefields, and call to you! They call you forth to the defence of your homes, your wives and little ones! At this moment, while the noonday sun falls calmly on your faces, the voices of your brothers in arms pierce this lonely valley, and bid you seize the rifle, for your country and your God!"

Bold words were these, majestic the bearing of the Preacher, fierce as flame-coals his look, eloquent his ringing voice!

A deep murmur swelled through the church—a wild, ominous sound—and then all was still again.

"My brethren, we have borne this massacre long enough. Now, our country, our God, our dead brethren call on us. Now, our wives look in our faces and wonder why we delay to seize the sword, nay, our little ones appeal to us for protection against the robber and assassin. Come, my friends, I have preached with you, prayed with you—with you I have eaten the Saviour's body and drank his blood. Now, by the blessing of God, I will lead you to battle. Come, in the name of that country which now

bleeds beneath the Invader's feet—in the name of the dead who gave their lives in this holy cause—in the name of the God who made you, and the Saviour who redeemed you—I say come! To arms! The time to fight is here!"

Did you ever see the faces of a crowd change, like the hues of the ocean in a storm? Did you ever hear the low, deep, moaning of that ocean, when the storm is about to break over its bosom?

Then may you have some idea of the wild agitation which ran like electric fire, through this quaint old Chapel of St. John, as the preacher stood erect, with the goblet held in his extendnd hand, his brow flushed with a warm glow, and his eyes gleaming fire.

"The time to fight is here," he said, as with a sudden movement he flung his sacerdotal robe from his form, and stood disclosed before his congregation, arrayed in warrior costume.

Yes, from head to foot, his proud form was clad in the blue uniform of the Continental host, while the pistols protruded from his belt, and the sword shone by his side.

At that sight, a murmur arose, a wild hurrah shook the church.

"To arms!" arose like thunder on the Sabbath air.

And then there was one wild impulse quivering through each manly breast, as though each heart beat with the same pulsation. They came rushing forward, those robust forms; they clustered around the altar, eagerly reaching forth their hands to sign the paper which the Preacher laid upon the Sacramental table. In that crowd were old men with white hair, and boys with beardless chins, all moved by the impulse of the hour. The women, too, were there urging their brothers, their husbands, to sign their names to the Preacher's muster-roll, and become soldiers for their Country and their God.

The sunlight fell over the wild array of faces, glowing with emotion, and revealed the light forms of the women passing through the crowd, while the Preacher stood alone, with the paper in one hand and his good sword in the other.

Softly came the summer breeze through the windows; brilliantly in the sunlight glittered the Cross and the holy letters—I. H. S.

Still the Preacher stood there, that proud flash upon his brow, that deep satisfactian gleaming from his dark eye.

"Now," said he, gazing upon the stout forms which encompassed him like a wall, "now let us pray God's blessing on our swords!"

As one man they knelt.

The Preacher, attired as he was in the blue and buff uniform, knelt in their midst, clasping his sword in his hand, while his deep voice arose in prayer to God.

That night, through a road that led between high rocks, three hundred

brave men, mounted on gallant steeds, went forth to join the Army of Washington.

At their head, riding a grey steed, his tall form clad in the blue and buff uniform, was their leader, who, with compressed lip and gleaming eye, led them on to battle.

It was the darkest hour of the battle of Germantown, when a gallant warrior, clad in the Continental uniform and mounted on a grey steed, was surrounded by a crowd of British soldiers.

All day long, that American General had gone through the ranks of battle, at the head of his brave men. Side by side with Washington and Wayne, he had rushed upon the the British bayonets. One by one, he had seen his gallant band measure their graves upon the fatal field. Now he was alone, the last in the dread retreat.

All around was smoke and mist. Chew's house was seen to the east, looming grandly through the gloom. The American army were in full retreat, while this solitary warrior, mounted on his grey war-horse, looking from side to side, beheld nothing but scarlet uniforms and British bayonets. At his back, toward the North, was a high wall, built of massive stone, a wall the most gallant steed might essay to leap in vain. That warrior's horse was brave, his blood was full of fire, but he recoiled from that terrible leap.

The soldier on the grey steed was a prisoner.

The British encircled him, their bayonets pointed at his breast, while his dark eye moved from face to face.

A soldier advanced to secure the victim; he was a gallant fellow, his brown hair waving in thick curls around his ruddy face. He advanced, when the American soldier gazed in his face with a look of deep compassion, and muttered a prayer. The hand of the Briton was extended to grasp the bridle rein of the grey steed, when the American suddenly drew his pistol from the holster, and fired.

A moment passed—the smoke cleared away. There, on the moist earth, bleeding slowly to death, lay the handsome Briton——but the prisoner?

Look yonder to the South! There, through the folds of mist, you may see the grey horse and his rider. Bullets whistle in the air, but he does not fall. Still the gallant steed keeps on his career. Right through the British Army, right through the hail of lead, and the gleam of bayonets, dashes the grey war-horse, the mist wreathing like a cloak around his rider's form.

Now he turns, yes, to the North again. The band of soldiers look up from the corse of their dead comrade, and behold the American soldier dashing along the road, right in front of their path. They raise their muskets—they fire. The American soldier looks back and smiles, and passes on.

The white cloud receives him into its folds.

Yet lo! As he passes on through smoke and mist, urging his gallant grey to the top of his speed, he sees once more the glare of red uniforms, the flashing of British steel. He is surrounded by a band of dragoons, returning from the pursuit of Washington's army. Again to the South, brave soldier! Again to the South, with the pursuing troopers at his horse's heels. How gallantly he rides—look! You can see his form rising through the mist; by the light of that pistol flash, you can even see the tossing of his plume, white as a snow-flake floating in the sun.

Again to the South, through the closely-woven ranks of the British host. Those soldiers look up in wonder at the strange sight—an American officer dashing bravely through their lines unscathed by bullet or sword.

Now doubling on his pursuers, now near Chew's house, now far away in the fields, that brave soldier kept on his flight. God and the mist favored him. At last, after dashing through the British lines, he was riding Northward again—his pursuers had lost sight of their victim. He was riding slowly Northward again; when looking ahead, he beheld a wounded man stretched on the sod, in the agonies of death.

It was the brave young Briton who had fallen by his shot. A tear was in the eye of the American soldier as he beheld that pale brow, with its curling brown hair. Perchance the youth had a wife—a sister—in far away England? Or, maybe, even now a mother wept for his return?

Our Continental soldier dismounted; he laid the head of the dying Briton on his knee. He moistened his hot lips with water from his flask.

It was a sad yet lovely sight, to see that brave American, in his blue uniform, kneeling there, with the head of his enemy, the red-coated Briton, resting on his knee.

Then as the dying man looked up, his foe muttered a prayer for his passing soul. As that prayer went up to God, up with its accents of compassion, ascended the soul of the British youth.

The American held a dead body in his arms.

One look at the pale face, and he sprang to his steed. He rejoined the American army some miles above, but never in all his life did the Preacher-Soldier forget the last look of the dying Briton.

Another scene from the life of this Preacher-soldier.

It is night around Yorktown. Yonder, through the gloom, you see dim masses of shadow, creeping along toward the British entrenchments. Suddenly all is light, and groans and smoke! Suddenly the Continentals start up from darkness into the light of the cannon-glare! Suddenly the sky is traversed by fiery bombs, while the earth shakes with the tread of embattled legions!

Look yonder! A desperate band of American soldiers, with fixed bayonets, advance along the trenches, and spring up the steep ascent, to the very

muzzles of British cannon. This is the crisis of the fight. Those cannon spiked, this redoubt carried, and Yorktown is won! Two brave men lead on these soldiers—one, the high-browed Alexander Hamilton, the other the Preacher-Soldier! A desperate charge, a wild hurrah, the redoubt is won!

And there, standing in the glare of the cannon, on the very summit of the steep ascent, the flag of stars in one hand, the good sword in the other the Preacher Soldier shouts to his comrades, and tells them that Yorktown is won.

He stands there for a moment, and then falls in the trench, his leg shattered by a cannon ball.

Bending over him, by the light of the battle-glare, the brave Hamilton gazes in his pale face, and bending beside the wounded Preacher-Soldier, pens a few hasty words, announcing to the Continental Congress that Yorktown is taken—Cornwallis a prisoner—America a Nation!

And who was this brave man, who, from the altar of God's Church preached freedom? Who, the last in the retreat of Germantown, escaped as by a miracle from British bayonets? Who, by a long course of gallant deeds, wreathed his brow with the Hero's laurel? Who was this brave man? How name you him,who led on the forlorn hope at Yorktown, with the starry banner waving over his head!

Ah, he bore the name which our history loves to cherish, which our literature embalms in her annals, which Religion places among her holiest lights, burning forevermore by the altar of God!

Pennsylvania is not just to her heroes. She is content to have them do great deeds, but she suffers them to be crowded out of history. While North and South, with untiring devotion, glorify their humblest soldiers, Pennsylvania is content to take but one name from a crowd of patriots, and blazon that name upon the escutcheon of our glory—the name of "Mad Anthony Wayne."

Now let us do the Iron State some small justice at last. Now let us select another name of glory from the crowd of heroes. Now let us write upon the column of her fame, side by side with the name of ANTHONY WAYNE, the name of PETER MUHLENBERG, the Preacher-General of the Revolution!

There let them shine forever—those brother heroes, solemn witnesses, of the glory of the Land of Penn—there let them shine, the objects of our reverence and our love—these two great names—PETER MUHLENBERG and ANTHONY WAYNE.

V.—TRENTON; OR, THE FOOTSTEP IN THE SNOW.

A TRADITION OF CHRISTMAS NIGHT, 1776.

It was a dark and dreary night, sixty-nine years ago, when, in an ancient farm-house, that rises along yonder shore, an old man and his children had gathered around their Christmas hearth.

It was a lovely picture.

That old man, sitting there on the broad hearth, in the full glow of the flame—his dame, a fine old matron, by his side—his children, a band of red-lipped maidens,—some with slender forms, just trembling on the verge of girlhood,—others warming and flushing into the summer morn of womanhood! And the warm glow of the fire was upon the white locks of the old man, and on the mild face of his wife, and the young bloom of those fair daughters.

Had you, on that dark night—for it was dark and cold—while the December sky gloomed above, and the sleet swept over the hills of the Delaware — drawn near that farm-house window, and looked in upon that Christmas hearth, and drank in the full beauty of that scene—you would confess with me that though this world has many beautiful scenes—much of the strangely beautiful in poetry—yet there, by that hearth, centred and brightened and burned that poetry, which is most like Heaven, THE POETRY OF HOME!

You have all heard the story of the convict, who stood on the gallows, embruted in crime—steeped to the lips in blood—stood there, mocking at the preacher's prayer, mocking even the hangman! When, suddenly, as he stood with the rope about his neck—his head sunk—a single, burning, scalding tear rolled down his cheek.

"I was thinking," said he, in a broken voice, "I was thinking of the—Christmas fire!"

Yes, in that moment, when the preached failed to warn, when even the hangman could not awe—a thought came over the convict's heart of that time, when a father and his children, in a far land, gathered around their Christmas fire.

That thought melted his iron soul.

"I care not for your ropes and your gibbets," he said. "But now, in that far land—there, over the waters—my father, my brothers, my sisters, are sitting around their Christmas fire! They are waiting for me! And I am here—here upon the scaffold!"

Is there not a deep poetry in the scene, that could thus touch a murderer's soul, and melt it into tears?

And now, as the old man, his wife, his daughters cluster around their fire, tell me, why does that old man's head droop slowly down, his eyes fill, his hands tremble?

Ah, there is ONE absent from the Christmas hearth!

He is thinking of the absent one—his manly, brave boy, who has been gone from the farm-house for a year.

But hark! Even as the thought comes over him, the silence of that fireside is broken by a faint cry—a faint moan, heard over the wastes of snow from afar.

The old man grasps a lantern, and, with that young girl by his side, goes out upon the dark night.

Look there—as following the sound of that moan—they go softly over the frozen path: how the lantern flashes over their forms—over a few white paces of frozen snow—while beyond all is *darkness!*

Still that moan, so low, so faint, so deep-toned, quivers on the air.

Something arrests the old man's eye, there in the snow—they bend down, he and his daughter—they gaze upon that sight.

It is a human footstep painted in the snow, painted in blood.

"My child," whispers the old man, tremulously, "now pray to Heaven for Washington! For by this footstep, stamped in blood, I judge that his army is passing near this place!"

Still that moan quivers on the air!

Then the old man, and that young girl, following those footsteps stained in blood—one—two—three—four—look how the red tokens crimson the white snow!—following those bloody footprints; go on until they reach that rock, beetling over the river shore.

There the lantern light flashes over the form of a half-naked man, crouching down in the snow—freezing and bleeding to death.

The old man looks upon that form, clad in ragged uniform of the Continental army—the stiffened fingers grasping the battered musket.

It was his only son.

He called to him—the young girl knelt, and—you may be sure there were tears in her eyes—chafed her brother's hands—ah, they were stiff and cold! And when she could not warm them, gathered them to her young bosom, and wept her tears upon his dying face.

Suddenly that brother raised his head—he extended his hand towards the river.

"Look THERE, FATHER!" he said, in his husky voice.

And bending down over the rock, the old man looked far over the river.

There, under the dark sky, a fleet of boats were tossing amid piles of floating ice. A fleet of boats bearing men and arms, and extending in irregular lines from shore to shore.

And the last boat of the fleet—that boat just leaving the western shore of the Delaware; the old man saw that too, and saw—even through the darkness—yon tall form, half-muffled in a warrior's cloak, with a grey war-horse by his side.

Was not that a strange sight to see at dead of night, on a dark river, under a darker sky?

The old man turned to his dying son to ask the meaning of this mystery.

"Father," gasped the brave boy, tottering to his feet. "Father, give me my musket—help me on—help me down to the river—for to-night—for to-night——

As that word was on his lips—he fell. He fell, and lay there stiff and cold. Still on his lips there hung some faintly spoken words.

The old man—that fair girl—bent down—they listened to those words—

"To-NIGHT—Washington—the British—to-night—TRENTON!"

And with that word gasping on his lips—"Trenton!" he died!

The old man did not know the meaning of that word until the next morning. Then there was the sound of musketry to the south; then, booming along the Delaware came the roar of battle.

Then, that old man, with his wife and children, gathered around the body of that dead boy, knew the meaning of that single word that had trembled on his lips.

Knew that George Washington had burst like a thunderbolt upon the British Camp in TRENTON!

Ah! that was a merry Christmas Party which the British officers kept in the town of Trenton, seventy years ago—although it is true, that to that party there came an uninvited guest, one Mister Washington, his half-clad army, and certain bold Jerseymen!

Would that I might linger here, and picture the great deeds of that morning, seventy years ago.

Would that I might linger here upon the holy ground of TRENTON.

For it is holy ground. For it was here, in the darkest hour of the Revolution, that George Washington made one stout and gallant blow in the name of that Declaration, which fifty-six bold men had proclaimed in the old State House of Philadelphia, six months before.

If that State House is the Mecca of Freedom, to which the pilgrims of all climes may come to worship, then is the battle-ground of Trenton, the twin-Mecca—the Jerusalem of Freedom—to which the Children of Liberty, from every land, may come—look upon the footsteps of the mighty dead—bring their offerings—shed their tears.

December 26th, 1776!—

It was a dark night, but the first gleam of morning shone over the form of George Washington, as he stood beside the Hessian leader, Ralle, who lay in yonder room wrestling with death—yes, Washington stood there, and placed the cup of water to his feverish lips, and spoke a prayer for his passing soul.

It was a dark night, but the gleam of morning shone over yon cliff dark-

ening above the wintry river, over the frozen snow, where a father, a wife, a band of children, clustered around the cold form of a dead soldier.

He was clad in rags, but there was a grim smile on his white lips—his frozen hand still clenched with an iron grasp the broken rifle.

His face, so cold, so pale, was wet with his sister's tears, but his soul had gone to yonder heaven, there to join the Martyrs of Trenton and of Bunker Hill.

VI.—THE PRINTER BOY AND THE AMBASSADOR.

Genius in its glory—genius on its eagle-wings—genius soaring away there in the skies!

This is a sight we often see!

But Genius in its work-shop—Genius in its cell—Genius digging away in the dark mines of poverty—Toil in the brain, and Toil in the heart—this is an every day fact—yet a sight that we do not often see!

Let us for a moment look at the strange contrast between—Intellect standing there, *in the sunlight of Fame*, with the shouts of millions ringing in its ears—and Intellect down there, in cold and night-crouching in the work-shop or the garret; neglected—unpitied—and alone!

Let us for a moment behold two pictures, illustrating *The Great Facts*—Intellect in its rags, and Intellect in its Glory.

The first picture has not much in it to strike your fancy—here are no dim Cathedral aisles, grand with fretted arch and towering with pillars—here are no scenes of nature in her sublimity, when deep lakes bosomed in colossal cliffs, dawn on your eye—or yet, of nature's repose, when quiet dells musical with the lull of waterfalls, breaking through the purple twilight steal gently in dream-glimpses upon your soul!

No! Here is but a picture of plain rude Toil—yes, hot, tired, dusty toil!

The morning sunshine is stealing through the dim panes of an old window—yes, stealing and struggling through those dim panes, into the dark recesses of yonder room. It is a strange old room—the walls cracked in an hundred places, are hung with cobwebs—the floor, dark as ink, is stained with dismal black blotches—and all around are scattered the evidences of some plain workman's craft—heaps of paper, little pieces of antimony are scattered over the floor—and there, in the light of the morning sun, beside that window, stands a young man of some twenty years—quite a boy—his coat thrown aside, his faded garments covered with patches, while his right hand grasps several of those small bits of antimony.

Why this is but a dull picture—a plain, sober, every-day fact.

Yet look again upon that boy standing there, in the full light of the morning sun—there is meaning in that massive brow, shaded by locks of

dark brown hair—there is meaning in that full grey eye, now dilating and burning, as that young man stands there alone, alone in the old room.

But what is this grim monster on which the young man leans? This thing of uncouth shape, built of massy iron, full of springs and screws, and bolts—tell us the name of this strange uncouth monster, on which that young man rests his hand?

Ah! that grim old monster is a terrible thing—a horrid Phantom for dishonest priests or traitor kings! Yes, that uncouth shape every now and then, speaks out words that shake the world—for it is a Printing Press!

And the young man standing there in a rude garb, with the warm sunshine streaming over his bold brow—that young man standing alone—neglected—unknown—is a Printer Boy;—yes, an earnest Son of Toil; thinking deep thoughts there in that old room, with its dusty floor and its cobweb-hung walls!

Those thoughts will one day shake the world.

Now let us look upon the other picture:—

Ah! here is a scene full of Night and Music and Romance!

We stand in a magnificent garden, musical with waterfalls, and yonder, far through these arcades of towering trees, a massive palace breaks up into the deep azure of night.

Let us approach that palace, with its thousand windows flashing with lights—hark! how the music of a full band comes stealing along this garden—mingling with the hum of fountains—gathering in one burst up into the dark concave of Heaven.

Let us enter this palace! Up wide stair-ways where heavy carpets give no echo to the footfall—up wide stair-ways—through long corridors, adorned with statues—into this splendid saloon.

Yes, a splendid saloon—yon chandelier flinging a shower of light over this array of noble lords and beautiful women—on every side the flash of jewels—the glitter of embroidery—the soft mild gleam of pearls, rising into light, with the pulsation of fair bosoms—ah! this is indeed a splendid scene!

And yonder—far through the crowd of nobility and beauty—yonder, under folds of purple tapestry, dotted with gold, stands the Throne, and on that Throne—the King!

That King—these courtiers—noble lords—and proud dames—are all awaiting a strange spectacle! The appearance of an Ambassador from an unknown Republic far over the waters. They are all anxious to look upon this strange man—whose fame goes before him. Hark—to those whispers—it is even said this strange Ambassador of an unknown Republic, has called down the lightnings from God's eternal sky.

No doubt this Ambassador will be something very uncouth, yet it still must be plain that he will try to veil his uncouthness in a splendid Court dress!

The King, the Courtiers, are all on the tip-toe of expectation!

Why does not this Magician from the New World—this Chainer of thunderbolts—appear?

Suddenly there is a murmur—the tinselled crowd part on either side—look!—he comes: the Magician, the Ambassador!

He comes walking through that lane, whose walls are beautiful women; —is he decked out in a Court dress? Is he abashed by the presence of the King?

Ah, no! Look there—how the King starts with surprise, as that plain man comes forward! That plain man with the bold brow, the curling locks behind his ears—and such odious home-made blue stockings upon his limbs.

Look there, and in that Magician—that Chainer of the Lightnings—behold the Printer Boy of the dusty room; stout-hearted, true-souled, common-sense BENJAMIN FRANKLIN!

And shall we leave these two pictures, without looking at the deep moral they inculcate?

Without the slightest disrespect to the professions called learned, I stand here to-night, to confess that the great Truth of Franklin's life is the sanctity of Toil!

Yes, that your true Nobleman of God's creation, is not your lawyer, digging away among musty parchments, not even your white cravatted divine —but this man, who clad in the coarse garments of Toil, comes out from the work-shop and stands with the noon-day sun upon his brow, not ashamed to own himself a MECHANIC!

Ah! my friends, there is a world of meaning in these pictures! They speak to your hearts now—they will speak to the heart of Universal Man forever!

HERE, *the unknown Printer Boy standing at his labor, neglected, unknown; clad in a patched garb, with the laborer's sweat upon his brow* —THERE, *the* MAN *whom nations are proud to claim as their own, standing as the Ambassador of a Free People—standing as a* PROPHET OF THE RIGHTS OF MAN—unawed, unabashed, in the PRESENCE OF ROYALTY AND GOLD!

Benjamin Franklin, in his brown coat and blue stockings, mocking to shame the pomp of these Courtiers—the glittering robes of yonder King!

VII.—THE REST OF THE PILGRIM.

Like the Pilgrim of the olden time, who having journeyed through many lands, gathering new memories from every shrine and fresher hopes from every altar, ascends the summit of the last hill, and bending on his staff, surveys afar the holiest place of all, I have reached after much joy and toil the end of my wanderings, and in the distance behold gleaming into light, the Jerusalem of my soul.

That Jerusalem the Altar of the American Past, the Sepulchre of the American Dead.

I have been a Pilgrim in holy ground. On the sod of the battle-field, where every flower blooms more beautiful from the oblation of heroic blood, poured forth upon the hallowed soil—in old mansions where the rent walls and blood-stained threshhold bear memory of the ancient time—amid the shadows of the Hall of Independence, where the warm heart may see the Signers walk again—in the dark glen where the yell of slaughter once arose, and every rock received its bloody offering—Such have been the holy places of my Pilgrimage into the American Past.

And as the Pilgrim of the far-gone ages, resting on the last hill, stood after all his wanderings only in sight of the great temple of all his hopes, so does the Pilgrim of the battle-field, rich as he is with the relics of the Past, stand after all but on the threshhold of his hallowed work.

For this book of the Revolution, stored with Legends of the Past, gathered from aged lips and renowned battle-fields, speaking in the language of the iron time of Washington and his heroes, is but a page in the traditionary history of our land. Much I have written, but a volume ten times as large as this remains yet to be written.* I have but uncovered the sealed spring of Revolutionary Legend, scarcely dipped my scallop shell into its wild, yet deep and tranquil waters.

On this Rock of Wissahikon I pause in my pilgrimage, and write these words to my reader. This Rock of Wissahikon which rises on the side of a steep hill, amid thick woods—a craggy altar on whose summit wor-

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* In the new series of the Legends of the Revolution, now in press, the deeds of the heroes whom I have been forced to omit in these pages, will be illustrated. Marion the hero of the South, Kirkwood of Delaware, and Allen McLane, that fearless partizan, whose courage and chivalry remind us of the Knights of old, will be pourtrayed with all the enthusiasm which their names excite. The life of Washington, too, in all its phases of contrast, interest, grandeur, will be delineated in a series of Legends, extending from his cradle to his grave.

This second volume, entitled the "Washington Legends," will be published in September next.

In this place, it may be as well to inform the reader, that another work by the title of "Washington and his Generals," has been published by New York booksellers, its title and whole pages of discription pilfered from mine.

shipped long ago, the Priests of a forgotten faith. Around me branch the trees—glorious monuments of three hundred years—fresh with the verdure of June. Between their leaves the sky smiles on me, dimpled only by a floating cloud. Far below, the stream flashes and sings between its mountain banks. Looking down a vista of trees and moss and flowers, I behold a vision of forest homes, grouped by the waters. You that love to lap yourself in June, and drink its odors, and feel its blessed air upon your brows, and recline on its rocks covered with vines, musical with birds and bees, should come hither. It is an altar for the Soul.

As I sit upon this rock—the paper on my knee, the birds, the stream, the sky, the leaves, all ministering blessings to my soul—a strange throng of fancies crowd tumultuously on me.

What was the name of the Race who peopled these cliffs, and roved these woods two thousand years ago! Were they but brute barbarians, or a people civilized with all that is noble in science or art, hallowed by the knowledge of all that is true and beautiful in Religion? Where are their monuments; the wrecks of City and Altar? O, that this rock could speak, and tell to me the history of the long-forgotten People, who dwelt in this land before the rude Indian!

Tell us, ye Ages, what mysterious tie connects the history of the red men of the north, with the voluptuous children of the south? Speak, ye Centuries, and reveal to us the mystic message of these monuments of the Past, scattered over the hills and prairies of our northern America? The mounds of the west, the fortifications rising ruggedly from the rank grass, the deep-walled foundations of a city in Wiskonsan—a city that has been a wreck for a thousand years—what is their Revelation? What word have they of the mysterious bye-gone time?

Are there no Legends of the Lost Nations of America?

As I start back, awed and wondering from the fancies that crowd upon me, there rushes on my sight a vision at once sublime and beautiful!

It is the vision of a land washed by the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific, beautiful with vallies of fruit and flowers, grand with its snow-white peak of Orizaba, magnificent with its cities—reared in a strange yet gorgeous architecture—among which sits supreme, the Capitol of Montezuma! A gorgeous vision! It swells on my sight with its altars of bloody sacrifice, rising above the sea of roofs, with its clear deep lakes set in frames of flowers, and the volcanic mountains hemming it in a magic circle, their pillars of snow and fire supporting the blue dome of the sky!

Crowd your wonders of the old world into one panorama, pile Babylon on Palmyra, and crown them both with Rome, and yet you cannot match the luxury, the magnificence, the splendor that dazzles, and the mystery that bewilders, of this strange land.

The tamest word in its history is a Romance—the wildest dreams of Romance, hollow and meaningless, compared with its plainest fact.

And the name of the vision that breaks upon me is—MEXICO.

Behold three lines of its history in the course of six hundred years!

—Six hundred years ago a barbarous horde from the far north of America, the tribes of the Aztec people, precipitated themselves on this beautiful valley, conquered the race who dwelt there, and swelled into the civilized Empire of MONTEZUMA.

—Three hundred years ago, a wandering adventurer who came from an unknown land, with a band of white men clad in iron at his back—only six hundred homeless men—overturned the splendid dominion of Montezuma, and founded the Empire of CORTES.

—Now in the year eighteen-hundred and forty-seven, even while I write, the white race of North America, the children of the Revolution and countrymen of Washington, are thronging the vallies, darkening the mountains of this land, bearing in their front amid a tide of sword and bayonet the Banner of the Stars, which they have determined to plant on the Hall of Montezuma and Cortez, thus establishing in the valley of Mexico, a new dominion—THE EMPIRE OF FREEDOM.

Shall we not write the traditions of this land? Shall we not follow the Banner of the Stars from the bloody heighth of Bunker Hill, from the meadow of Brandywine, to the snow-clad heighth of Orizaba and the golden city of *Tenochtitlan?

Yes, we will do it; the beautiful traditions of that land speak to us in a voice that we may not disregard. In one work, we will combine the tradition, the history, the battles and the religions of this wonderful land. We will traverse its three Eras, gathering a wild excitement as we go. First, the Era of the Aztec Invasion, six hundred years ago. Then the Era of Cortez, three hundred years back into time. Last of all, the Era of Freedom, when the bloody fields of Palo Alto, Resaca, the three days fight of Monterey, the terrible contest of Buena Vista, the seige of Vera Cruz and glorious rout of Cerro Gordo, made new leaves in our history and linked with Cortez and Montezuma, the names of Scott and Taylor!

To you, reader, who perused with deep sympathy, the Legends of the Revolution, let us present the traditions of another scene; "THE LEGENDS OF MEXICO."

—Let me tell you, how the idea of writing the legends of the golden and bloody Land, first dawned upon me.

One day, not long ago, as I sat in my room, my table strewn with the manuscript of Washington and his Generals, there appeared on the threshhold a young man, clad in a plain military undress, his pale face, scarred forehead and fiery eye, denoting the ravages of the battle and the fever.

He advanced, greeted me by name, and I soon knew him as one of the disbanded volunteers of Mexico.

*Aztec name of the city of Mexico.

I must confess that he was a magnificent looking young man. Six feet high, his figure light, agile, and muscular, his head placed proudly on his shoulders—despite the withered cheek and scarred brow—he was a noble man for the eyes to behold.

In short plain words, he told me his story, which was afterwards corroborated by others who knew the stranger. But a year ago he had left his home, in one of the dear vallies of the west, left a mother and sister, joined the army of Taylor, shared in the perils of Palo Alto, Resaca and Monterey. You should have seen his lip quiver, his pale cheek glow, his full eye flash, as he spoke of the terrible storming of the Bishop's Palace. It made the blood run cold, to hear him talk of the sworn comrade of his heart, whose skull was peeled off, by an escoppette ball, as they advanced side by side along the Plaza of Monterey.

Altogether the history of this young man, the story of his life from the hour when he kissed "farewell" on his sister's lips, and beheld his mother's white hairs gleaming from the threshhold of Home, until the moment when disbanded with the other volunteers, he lay fevered and dying in the Hospital of New Orleans, affected me with every varying interest; I felt my heart swell, my eyes fill with tears.

At last, I ventured to ask him how he knew my name—

"I came," said the soldier, mentioning my name with an emphasis, that made my heart bound—"I came from the field of Monterey, to thank you for myself and my comrades!"

"Thank me?"

"Your works have cheered the weariness of many a sleepless night. Gathered round our watch-fire before the battle of Monterey, one of our number seated on a cannon, would read, while the others listened. Yes, in the Courier we read your Legends of the Revolution! Believe me, sir, those things made our hearts feel warm—they nerved our arms for the battle! When we read of the old times of our Flag, we swore in our hearts, never to disgrace it!"

As the young soldier spoke, he placed in my hand a small knife,—a very toy of a thing—and a volume of blotted manuscript.

"This knife I took from the vest of my dead comrade in the plaza of Monterey. Take it, sir, as a mark of gratitude from a soldier, whose lonely hours have been cheered by your Legends. This Manuscript contains the record of my wanderings—roughly written—yet the facts of the battles and marches are there. Accept these tokens, the knife and the book—they are all I have to give!"

As the brave fellow spoke, his voice grew tremulous; there was a tear in his eye.

Shall I confess it? As I glanced from the papers on my table—newspapers among others containing the foulest libels on my works, ever penned by the animalculæ of the Press—to the pale face of the young soldier, I felt

my heart bound with a joy unfelt before. Far more precious to my heart, than the praise of all the critics in the world, was that scarred soldier's tear.

Rather dwell enshrined in one honest heart like his, than enjoy the praise of Critics, Reviewers, and all other Pigmies of the pen, whose good opinion can be bought even as you purchase peddler's wares.

I will confess, and confess frankly, that the knife, the journal of that soldier of Monterey, are worth more to me than a ribbon or a title bestowed by the hands of the proudest monarch that ever lived.

From the rough heart-warm sketches of that journal, I have constructed the basis of my "LEGENDS OF MEXICO."*

Do not charge me with the folly of egotism. I have journeyed far and long with you, my reader, and never once obtruded the Author on your sight. But at the same time that I frankly confess my thorough contempt of the whole race of mercenary critics, whose praise I have once or twice been so unfortunate as to receive—a praise more to be dreaded than their slander—I must also state that the spontaneous tribute from the scarred soldier of Monterey, spoke to my inmost heart. It showed me that my labors were not altogether valueless; it showed more a high and holy truth, that the memories of the Old Revolution are still with us, in the hearts of our People, binding millions in one great bond of brotherhood, and nerving the arms of American freemen in far distant lands, amid the horrors of savage battles.

May—I whose greatest fault has ever been, that I could not mould myself to the humors of a tinselled aristocracy, nor worship empty pomps and emptier skulls, though garnished with big names and hired praise—frankly make the record on this page, that I am proud of the unbought approbation of that battered soldier of Monterey?

You should have heard him talk of the scenes he had witnessed, in the strange land of Mexico.

In the battle where a few American freemen contended against the brave hordes of the southern land. Among the mountains, whose shadows still shelter the remnants of the Aztec People. Amid the ruins of gorgeous cities, whose strange architecture stamped with the traces of a thousand years, tells of a long lost civilization, whose wierd hieroglyphics are big with History that no human eye may read; whose rainbow vegetation, blossoming amid monument and pyramid, adorns the wreck which it cannot save—whose solemn temples, mysterious with God and Symbol, speak of a Religion once the barbarous Hope of millions, and now forgotten in that awful silence, brooding over the past ages, like the serene and pathless sky above the summit of Chimborazo!

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* The reader will of course understand, that at the time this article in conclusion of Washington and his Generals was written, the previous pages of the work had been published some months. This notice is necessary, to free the author from an imputation which would otherwise be made, of plagiarizing from his own works.

Such had been the course of his wanderings; and wherever he turned, he discovered the broken links of the great chain which connects the stern Indian of the rugged North, with those children of the blossoming South, the dwellers in the land of Mexico and Peru!

And now reader, as on this Rock of Wissahikon I write these farewell words, while the supernatural beauty of this place is all about me, imbuing the air as with an angel presence, permit me to hope that we do not part forever. For the Pilgrim of the battle-fields of America will wander forth again, and gather new relics from the Sepulchre of the Past. When next we wander forth with staff and scallop shell, our pilgrimage will tend to Mount Vernon; from that shrine of our history we will bring you fresh stores of tradition, and from the grave of the American Chieftain, pour new light upon the glorious career of the brother-heroes—WASHINGTON AND HIS GENERALS.

GEORGE LIPPARD,
WISSAHIKON.

JUNE 30, 1847.

Stereotyped by
R. P. MOGRIDGE—PHILAD'A.

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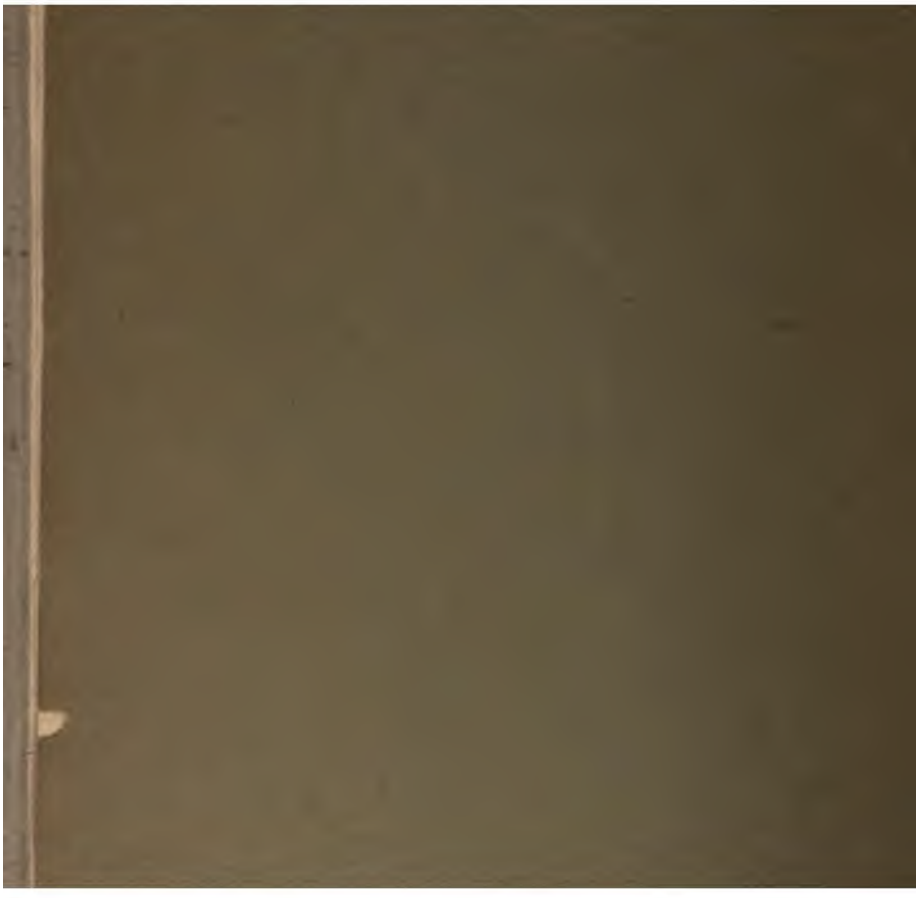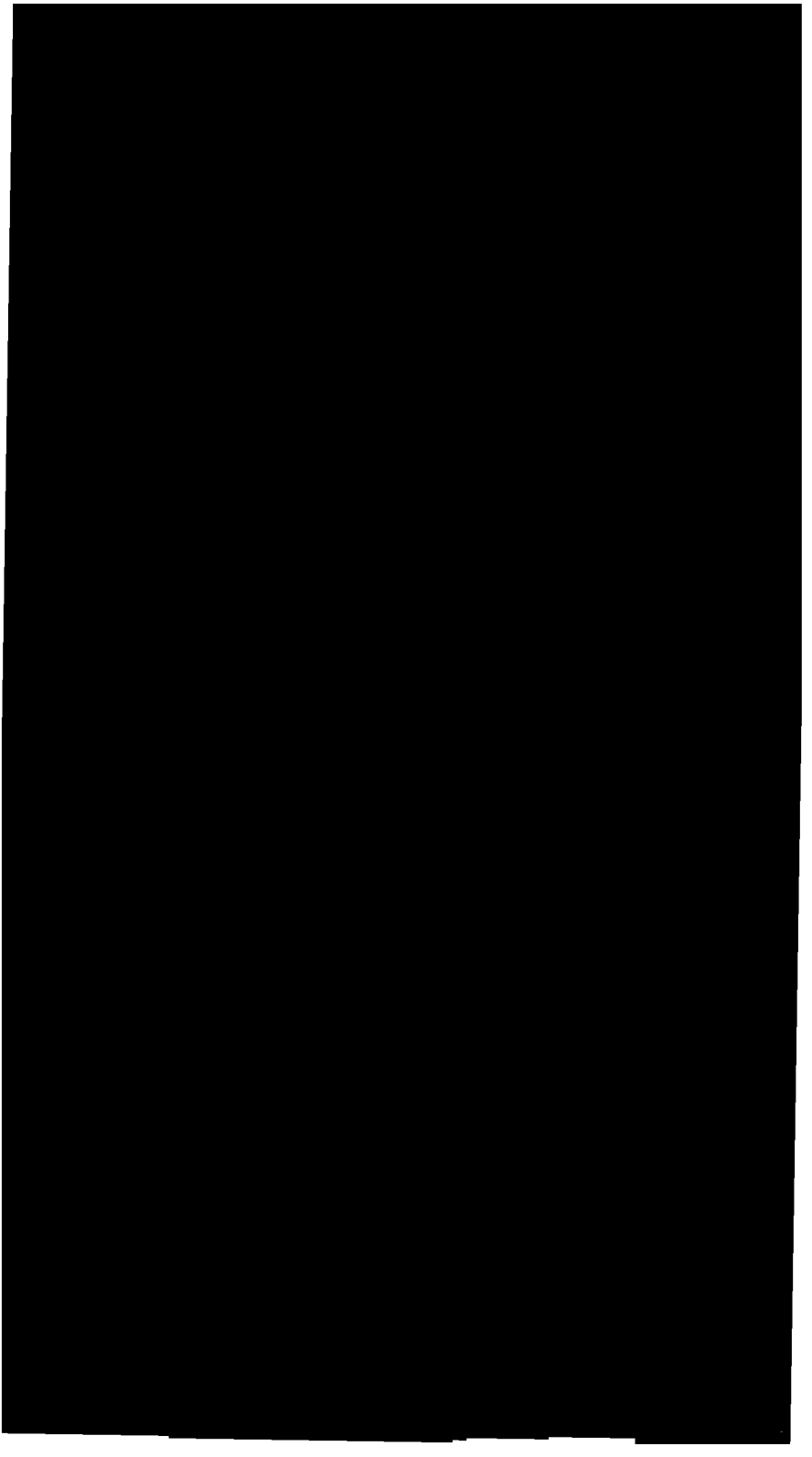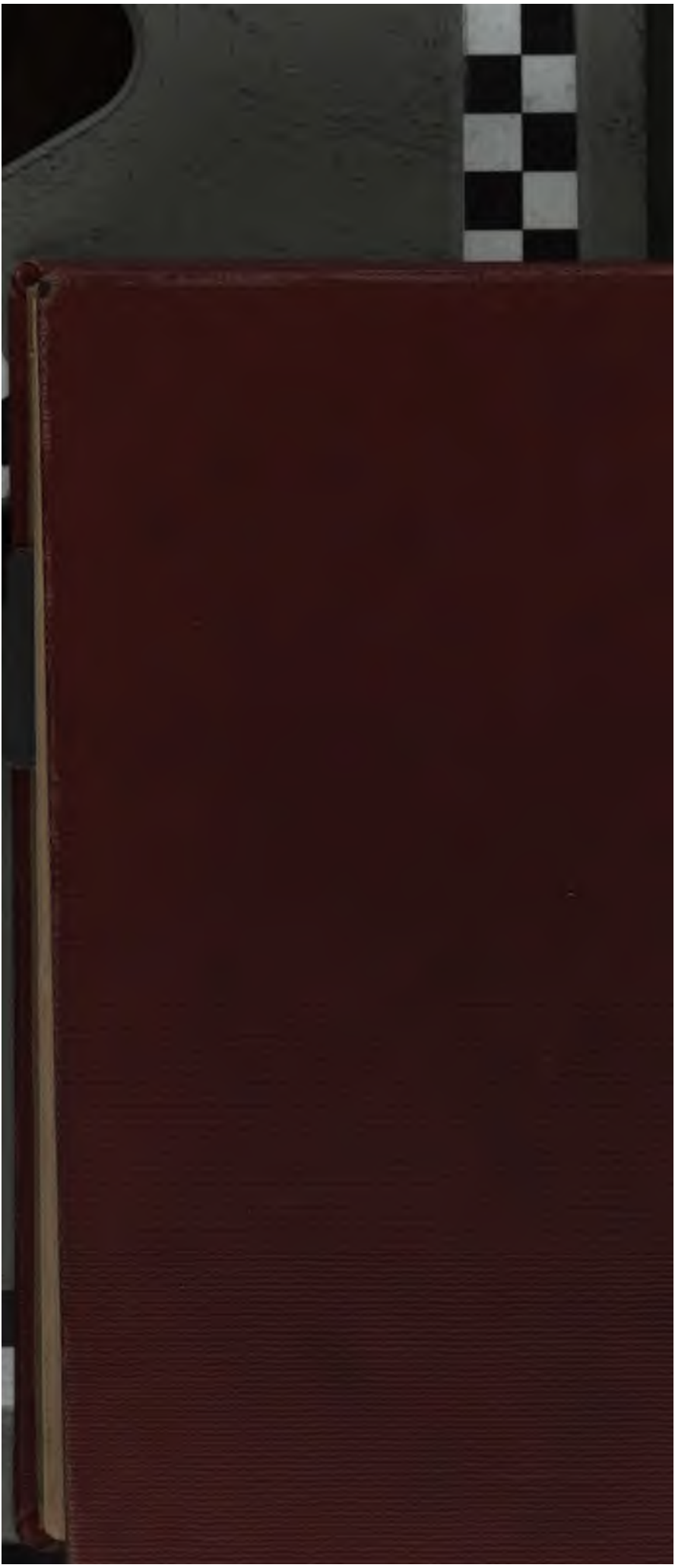
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